

SEPTEMBER

★
1931

The American
MERCURY



Edited by
H · L · MENCKEN

THE WORST AMERICAN STATE

Charles Angoff & H. L. Mencken

A CITY EDITOR'S TESTAMENT

Stanley Walker

OHIO TOWN

Hugh Hanley

AMERICAN FOLK ART

Holger Cahill

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Louis Gold

A KENTUCKY CRUSADER

Edwin Rogers Embree

YORKTOWN, 1781

Hoffman Nickerson

A JEETER WEDDING

Dorothy Thomas

THE ASSASSINATION OF McKINLEY

Emma Goldman

Reviews of the New Books and Music

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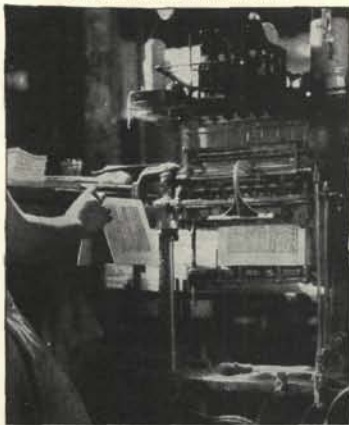
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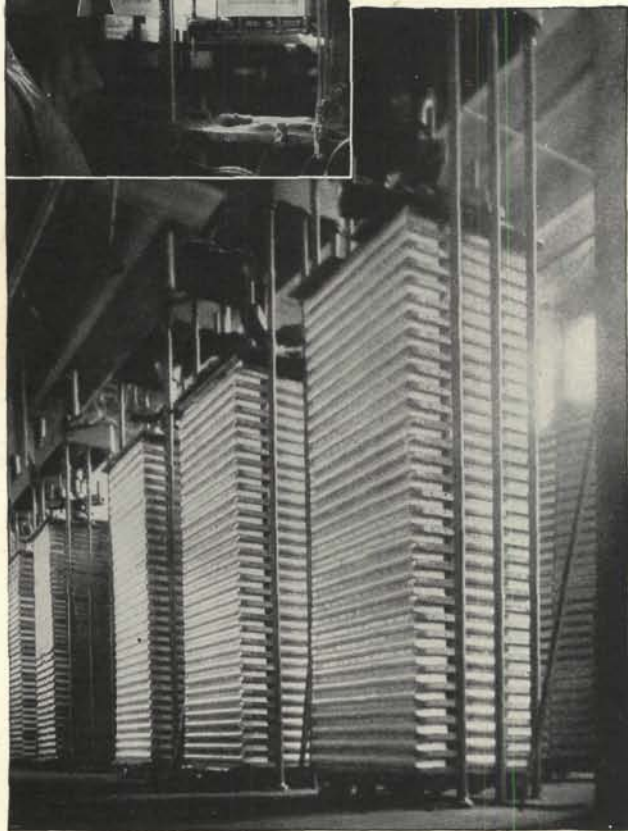
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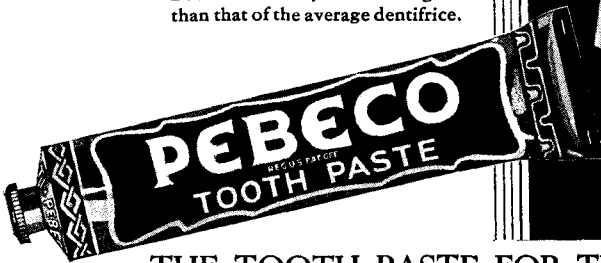
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE WORST AMERICAN STATE:

PART I	Charles Angoff & H. L. Mencken	I
OHIO TOWN	Hugh Hanley	17
A CITY EDITOR'S TESTAMENT	Stanley Walker	25
EDITORIALS		35
AMERICAN FOLK ART	Holger Cahill	39
LAURA JEAN LIBBEY	Louis Gold	47
THE ASSASSINATION OF MCKINLEY	Emma Goldman	53
AMERICANA		68
A JEETER WEDDING	Dorothy Thomas	72
YORKTOWN, 1781	Hoffman Nickerson	79
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:		
The Inventiveness of the American Indian	Robert H. Lowie	90
Continents Adrift	H. E. McKinstry	94
A KENTUCKY CRUSADER	Edwin Rogers Embree	98
RIO GRANDE		
V. The Common Folk of the Valley	Harvey Fergusson	108
MUSIC:		
The Uses of Amateur Playing	Isaac Goldberg	118
THE LIBRARY	H. L. Mencken	123
THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS		128
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS		iv
EDITORIAL NOTES		xxvi

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

RELIGION

WILL AMERICA BECOME CATHOLIC?

By John F. Moore. Harper & Brothers
\$2 7 3/8 x 4 7/8; 252 pp. New York

Mr. Moore answers his own question in the negative. The Catholic Church suffers from the cutting off of immigration, from a declining birth-rate (especially among the Irish), and from a constant and heavy falling away of persons born to the faith. How much this last loss amounts to is not known precisely, for Catholic statistics tend to be somewhat sketchy, but most authorities believe that it is serious. Mr. Moore shows that the common belief that Catholics flourish in public office is true only in New York; elsewhere they seem to have fewer jobs, and especially fewer important jobs, than their relative strength in the general population justifies. In other places of influence they are very badly represented, for the service of the church itself engages many of their best men and women. Altogether, their future in this country looks less promising to an impartial statistician than it does to optimistic bishops and alarmed Ku Kluxers. Mr. Moore takes his material mainly from Catholic magazines. He gives a list of them at the end of his book, and it is followed by an index. There is no bibliography of books, and they are seldom quoted.

THE RELIGION OF JOHN BURROUGHS.

By Clifford H. Osborne.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$1.25 7 3/8 x 4 7/8; 105 pp. Boston

Burroughs was the son of a country Baptist of the blood-sweating school, and in his youth he was so forcibly struck by the relative decency of Wesleyanism that he thought of becoming a Methodist preacher. He remained "fundamentally reverent and religious" to the end of his days, but as he got out into the world and met skeptics he lost all of his early faith in revelation and became a sort of romantic pantheist. He retained his belief in Christian ethics as distinguished from Christian theology until the World War; after that he had his doubts, though at the Armistice they seem to have been dissipated, at least temporarily. In his last days he was a bitter critic of theologians, whether orthodox or modernist. His speculations about religion, as Mr. Osborne presents them, are generally superficial and often banal. But his admirers will be glad to have an account of them in handy form. The little volume is heavily documented.

iv

OLD ERRORS & NEW LABELS.

By Fulton J. Sheen. The Century Company
\$2 7 3/8 x 4 7/8; 336 pp. New York

Dr. Sheen writes very well and is vastly better read than most Catholic priests; in consequence, he is an ingenious and plausible controversialist. His criticism of Behaviorism is very effective, and so is his onslaught upon Humanism and upon the various recent efforts to concoct a new set of moral sanctions. He is at his worst when he denounces what he calls "the lyricism of science", for his main point, that "the scientist does not seek the ultimate, but the proximate", was made by scientists themselves long before he was born. He also gets into difficulties in the course of a brisk and amusing chapter on intolerance. First he depicts his reason as examining the arguments for and against the truth of Christianity, and deciding calmly in favor of those which support it, and then he apologizes for the *Index expurgatorius* on the ground that the Church is bound to "defend the permanency of Christ's life in the souls of men". It would be very interesting to hear his logical (as opposed to theological) reasons for believing in Transsubstantiation. It would be interesting, too, to hear his reasons for believing that "never before, perhaps, in the whole history of Christianity has the Church been so intellectually impoverished for want of good sound intellectual opposition as she is at the present time". Father Sheen is a Ph.D. of Louvain and a member of the faculty of the Catholic University at Washington. His book lacks an index.

BIOGRAPHY

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

By Robert H. Davis & Arthur B. Maurice.
D. Appleton & Company
\$3.50 8 7/8 x 5 7/8; 411 pp. New York

This is the first comprehensive biography of O. Henry since C. Alphonso Smith's, published in 1916. Messrs. Davis and Maurice had long personal and business dealings with their hero, and knew him as few others knew him. They write of him, then, with a full knowledge and with a great affection. There is much in their book that is new: letters, photographs, pencil sketches, and conversations. Of the embezzlement charge against O. Henry, for which he served three years and three months in the Columbus, O., Penitentiary, they say: "The writers of this book would like nothing better than to remove for-

Continued on page vi



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v

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

ever the last stigma, the last doubt, tarnishing [his] memory. But the clinching documentary evidence necessary for that has not been forthcoming. Yet the conceded facts are enough to justify posterity in rendering the verdict not guilty. . . . The presumption is that when he passed through the prison gates, an innocent man went to punishment." There are many illustrations and an index.

BROKEN HAND: *The Life Story of Thomas Fitzpatrick.*

By LeRoy R. Hafen & W. J. Ghent.

The Old West Publishing Company
\$5 9½ x 6½; 316 pp. Denver, Colo.

Thomas Fitzpatrick, later known as Broken Hand and White Hair, was born in County Cavan in what is now Missouri, in 1799, and died in Washington, D. C., in 1854. He was one of the outstanding figures among the mountain men of the trapper and early emigrant periods, and as an explorer, guide, Indian fighter, and government agent, he took a leading part in the early history of the great Central Plateau. "The two men with whom he is most likely to be compared are Carson and Bridger. The three were close friends, and in many a daring adventure they were comrades. It takes nothing from the well-won renown of Carson and Bridger to award him higher rank—a rank they would themselves, during his lifetime, have freely acknowledged. . . . Equals in courage, Carson was the most impetuous, Bridger the most wary, Fitzpatrick the most cool and balanced in judgment." Moreover, Fitzpatrick could read and write, a rare thing among trappers in those days. Drs. Hafen and Ghent have written the first full-length biography of the man, and they have done a highly competent job. There are many illustrations and notes.

THE ROMANCE OF MME. DU CHÂTELET & VOLTAIRE.

By André Maurois. D. Appleton & Company
\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 253 pp. New York

In 1753, when Voltaire "was tired of the lazy and turbulent life led at Paris, . . . of bad books printed with the approbation of censors and the privilege of the King, of the cabals and parties among the learned, and of mean arts, plagiarism, and bookmaking which dishonor literature," he met the Marquise du Châtelet, "who happened to think as I did, and who took a resolution to go with me and spend several years in the country, there to cultivate her understanding, far from the hurry and tumult of the world." She was an accomplished classical scholar, mathematician, and meta-

physician. Voltaire was not very good in the classics or in mathematics, so she instructed him in both subjects, which he repaid by teaching her English and world history. Thus they lived for six years at their retreat at Cirey. At the end of that time they were obliged to go to Brussels, where the du Châtelet family was embroiled in a law-suit. The present book is a somewhat condensed translation by Walter Mostyn. There are several illustrations.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

By Michel Corday. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 8½ x 5½; 224 pp. New York

M. Corday is a collateral descendant of Mlle. Corday, the violent virgin of the French Revolution who stabbed Marat as he sat naked in his bath. The present study of her is thus somewhat more friendly than an absolutely impartial biography would be; nevertheless, the main facts are in it and it makes pleasant reading. There are several illustrations and an index. The translation is by E. F. Buckley.

HISTORY

OLD BOWERY DAYS.

By Alvin F. Harlow. D. Appleton & Company
\$5 8½ x 5½; 565 pp. New York

The old-timers of the Bowery—and it has some merchants whose businesses go back to the first years of the last century—believe that Charles H. Hoyt's famous song ruined the thoroughfare by giving it an evil name. Mr. Harlow shows that this is probably untrue, for the Bowery was a rowdy place back in the 70's, though before the Civil War it had been very decorous and even fashionable. In 1892 some of the local property-owners were already proposing to change its name. This was not, however, before the Hoyt song became popular, as Mr. Harlow says, but afterward. "A Trip to Chinatown," in which it was sung, was first played in 1890. The name of the composer of the music seems to be forgotten. Mr. Harlow's narrative begins with the settlement of Manhattan Island and comes down to the present day. It is full of odd and interesting stuff, much of it not familiar. There are also many good illustrations. The book has an ample bibliography, followed by an index. Curiously enough, there is no mention in that index of Edward W. Townsend, whose volume of "Chimmie Fadden" sketches (1895) helped to give the Bowery celebrity and won for their author the bays of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Continued on page viii

YALE

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

THE END OF THE ANCIENT WORLD & THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

By Ferdinand Lot. Alfred A. Knopf
\$5 9¼ x 6; 454 pp. New York

The period covered by this volume runs from the Third Century to the decay of the Merovingian monarchy. It was a time of general degeneration, in institutions as in men. The Romans not only took on the customs and outlook of the barbarians; in many cases they actually adopted barbarian names. "It must have seemed intolerable to the fine spirits who had the misfortune to live then. On what could they feed their moral and intellectual life? Patriotism after the ancient fashion was dead, and feudal loyalty was as yet only a domestic and almost servile sentiment. Philosophy and science were as good as dead". So was literature; so were all the other arts. There remained the church, but even in the church the secular clergy were "stained with the passions and vices of the laity". So men and women of any intellectual dignity tended to seek refuge in the monasteries and nunneries, and as a result civilization became forlorn and sterile, and the Dark Ages were upon the Western world. "It was truly an accursed period of history". M. Lot tells the depressing story with French clarity and great learning. He is a professor at the University of Paris. His book, which is translated by Philip and Mariette Leon, belongs to the History of Civilization Series, edited by C. K. Ogden. It is heavily documented, and has an extensive bibliography and an adequate index.

A HISTORY OF EUROPE: *From 1815 to 1923.*

By J. A. R. Marriott. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$6.50 9 x 5¾; 587 pp. New York

This is the last volume in a prospective eight-volume history of medieval and modern Europe, but it is the first to be published. Dr. Marriott apparently has been little affected by the so-called New History, for his study runs along the orthodox political and military lines, and he says very little about the cultural background. It will seem strange to many that he devotes almost no space to such movements as Socialism, Syndicalism, rationalism, or even evolution. It will seem even more strange to the more intelligent of professional historians to read that Germany "provoked" the World War, and that she cannot "be acquitted of the charge of direct and primary responsibility for the cataclysm in which the world was engulfed." There are twelve maps and an index. A brief bibliography is appended to each chapter.

viii

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE END OF REPARATIONS.

By Hjalmar Schacht.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
\$3 8 x 5½; 248 pp. New York

Dr. Schacht is a former president of the Reichsbank, and plainly a man of definite and vigorous opinions. He begins his present book with a blast against those historians—one of them, the American Bernadotte Schmitt, was awarded the latest Pulitzer prize for history—who persist in perpetuating the myth that Germany was solely responsible for the World War. He then argues that because of this historical falsehood the reparation demands upon the Central Powers have an immoral foundation. These demands are proving disastrous to Germany, and bringing chaos upon the world. "We cannot avoid the conclusion: either reparations must be renounced, or the German people must be enabled to earn reparations." The second of these alternatives can be accomplished either by returning her colonies to Germany, thus expanding her purchasing market for raw materials, or by giving her preferential contacts in the development of backward countries. Dr. Schacht's argument is a powerful and persuasive one. The translation is by Lewis Gannett. An index is missing.

THE WAY TO RECOVERY.

By George Paish. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$2 7¾ x 5¼; 161 pp. New York

The present depression, says Sir George, is the worst the world has ever seen. The Hoover moratorium will do some good, but "were no further steps to be taken, the position of Europe, of the United States, and of the world in general would be even graver at the end of the twelve months than it is at present. A still greater amount of credit would have been created which the nations would be unable to honor." The world-wide panic is due chiefly to the narrow nationalistic statesmanship of the Allied Powers, and more especially to the prevalent belief everywhere that international trade is a kind of international war. The fact is, says Sir George, that without whole-hearted co-operation among the nations, no economic security will ever be possible to any nation, and the best way of achieving this co-operation is by strengthening the League of Nations. By keeping out of the League the United States is now suffering more than she realizes, and if she persists in her abstention she will suffer still more.

Continued on page x

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"Yes, I suppose it is, — it!"

from page 228 of
**MARRIAGE IN
BLUE** a good novel
about bad people by
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

RED VILLAGES.

By Y. A. Yakovlev. *The International Publishers*
\$1.50 7¼ x 5¼; 128 pp. New York

THE SUCCESS OF THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN.

By V. M. Molotov. *The International Publishers*
\$1.25 8¾ x 5½; 77 pp. New York

Mr. Yakovlev is people's commissar of Agriculture of the U.S.S.R. In the present book he deals wholly with the operation of the Five-Year Plan in Soviet agriculture. He points out that the collectivist movement has spread beyond the most sanguine hopes of the Soviet agricultural experts, though he is quick to add that because of the rapidity of the change from the old primitive methods of farming to the modern Socialistic, machine methods, there is considerable inefficiency. His main conclusion is that "on the basis of collectivization and on the basis of the state farms, we shall undoubtedly be able to overtake other nations more rapidly than heretofore." Mr. Molotov is chairman of the Council of Peoples' Commissars, and his book contains the full report he made on the activity of the government of the Soviet Union at the Sixth All-Union Soviet Congress, held at Moscow in March of this year. He deals, not only with the internal relations of the country, but also with its foreign relations. He is particularly vigorous in his handling of the charge that Soviet dumping is largely to blame for the present world-wide depression. "In 1913 the share of Russia in the world export trade was approximately 3.5 per cent. This share was not very large, but up to the moment the Soviet Union has not even reached this level. In 1930 our share of the world export trade was 1.9 per cent."

THE ECONOMIC HANDBOOK OF THE SOVIET UNION.

The American-Russian Chamber of Commerce
\$1 7¼ x 5; 151 pp. New York

Here, in brief space, is all that the American business man who wants to trade with Russia has been after in the way of fundamental information. In addition to up-to-date and detailed statistical data regarding the development of various branches of industry, agriculture and transportation, some of the schedules of the economic programme for 1931 are also given. Among the industries discussed in detail are the following: coal, peat, oil, iron and steel, manganese, automobile, chemical, paper, food and textiles. There are sections on the financial and concessions situation, and on educational and cultural developments. All of the information is based on

official Soviet documents. "While the Chamber cannot guarantee the figures contained in this handbook, it sponsors their publication in the belief that they are as reliable and as free from inaccuracies as any such compilations can be made." Among the organizations represented in the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce are the International General Electric Company, the American Locomotive Company, the Vacuum Oil Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Westinghouse Electric International Company, the Chase National Bank, the American Express Company, General Motors, and the Underwood Elliott-Fisher Company. There are two maps and a good index.

STARK INDIA.

By Trevor Pinch. *D. Appleton & Company*
\$3 8¾ x 5¾; 288 pp. New York

Mr. Pinch has resided in India for some time, and has been engaged in journalism there off and on. What he says in the present book will not be new to those who have kept in close touch with the literature about the country, but others will find it a calm and orderly study. He believes that India can be kept within the Empire if she is handled with the utmost tact and decency, but he thinks that there are "seven pivotal factors of the situation" which demand prompt redress "if the Dependency is ever to achieve the glorious future so keenly desired by millions of her friends": the overemphasis of purely sex ideas in the great religions of the people, the chronic ill health of the mass and the ridiculously small expenditure on efforts to improve it, the swarm of medical fakers, the inhuman treatment of the 60,000,000 untouchables, the extreme poverty of the masses, the muddled state of education, and the domineering type of Indian civil servant. "If we lose India, the bottom drops out of the Empire, and we are faced with bankruptcy." There are several illustrations and an index.

THE SCIENCES

OCEANOGRAPHY.

By Henry B. Bigelow.
\$2.50 *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
8 x 5¼; 263 pp. Boston

In this volume Dr. Bigelow does not attempt to make a textbook; his purpose is simply "to appraise the present condition of oceanographic research with reference to the more outstanding problems, so as to take bearings for future researches." His knowledge of the subject is immense, and he has a great

Continued on page xii



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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

deal that is interesting to say. Despite the energetic work that has been done in all parts of the world since the *Challenger* expedition of 1872, our knowledge of the geology, physics, chemistry, meteorology and zoölogy of the ocean is still full of serious gaps, and it will take many years to bridge them. Dr. Bigelow discusses them in great detail, and describes the work that calls for immediate doing. His book was prepared as part of the report of a committee on oceanography appointed by the National Academy of Sciences. It is not documented, and lacks an index. He is curator of oceanography in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard.

AN HYPOTHESIS OF POPULATION GROWTH.

By Ezra Bowen. *The Columbia University Press*
\$3.75 8% x 5%; 238 pp. New York

Dr. Bowen's thesis is that "population size tends to vary directly with aggregate wealth, and inversely with the height of standards of living". This theory is not altogether new; the author himself, indeed, shows that it was approached by various earlier writers on the subject. On the question as to how the variation is effected he is somewhat vague, though he seems inclined to give more weight to deliberate interferences with fecundity than to such indirect factors as the postponement of marriage. He criticises sharply Dr. Raymond Pearl's population curve, but some of his caveats were anticipated by Pearl himself. He also examines the suggestions of East, Graham, Weyland, Carr-Saunders, Swinburne and other writers on population, and attempts a revaluation of Malthus. His book presents some interesting ideas, but it leaves many problems unsolved. It has an elaborate bibliography and a good index.

A HANDBOOK OF CHILD PSYCHOLOGY.

Edited by Carl Murchison.

The Clark University Press
\$5 9 x 6; 711 pp. Worcester, Mass.

The title here is somewhat misleading, for the book is not a systematic treatise, but a collection of twenty-two monographs. The fact, however, that Dr. Murchison is the editor is sufficient assurance that those monographs run to a high average of value. They include discussions of infantile physiology by Dr. Helen T. Woolley of Columbia, of environmental factors in the child's development by Dr. Kurt Lewin of Berlin, of the psychology of twins by Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale, of language development by Dr. Dorothea McCarthy of Minnesota, of children's philosophies by Jean Piaget, of

their morals by Dr. Vernon Jones of Clark, of their games and other amusements by Dr. Helen Marshall of Stanford, of their dreams by C. W. Kimmins of London, of the gifted child by Dr. Lewis M. Terman of Stanford, and of the primitive child by Dr. Margaret Mead, author of "Coming of Age in Samoa". There are elaborate bibliographies and a good index.

THE BOBWHITE QUAIL: *Its Habits, Preservation and Increase.*

By Herbert L. Stoddard. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$6 10¼ x 7¾; 559 pp. New York

The investigation upon which this exhaustive report is based was made by officials of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. It began in 1924, continued five years, and cost nearly \$50,000. The money was provided by a committee of sportsmen, many of whom maintain game preserves in the Georgia-Florida region. The work was thoroughly done, and the result is a monograph which covers the whole life-cycle of the quail and sets forth a great many facts hitherto unknown. There are chapters on the habitat, the habits, the food supply, the breeding and the diseases of the bird. It is curious to note that it suffers from many of the maladies which afflict human beings in the area surveyed, notably malaria, tick bites and various intestinal parasites. An examination of 45 quail from Beatchton, Ga., showed that 17 of them, or 37½ per cent., had malaria. The book is beautifully turned out, and has many illustrations, some of them in full color. There is a good index.

PLANT LIFE THROUGH THE AGES.

By A. C. Seward. *The Macmillan Company*
\$10 9 x 6; 601 pp. New York

Dr. Seward's hope, expressed in his preface, that this work will interest "the layman as well as the student of botany and geology" is probably somewhat too sanguine, for his exposition bristles with highly technical terminology, and most laymen will find it very hard reading. Nevertheless, it is worth a certain amount of discomfort, for the facts that it sets forth are available in such amplitude in no other book in English. Dr. Seward begins with the earliest plant fossils yet unearthed, and proceeds step by step through the whole subsequent course of geological time describing the various known forms in detail and speculating with great acumen regarding their probable relationships. The records of botanical paleontology are still full of embarrassing gaps, and much work remains to be done on even such fossils

Continued on page xiii

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

as are already available. But what is known is here displayed by Dr. Seward with unflinching learning. His book is richly illustrated, and has an adequate bibliographical apparatus, and a good index. The author is Master of Downing College at Cambridge, and professor of botany in the university. He presents, among other things, nine reconstructions of prehistoric landscapes by Edward Vulliamy.

WINGS OF TOMORROW. *The Story of the Autogiro.*

By Juan de la Cierva & Don Rose.

Brewer, Warren & Putnam

\$2.50 8 x 5½; 300 pp. New York

Señor de la Cierva is a Spaniard, and the son of a Conservative politician who twice held Cabinet posts under Alfonso XIII. In 1912, as a boy of eighteen, he built a glider; six years later he was graduated from the Civil Engineering School at Madrid. His first autogiro was built in 1923. It represented a wholly new departure in aircraft design. Instead of the planes of the usual airplane it had a huge horizontal propeller, somewhat resembling a windmill. The first model refused to fly, but soon Señor de la Cierva perfected one that would. Today the autogiro is making rapid progress, and many engineers believe that it will displace the airplane. It is far more manageable, and it can land on a very small field. In the present book its inventor describes his experiments at length, and gives a good description of his latest model. There are many illustrations.

THE MOTHERS.

By Robert Briffault. The Macmillan Company

\$4 8½ x 5¾; 319 pp. New York

Dr. Briffault's larger work of the same title—it runs to three stout volumes—is well known. Here he does not merely abridge it; he rewrites it upon a smaller scale. Most of the evidence upon which his original conclusions were based is omitted, and he confines himself to the less technical aspects of the central problem. His thesis is that the patriarchal family as we now know it, headed by the husband and father, appeared relatively late in human history; that the primitive family, like the savage family in many places today, was based upon the mother. Descent was reckoned from her side, and her present subordination was unknown. Dr. Briffault maintains this thesis with great learning, and his conclusions have been widely accepted. Unlike most anthropologists he writes very well, and so his book makes pleasant reading. It is not documented, but it has a good index.

THE PAPYRUS EBERS.

By Cyril P. Bryan.

D. Appleton & Company

\$3 8¾ x 5½; 179 pp. New York

The Ebers papyrus, now at Leipzig, is one of the oldest medical texts known, and by far the longest of its period. It was written about 1550 B.C. In 1890 it was translated into German by H. Joachim, but hitherto there has been no translation into English. Dr. Bryan's version leaves something to be desired. It is not made from the original MS., but from Dr. Joachim's German, and it deals inadequately with the questions raised by textual criticism. In it the remedies are grouped by diseases, and comments by Dr. Bryan are interspersed, some of them illuminating and some not. It is interesting to note that the ancient Egyptians were familiar with the therapeutic uses of castor oil, and that they used the pods of the poppy plant to quiet crying children. There is an introduction by Dr. G. Elliot Smith, in which he points out that many remedies which, to us, look merely magical, originally had a rational basis. There are sixteen plates, all of which illustrate, not the book, but the introduction. There is no index.

TRAVEL

THE ROAD TO OBLIVION.

By Vladimir Zenzinov.

Robert M. McBride & Company

\$3 8¾ x 5¾; 250 pp. New York

Zenzinov was born in Moscow in 1880, and studied at Berlin, Heidelberg and Halle. He returned to his native city in 1904, plunged into the revolutionary movement, was confined in solitary for six months, and sentenced to Siberia for five years. He escaped, joined the revolutionaries in St. Petersburg, was again arrested, and was again sentenced to five years in Siberia. Once more he escaped, and this time he traveled to Shanghai, Singapore, Colombo, the Suez Canal, Marseilles, and Paris. He then returned to Russia for the third time, and in May, 1910, the police discovered him and lodged him in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, after which they dispatched him for a third time to Siberia. He was not long with his jailors, but soon fled to the Arctic Sea, on the shores of which he wandered for about four years. The people and places he encountered and the life he led are described in the present book. He has a strange story to tell: of temperatures reaching as low as 90° below zero, of a horse-eating tribe of Russians, who are more Mongolian than Caucasian and to whom

Continued on page xiv

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiii

the *shaman* is still a divine person, of the extraordinarily friendly Tunguses, and of the very devout Indigirka people, who practice black magic on a large scale. Vilhjalmur Stefansson contributes a friendly introduction, in which he says, "I feel neither unsafe nor ungracious in saying that I disbelieve or discount about 10% of what Zenzinov tells us." There are many illustrations, but an index is lacking. Isaac Don Levine assisted Zenzinov in the writing of the book.

BEHIND MOROCCAN WALLS.

By *Henriette Celarié*. The Macmillan Company
\$5 11½ x 8½; 239 pp. New York

Mme. Celarié is the wife of a French officer and has lived many years in Morocco. The sketches in this book, admirably translated by Constance Lily Morris, first appeared in two volumes published in Paris in 1927. In many ways they recall the chapters of Demetera Vaka's "Haremlik," published in 1909. They offer the same intimate glimpse of the lives of Mohammedan women, and are full of the same sardonic humors. The ladies of Morocco, though they are theoretically the slaves of their lords, are by no means so in reality. In one of the most amusing of the sketches, "Batoul Explains How a Woman Deceives Her Husband," Mme. Celarié shows how the immemorial tricks and dodges of the sex in Christendom are also practised, and with vast success, in Islam. The book has some capital illustrations in line by Boris Artzybasheff.

ADVENTURE UNDER SAPPHIRE SKIES.

By *Charles J. Finger*. William Morrow & Company
\$2.50 7¼ x 4½; 293 pp. New York

Mr. Finger here describes an automobile trip which began at Quebec, covered a large part of the mid-West; and included both the Southwest and the Gulf Coast. His observations are informal and amusing. He and his companions seem to have had little money, but they covered a great area, met many interesting people by the way, and had a good time. It is somewhat surprising that books like this one are so rare. The publishers turn out a copious stream of volumes dealing with foreign travel, but those on travel at home are few. Inasmuch as hundreds of thousands of Americans go touring in their own country every year it would seem that there should be a good market for more of the latter. Mr. Finger presents several sketch maps of the regions he covered, and there are some pen sketches by his daughter, Helen Finger. Rather unusual for such a book, this one has a good index.

xiv

KACHALOLA, or, *The Mighty Hunter*.

By *Sidney Spencer Broomfield*.

William Morrow & Company
\$4 9½ x 5½; 310 pp. New York

Dr. Broomfield's adventures make those of Trader Horn seem pale. He went out to East Africa in 1868, spent a year there collecting ivory and fighting hostile natives and Arab slave traders, proceeded to India and Tibet in 1869, returned to Africa in 1872, and thereafter spent fifty years in all sorts of wild adventure, not only in Africa, but also in South America and the South Seas. In the latter region he was a partner of the celebrated Bully Hayes. His narrative, which is based on his diaries, is full of amazing things. The Africa that he first saw in 1868 was still without any organized government, and the native tribes were constantly at war with the Arabs and with each other. Dr. Broomfield thus had to protect himself, and he did it by organizing a small army, taking on the estate and authority of a sovereign prince, and seizing and hanging his enemies. He became a large trader in ivory and other products of the jungle, made a great deal of money, and seems to have kept a good part of it. The present volume closes with the year 1876, when Dr. Broomfield was twenty-nine years old. He is now eighty-four but still hearty, and he promises to follow it with others. He has an extraordinary story to tell, and he tells it very well.

SOCIOLOGY

WHEN ANTIQUES WERE YOUNG.

By *Marion Nicholl Rawson*.

E. P. Dutton & Company
\$5 8 x 5½; 271 pp. New York

A charming exposition of the social customs of old New England. Mrs. Rawson, who is the author of "Candle Days" and "Country Auction," describes the old-fashioned kitchen; the chimney and its utensils; the cultivation of the soil; the pranks of the pioneer boys; the handiwork of the women—which included quilting, embroidery, spinning, rug-making, knitting, painting, and netting—the rudimentary schooling and religious meetings; and, finally, the burial customs. There are numerous illustrations.

WORK: *What It Has Meant to Men Through the Ages*.

By *Adriano Tilgher*. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2 7½ x 5½; 225 pp. New York

Signor Tilgher shows that to the Greeks, as to the ancient Jews, work quite lacked the dignity

Continued on page xvi

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Continued from page xiv

that it has today. It was looked upon as no more than a lamentable necessity, and its highest value was as an expiation for sin. The early Christian Fathers shared this view of it, and not until the Middle Ages did it get any praise in theological literature. Then it was esteemed mainly as a supporter of the prevailing system of castes: it was virtuous for the laborer to be content with the station to which God had called him. Luther changed all that. He saw work as a kind of virtue, a laudable way of serving God. Calvin went further: he put it near the top of the roster of virtues. There it has remained ever since. Both Communism and Fascism, the two new religions of the Twentieth Century, treat it as a moral obligation, and it is regarded in much the same way by the theologians of Americanism. But there is little if any support for that position in the Bible. Signor Tilgher has got together a lot of unfamiliar material, and made an interesting and useful book. It is translated from the Italian by Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

REPRINTS

STATE RIGHTS IN THE CONFEDERACY.

By Frank L. Owsley.

The University of Chicago Press
\$3 7½ x 5; 290 pp. Chicago

This is a reissue of a well-known and valuable book. In it Dr. Owsley argues that "the Confederacy failed from internal, political causes, mainly State rights." After an interval of six years, in which he has continued his research, he stands pat. "There is," he says in his preface to this second impression, "only one change I should like to make. . . . I should like to emphasize the irritability of President Davis, due to frail health, as a factor in his quarrels with men like Brown and Vance." There is a statement of sources and an index.

THE DYNASTS.

By Thomas Hardy. *The Macmillan Company*
\$4.50 7½ x 5; 355 pp. New York

A new one-volume edition of Hardy's three-part drama of the Napoleonic wars, together with his original preface, first published in 1903. It is a well-made book, excellently printed in a clear large type.

EREWHON, or, Over the Range.

By Samuel Butler. *Cheshire House*
9¾ x 6½; 361 pp. New York

The bookmaking here is by Richard W. Ellis. The volume is bound in figured paper, with a black
xvi

calf back. There are four illustrations in color by H. Charles Tomlinson, and an introduction by H. M. Tomlinson. "The satire of 'Erewhon,'" says Mr. Tomlinson, "is not mordant, like Swift's. It is more delicate and involved, at times even tortuous, betraying the fact that Butler was a little timid before the august powers he was challenging." The edition numbers 1200 copies, all of which are for subscribers only.

VIENNESE NOVELETTES.

By Arthur Schnitzler. *Simon & Schuster*
\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 433 pp. New York

This volume contains "Fräulein Else", "Day-break", "Rhapsody", "Beatrice", and "None but the Brave". It is attractively printed, with illustrations by Kurt Wiese, and a critical introduction by Dr. Otto P. Schinnerer, of Columbia University.

FOLKLORE

FOLKLORE OF ROMANTIC ARKANSAS.

By Fred W. Allsopp. *The Grolier Society*
\$10 8¾ x 6; 2 vols.; 333 + 371 pp. Kansas City

What Mr. Allsopp presents here is mainly not folklore, but nevertheless it is all very interesting. It includes legends of both the aboriginal Indians of Arkansas and the white settlers, reminiscences of some of the State's older inhabitants, biographical sketches of its worthies, discourses on the history of its chief towns, descriptions of its chief natural curiosities, and notes on place-names. The Arkansans, from the earliest days, have been a picturesque and unconventional people, and their history has been full of melodramatic events. For a long while they lived under frontier conditions, and even today they are far more Western than Southern in their ways of thought. Mr. Allsopp has unearthed many oddities, e.g., an Arkansan named W. H. Harvey who occupies his declining years by erecting a concrete pyramid 130 feet high and 60 feet square at the base. It contains "a history in printed records, photographs, and specimens of art and handiwork, so that future civilizations will . . . be able to read English after it has become a dead language". The two volumes are lavishly illustrated, and constitute a useful contribution to the lore of the Southwest.

DANCING GODS: Indian Ceremonials of New Mexico and Arizona.

By Erna Fergusson. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$3 8¼ x 5½; 276 pp. New York

Miss Fergusson, who is a sister to Harvey Fergusson the novelist, was born in the Southwest, and

Continued on page xviii

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

spent several years as a dude-wrangler, conducting hundreds of tourists to the Indian reservations and villages. Her knowledge of Indian life is thus first-hand. In the present book she gives the first popular account of the better known Indian dances, paying special attention to those of the Rio Grande Pueblos, the Zuñi Pueblos, the Hopis, the Navajos, and the Apaches. She discusses, not only the purely religious dances, but also the medicine ones, the dramatic ones, and the humorous ones. In addition, she devotes several sections to brief surveys of the various Indian religions and tribal histories. Miss Fergusson writes very well, and her book makes interesting reading. She thinks that "the Indian dance is . . . as finished and as beautiful as a modern ballet. . . . As an art form it should certainly be encouraged and preserved as purely as possible". There are sixteen half-tone illustrations and an index.

LITERATURE

THE REDISCOVERY OF THE FRONTIER.

By Percy Holmes Boynton.

The University of Chicago Press
\$2.50 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 5; 185 pp. *Chicago*

Since the close of the World War there has been a revival of interest in the history and the literature of the American frontier. Western novels, poems, plays, biographies, all attest to the reawakened attention. Mr. Boynton here reviews this new crop of writings, confining himself chiefly to stating the record and attempting little criticism of the product. His account is fairly complete. It shows plainly enough that the imaginative literature of the frontier has been of a very modest order. So far the best things written about the region have been histories, especially the works of Frederick J. Turner, Ralph L. Rusk, Grace Hazard, and Frederic Paxson. Mr. Boynton's book would be the more valuable for a bibliography and an index.

SONGS & STORIES.

Edited by Edwin Markham.

The Powell Publishing Company
\$5 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$; 461 pp. *Los Angeles*

This is an anthology of California prose and poetry. All the familiar names—Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Frank Norris, and the rest of them—are included, but there are a great many more, whose claim to respectable consideration is not so sure. Mr. Markham is a far more generous editor than a judicious one. His long critical introduction is not very

instructive. He says pleasant things about every one in the book, including his own son, Virgil Markham, a writer of mystery stories. There are several illustrations and two indices of authors and titles.

SELECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM VAUGHAN MOODY.

Edited by Robert Morss Lovett.

The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$2.50 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{8}$; 200 pp. *New York*

Mr. Lovett has made an admirable selection from the work of Moody, one of the minor but by no means ineffectual poets of the recent past. He knew the poet personally, and thus his critico-biographical introduction is of added interest. His judgment of the man as artist follows: "His genius was essentially lyrical; his greatest originality shows itself in his use of the simplest forms, to which he gave an accent peculiarly his own. . . . The 'Ode in Time of Hesitation' marks the height of public poetry in America. . . . Alike in diction and movement, Moody's poetry gives the impression of abundance and extraordinary variety, of a technical mastery quite complete. . . . His prose plays were the most distinctive contribution in the United States to the movement initiated by Ibsen to make the stage once more a vehicle for serious and significant criticism of life."

A SHORT HISTORY OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

By R. D. Jameson.

The Commercial Press

\$8 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{8}$; 1529 pp. *Shanghai*

Dr. Jameson, who is professor of Western literatures and languages in the Tsing Hua University at Peiping, wrote this manual for Chinese students, of whom he says in his preface that "though they are intellectually more mature than their English or American contemporaries, their [English] vocabulary is not adequate to their intelligence." For this reason he found it necessary "to discuss complicated questions in the simplest terms". So well has he done his work that it should be extremely useful to Americans as well as to Chinese. No other general history of Western literature that comes to mind, at any rate on the same scale, is so well ordered, so clear in exposition, or so fair and plausible in its judgments. The arrangement of the book, indeed, is extraordinarily good, and the ebb and flow of literary movements is depicted in an admirable manner. Dr. Jameson does not isolate the literatures of the West in compartments; he shows how they have influenced one another at every step. His treatment

Continued on page xx

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Continued from page xviii

of American literature is necessarily brief, and he discusses only three living authors—Dreiser, Frost and Sandburg. There is a good though brief bibliography at the end, followed by an index.

THE ARTS

THE FRENCH PRIMITIVES & THEIR FORMS.

By *Albert C. Barnes & Violette de Mazia.*

The Barnes Foundation Press

\$5 9 x 6; 551 pp. *Merion, Pa.*

Dr. Barnes' collection of paintings at Merion, Pa., is rich in French primitives, and he has examined practically all that are preserved in museums elsewhere. The method of study followed in the present book "is derived from the conception of plastic form. Plastic form involves a perception of something essential or significant in an object, and a working out of this perception by appropriate plastic means." The criteria of subject matter and personal mannerism are rejected, and so are those based upon purely historical or archeological considerations. Thus the authors are led to differ from many of the accepted ascriptions. In every such case they present their reasons at length, and with a great deal of learning. No other book upon the subject, at all events in English, is so comprehensive. Not only paintings are dealt with, but also stained glass, frescoes, and the miniatures in illuminated MSS. There are 156 reproductions, many of them of works that are almost inaccessible.

THE TIMID SOUL.

By *H. T. Webster.*

Simon & Schuster

\$2.50 12 x 8½; 126 pp. *New York*

Mr. Webster is one of the most popular of newspaper cartoonists, and one of the best. Instead of dealing in the gross buffooneries and vulgarities which engross most of his colleagues he devotes himself to genuine satire, and much of it is penetrating and memorable. No other contemporary maker of comic pictures gets so much genuine character into his work. In the present collection of his drawings the central personage is Caspar Milquetoast, the archetype of all shy and timid men. One sees him quaking in scores of familiar situations—on the golf links, at his office, facing his acidulous wife, withered by a gaudy hotel clerk, confronted by bootleggers and ice-men, and so on. In every one of the pictures there is shrewd observation and a pleasant play of humor, and some of them belong to satire in the grand manner. Mr. Webster's technique is ample for his purpose. He

uses a bold and firm line, and is so economical with it that his drawings always reproduce well on news-print. There is a burlesque introduction to the book by Ring Lardner—extravagant but very amusing. The printing is excellent.

HUMOR

DIARY OF SYLVIA McNEELY.

By *Sylvia McNeely.* *Longmans, Green & Company*
\$1. 7½ x 5; 121 pp. *New York*

Sylvia McNeely is nine years old, and her diary establishes her as an accurate reporter of her generation. A few of her notations: Upon viewing her dead grandfather, "He looked white but well." . . . "Miss Cragin is my teacher. She is very thankful of God but she is very homely." . . . "The boys wanted to play marbles in the basement. We the girls at school had to give up to the *little boys*, that's always the way with boys." . . . "The goldfish is dead. I wrote a poem about him. This is what I wrote—

"Once upon a time there
was a little fish
Right in the middle of
the fish pond.
This morning he was dead
He was green instead of red.
O, How it smelled near the
fish pond." . . .

"Franklin Hancock was here to lunch because they had a funeral at there house. Doctor Hancock's uncle's wife died." . . . "I went to Sunday-school today. I didn't like to go. We had a new teacher today. I hate both teachers. I'm glad when the bell rings to go home." . . . "I have not fought with anybody today, even Lee" [her brother]. . . . "Clarence Chrisler is a boy in my room at school. He is very snoopy. One day he asked Miss Peters what her middle name is and she said she wouldn't tell him. And one day he asked Miss Watters how much she got paid for teaching. He asked Miss Marlin why she taught school. He asked Miss Eliss why we had an American flag. She said 'because'."

ANIMOSITIES.

By *Peggy Bacon.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2.50 9¼ x 6¼; 106 pp. *New York*

These pieces, accompanied as they are by Miss Bacon's excellent drawings, are very cheering. A specimen:

Continued on page xxii

What you have always wanted to know . . .

THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS

By **RALPH MAJOR, M.D.**

Written for the layman by a distinguished physician, this book will be intensely interesting to anyone who has ever wondered why a doctor does what he does, why he uses the instruments he uses, and what the language in which he describes his results really means. Dr. Major discusses the nature and meaning of all the essentials of medical practice and gives in brief at the same time the fascinating history of each. *With 29 Illustrations. To be published*

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THE HUMAN BODY

By **LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.**

H. L. Mencken in *The Nation*: "It is, by long odds, the best work of its kind that has yet come to light in America. . . . At all points he offers clear and effective drawings. . . . And at all points he illuminates his discourse with apposite parables and anecdotes, many of them from medical history. . . . The book is immensely readable." *With 102 Illustrations, 5¾" x 8¾", 398pp.* \$2.50

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LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D., author of *The Human Body*, has waited four years to publish a sequel, and now it is nearly ready. Entitled, **THE CARE AND FEEDING OF ADULTS**, it will be available on *October 23rd. Price \$2.50*

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Continued from page xx

BUSINESS

The funeral director spat
and polished up his hat upon his sleeve,
as one who would not grieve
if half the world were smitten with a plague.
Though towns and villages be swept away
in a single day,
though one by one each person take his leave
of a few friends and fall down flat,
there will remain a man to cross his leg
and settle his cravat
and say:
"That's that."

LETTERS OF A HOOFER TO HIS MA.

By Jack Donahue.

The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

\$1.50 7 7/8 x 5; 194 pp. New York

Jack Donahue died in October, 1930, at the age of thirty-seven. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., the son of poor parents. He made his first public appearance with Dr. Zurego's Medicine Show, and then he traveled over the country with numerous vaudeville companies, playing all sorts of parts. At last he hit Broadway, and made an immediate success. Among the shows he starred in were "Sunny," "Rosalie," and "Sons o' Guns." The present book was his first and only venture between boards. It is a collection of gags written in the form of letters. Some of them are genuinely funny, and betray a literary talent of some stature. There are several illustrations by Will Grefé.

FICTION

STARRY ADVENTURE.

By Mary Austin. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$2.50 7 7/8 x 5; 420 pp. Boston

Here we have the youthful adventure of Gard, son of a professor who is fighting tuberculosis in the Southwest, and of Jane, daughter of a wealthy family of New York who move there and rehabilitate the old Montóya place. Gard, "a sentimental ass" who sees God in the alpenglow as a child, is doomed to disillusionment when he grubs with reality. But he is consoled in the end: "You came back to the house that was yours and Jane's. . . . Jane and her children . . . the long, thick walls, the wide roof. The strength of the earth was in it, the fecundity. . . . You looked and were stirred by the rich secret sense of communication. It was inside you; the Starry Adventure. It was inside them; they were about it. . . . It no longer mattered what the adventure would be about; there probably

xxii

wouldn't be any band playing." A colorful but somewhat overwrought book.

CONDUCTED TOUR.

By Gil Meynier. *The Thomas S. Rockwell Company*
\$2 9 x 5 3/4; 239 pp. Chicago

Gil Meynier is a widely traveled young Frenchman, translator of "Two Men in Me" by Daniel Rops. This, his first novel, written originally in English, is an alleged travesty on travel in Europe and England. It is pretty feeble stuff. The numerous illustrations are by Irma Selz.

CHILDREN & OLDER PEOPLE.

By Ruth Suckow. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$2.50 7 1/2 x 5; 277 pp. New York

Miss Suckow, whose longer works are often uneven, has never written a really poor story. This collection contains such excellent pieces as "Good Pals", "The Little Girl from Town", "The Man of the Family", and "Eminence", and is better, if anything, than "Iowa Interiors". Some of the stories first appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

MANY THOUSANDS GONE, and Other Stories.

By John Peale Bishop. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$2.50 7 3/8 x 5 1/4; 282 pp. New York

In the title story, which won first prize in a contest conducted by *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. Bishop describes the occupation of a Virginian town by Union troops headed by Colonel Strother, a born Southerner with a hate for all things Virginian. The chief characters are various: Mrs. Colson, a sharp ruthless woman who whips her Negro maid and hoards her hams against hard times; Miss Celie Cary, a gentle, doddering old maid, who is strangely thrilled by the kiss of a young Yankee soldier; Fanny, a mulatto who slips over to the Yankee camp; Cousin Hetty, a fanatical invalid who lies in her bed reading from her Bible all day. Mr. Bishop reveals them, together with numerous individuals of the invading army, against a background faithfully and vividly portrayed. There are four other stories, all dealing with the Civil War period, and all equally well done.

SOLANGE STORIES.

By F. Tennyson Jesse. *The Macmillan Company*
\$1.75 7 1/2 x 5; 182 pp. New York

Five crime stories, written around a woman detective, Solange Fontaine, who has an unerring instinct, "a 'feeling' that tells her of evil." They are only fairly entertaining.

*Continued in back advertising section;
page xxviii*

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The American MERCURY

September 1931

THE WORST AMERICAN STATE: Part I¹

BY CHARLES ANGOFF & H. L. MENCKEN

JUST what such words as progress and civilization mean is often disputed, but no one doubts that the things themselves exist. Holland is obviously a more progressive country than Portugal, and equally obviously France is more civilized than Albania. It is when concrete criteria are set up that dispute begins, for every man tries to measure the level of a given culture by his own yardstick, and so we have heard a musician argue that no country which lacks symphony orchestras can be called really civilized, and a banker maintain that wealth and civilization are indistinguishable, and not long ago a medical statistician was saying that "the average length of life is the one and only sure index . . . of social progress". But under all these differences there is still something resembling a general agreement, and back

in 1928 it was well stated by Dr. A. J. Todd of Northwestern University at the Memphis Conference on Social Work:

We shall have to agree that life on the whole is better than death, that health is better than sickness, that freedom is better than slavery, that control over fate is better than ignorance, that moderate provision for human need is better than chronic lack, that broad interests and moderate desires are better than narrowness and enforced asceticism—

in other words, that a civilized society is one in which there is reasonable liberty and security, and opportunity to acquire knowledge, and no general or unendurable poverty, and no other avoidable impediments to happiness and well-being. The best of societies, of course, fall far short of the ideal, but they at least cherish it, and when fortune runs with them they usually move toward it. Thus "a condition of general happiness," in J. B. Bury's phrase, is "the issue of the earth's great business". It may never be attained, but certainly one must admit that there is such a thing as striving for it, and that this striving results in changes that may be measured. When the percentage of illiteracy in a

¹ A part of the material used in this article was assembled by Dr. James M. Chalfant of Ohio State University, who also suggested some of the observations upon it. He is, of course, not responsible for any of the conclusions. Thanks are also due to Dr. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., of the University of North Carolina, for permission to use some of the tables in his book, "North Carolina: Economic and Social". In that book Dr. Hobbs employed the present method in an ingenious study of the position of North Carolina among the States. Part II of this article will appear next month, and Part III in November.

given area is reduced 50% in a generation, we all agree—save maybe a few cantankerous iconoclasts—that progress has been made, and we likewise agree when the death-rate is reduced, when crime diminishes, when despotism gives way to free government, and when the arts and sciences are actively and effectively practised. And most of us agree, too, when there is an increase in the *per capita* wealth. In itself, that increase may not be important, for a very rich country might still show a great deal of horrible poverty and suffering, but in practise we know that money tends to get itself distributed, and that when the average wealth increases the average well-being usually also increases.

Here in the United States the criteria of progress are often hotly debated, and there is visible a wide difference over them. The people who live in cities commonly regard the dwellers in smaller places as barbarians, and not infrequently the rural folk think of the city hordes as savages. There is a large literature on the subject, running both ways. One hears, too, of purely sectional disdains and derisions. Not many natives of New England would admit that Iowa is as civilized as Massachusetts, and not many Southerners would admit that either the North or the West is as civilized as the South. Of late the Pacific Coast has come into the contest, and for a long while the Middle West has been advancing its claims. Some time ago, indeed, William Allen White was depicting Kansas as a State almost beyond compare—as certainly superior, on all rational cultural counts, to the highly populous States along the Atlantic seaboard. But meanwhile, there are plenty of Americans who regard Kansas as almost barbaric, just as there are other Americans who shudder whenever they think of Arkansas, Ohio, Indiana, Oklahoma, Texas or California.

Perhaps these disputes are destined to go on forever, as they have been going on in Europe for centuries. Is Kansas more dry than New York? Then that is a proof of a relatively high civilization to the majority of Kansans, and perhaps also to most people in various other States, but to New Yorkers it is only proof that the Kansans are jays. Does California burn more gasoline *per capita* than any other State, and attract more retired farmers, and produce more movies, and jail more labor agitators, and support more inventors of new religions? Then the Californians are proud of it, but nearly everywhere else there are only scoffs. Nevertheless, there remain certain criteria that are pretty generally accepted, even in areas where their applications are somewhat embarrassing. All Americans seem to be agreed that education is a good thing, and that the more of it there is, the better. All of them agree likewise that crime is a bad thing, and that the less of it there is, the better. And all—or nearly all—agree that it is better to be rich than to be poor, and that any civilization which sees an increase in the general wealth is a civilization going up grade, not down. So maybe it will be possible, by examining certain tables of statistics, with the forty-eight American States (to which, of course, the District of Columbia should be added) ranged in order, to find out which of them tend toward the top of the heap and which toward the bottom. Statistics, to be sure, are not always reliable, but we have nothing better, and we must make as much of them as we can.

II

Let us be thoroughly American by starting with wealth. Which is the richest of the States, and which the poorest? We turn to "The Statistical Abstract of the United

States," an official publication of the Treasury, and find an attempt to answer the question on page 294.

It shows the estimated value of all the tangible property in each State, reckoned *per capita*—not the total wealth *per capita*, but the amount of *tangible* property *per capita*, regardless of whether it is owned by residents or by persons living elsewhere. Here is the table:

TABLE NO. 1: TANGIBLE PROPERTY PER CAPITA

1	Nevada	\$6,998
2	Wyoming	4,663
3	South Dakota	4,482
4	Iowa	4,274
5	Oregon	4,182
6	Nebraska	4,004
7	District of Columbia	3,879
8	North Dakota	3,692
9	Montana	3,691
10	Connecticut	3,614
11	Washington	3,600
12	New Jersey	3,524
13	Arizona	3,512
14	Kansas	3,493
15	Minnesota	3,442
16	New York	3,436
17	Idaho	3,301
18	Illinois	3,295
19	Colorado	3,285
20	Utah	3,247
21	Massachusetts	3,243
22	Pennsylvania	3,187
23	Rhode Island	3,086
24	New Hampshire	3,074
25	Ohio	3,048
26	West Virginia	3,040
27	Indiana	2,942
28	Missouri	2,903
29	Michigan	2,899
30	Wisconsin	2,887
31	Delaware	2,728
32	Maryland	2,665
33	Maine	2,586
34	Vermont	2,389
35	Florida	2,358
36	New Mexico	2,229
37	Virginia	2,050
38	Texas	2,010
39	Oklahoma	1,864
40	Louisiana	1,855
41	Tennessee	1,773
42	North Carolina	1,708
43	Kentucky	1,459
44	Arkansas	1,439
45	South Carolina	1,385
46	Georgia	1,306
47	Alabama	1,244
48	Mississippi	1,216
49	California	1,007
	United States	2,916

The foregoing table, as we have said, comes from "The Statistical Abstract of the United States." Following is a table showing the assessed value *per capita* of taxable property, whether tangible or intangible, compiled from figures supplied by Halsey, Stuart & Company:

TABLE NO. 2: TAXABLE PROPERTY PER CAPITA

1	Montana	\$26,344.61
2	Arizona	16,441.39
3	South Dakota	2,439.00
4	Nevada	2,382.40
5	Nebraska	2,251.18
6	New York	2,241.52
7	Ohio	2,030.74
8	Rhode Island	2,025.99
9	Wisconsin	2,006.26
10	Kansas	1,958.36
11	Wyoming	1,936.59
12	Maryland	1,772.01
13	Connecticut	1,744.43
14	California	1,742.21
15	Michigan	1,693.69
16	New Jersey	1,689.80
17	Massachusetts	1,676.44
18	Indiana	1,595.45
19	Iowa	1,569.24
20	Colorado	1,531.29
21	North Dakota	1,469.70
22	Utah	1,434.21
23	Pennsylvania	1,414.43
24	Missouri	1,369.99
25	New Hampshire	1,338.88
26	Oregon	1,179.49
27	West Virginia	1,176.25
28	Delaware	1,158.47
29	Illinois	1,096.28
30	Idaho	1,093.41
31	Kentucky	1,061.73
32	Virginia	1,044.25
33	North Carolina	937.21
34	Maine	932.61
35	Louisiana	835.92
36	Washington	809.55
37	New Mexico	808.60
38	Oklahoma	807.08
39	Vermont	777.93
40	Minnesota	759.65
41	Texas	722.80
42	Tennessee	678.24
43	Arkansas	673.31
44	Alabama	470.15
45	Georgia	451.80
46	Florida	418.00
47	Mississippi	385.54
48	South Carolina	245.20
	United States ^a	2,137.98

There follows a table from "Statistics of Income," published by the Treasury (1930,

^a The District of Columbia is omitted.

p. 73), showing the percentage of the population filing income tax returns in 1928, the last year for which complete returns are available:

TABLE NO. 3: PERCENTAGE PAYING INCOME TAX

1	District of Columbia	8.00	4	Illinois	296.18
2	California	6.95	5	Connecticut	285.02
3	New York	6.76	6	Michigan	281.29
4	Nevada	5.74	7	Massachusetts	277.14
5	New Jersey	5.15	8	Pennsylvania	267.90
6	Illinois	5.05	9	New Jersey	263.82
7	Massachusetts	5.02	10	Ohio	253.54
8	Connecticut	4.86	11	Maryland	247.12
9	Maryland	4.04	12	Florida	239.91
10	Washington	4.03	13	Maine	229.03
11	Delaware	3.93	14	California	201.14
12	Michigan	3.92	15	Minnesota	196.29
13	Pennsylvania	3.67	16	North Carolina	195.23
14	Rhode Island	3.60	17	Missouri	190.45
15	Wyoming	3.49	18	Oklahoma	173.00
16	Wisconsin	3.34	19	District of Columbia	169.17
17	Oregon	3.25	20	Tennessee	160.51
18	Ohio	3.20	21	Kentucky	159.45
19	Montana	3.12	22	Iowa	152.40
20	New Hampshire	3.10	23	Alabama	150.08
21	Colorado	2.85	24	Colorado	143.42
22	Missouri	2.82	25	New Hampshire	140.95
23	Vermont	2.67	26	Arizona	138.83
24	Utah	2.50	27	Indiana	134.01
25	Arizona	2.43	28	Texas	128.28
26	Indiana	2.37	29	Wisconsin	126.51
27	Maine	2.34	30	Louisiana	118.44
28	Florida	2.28	31	Virginia	117.20
29	Minnesota	2.23	32	Georgia	115.63
29	Nebraska	2.23	33	Vermont	112.38
31	Texas	2.05	34	Nevada	106.69
32	Louisiana	1.90	35	West Virginia	95.32
33	Idaho	1.80	36	Kansas	88.92
34	Kansas	1.79	37	Utah	82.63
35	West Virginia	1.78	38	Oregon	81.39
36	New Mexico	1.69	39	Montana	75.85
37	Iowa	1.68	40	New Mexico	69.46
38	Oklahoma	1.54	41	Washington	67.48
39	North Dakota	1.51	42	Nebraska	67.12
39	South Dakota	1.51	43	Arkansas	52.69
41	Virginia	1.46	44	South Carolina	52.21
42	Tennessee	1.40	45	Mississippi	47.32
43	Kentucky	1.39	46	Wyoming	43.16
44	North Carolina	1.06	47	South Dakota	30.19
45	Alabama	1.05	48	Idaho	28.87
46	Georgia	1.03	49	North Dakota	21.57
47	Mississippi	.90		United States	176.97
48	Arkansas	.86			
49	South Carolina	.74			
	United States	2.89			

And here is a table from the same source showing the average income tax paid:

TABLE NO. 4: AVERAGE INCOME TAX PAID

1	Delaware	\$ 1,104.35
2	New York	578.67
3	Rhode Island	313.67

Already, despite certain wild aberrations—for example, California is at the bottom of Table No. 1 but stands second in Table No. 3—certain trends are visible. Nevada is among the first five States in three of the four tables, and New York is among the first five in two. Also, Mississippi is among the last five in all four, and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama are among the last five in three. Yet again, certain States seem to gravitate toward the middle of the list—for example, New Hampshire, which appears between the twenty-first

and the twenty-seventh places in three of the four tables.

Let us now turn to bank clearings, and confine our inquiry to the top and bottom of the table. The figures are compiled from a table in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, a leading authority, and show the clearings *per capita* last year:

TABLE NO. 5: BANK CLEARINGS

1	New York	\$27,890
2	Massachusetts	5,569
3	Illinois	3,867
4	Pennsylvania	3,858
5	Missouri	3,688
.		
45	West Virginia	145
46	South Carolina	114
47	Mississippi	111
48	New Hampshire	86
49	North Carolina	36
	United States	1,610

Unfortunately, this record is incomplete, for Nevada does not report its bank clearings, and neither do certain cities elsewhere, e.g., Chattanooga, Tenn., McAlester, Okla., and Los Angeles, Calif. But when it comes to bank resources all States report in full, and this is what one learns about the total resources *per capita* from "The Statistical Abstract of the United States" (1930, p. 263):

TABLE NO. 6: BANK RESOURCES

1	New York	\$1,652
2	Massachusetts	1,127
3	Connecticut	930
4	Rhode Island	850
5	Vermont	796
.		
45	Arkansas	145
46	Alabama	142
47	Mississippi	137
48	South Carolina	129
49	New Mexico	121
	United States	446

From the same source (p. 274) we compile the record of savings and other time deposits *per capita* in all banks and trust companies:

TABLE NO. 7: SAVINGS DEPOSITS

1	Rhode Island	\$951.13
2	Massachusetts	715.88
3	Vermont	625.59
4	Connecticut	503.80
5	New Hampshire	458.06
.		
45	Arkansas	51.64
46	Texas	48.85
47	Oklahoma	47.83
48	Alabama	41.80
49	New Mexico	30.35
	United States	203.15

And from the report of the Bureau of Internal Revenue ("Statistics of Income", 1930, pp. 60-61) we compile the following return of the aggregate gross estates of resident decedents *per capita*:

TABLE NO. 8: ESTATES OF DECEDENTS

1	Delaware	\$229.22
2	Rhode Island	114.65
3	New York	87.72
4	Nevada	86.81
5	Connecticut	68.36
.		
45	Arkansas	4.42
46	North Dakota	4.14
47	Arizona	3.85
48	Mississippi	3.48
49	Idaho	1.96
	United States	28.61

Finally, here is a table showing the spendable money income *per capita* for 1929:

TABLE NO. 9: SPENDABLE MONEY INCOME

1	New York	\$1,328
2	California	1,186
3	Massachusetts	1,131
4	Illinois	1,039
5	New Jersey	1,036
.		
45	Alabama	329
46	Georgia	326
47	North Carolina	315
48	Arkansas	282
49	Mississippi	239

We now have nine tables, all of them dealing with the general wealth of the country. They are of varying value and significance, and it would be hazardous to attempt any very elaborate inferences from them without careful statistical weighting; nevertheless, it is safe to assume that those States which tend to appear far down the

tables are relatively poor. Of the States that so appear more than twice, Georgia appears four times, Arkansas and South Carolina five times, Alabama six times, and Mississippi eight times. Contrariwise, of the States that appear among the first five more than twice, Illinois appears three times, Nevada, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts four times, and New York six times.

III

These tendencies are furthermore supported by an examination of the available statistics dealing with separate industries. The States that are poor in general are also poor in detail. Thus Mississippi and Arkansas are among the last five in the value of their manufactures *per capita* (The *World Almanac*, 1931, pp. 324-27); Mississippi, Arkansas, Georgia and Alabama are among the last five in the average value of lands and buildings per farm ("Statistical Abstract," 1930, p. 626); Mississippi and South Carolina are among the last five in the value of their mineral products *per capita* (The *World Almanac*, 1931, p. 290), and Mississippi and Louisiana are among the last five in the average total value of their farms, including machinery and stock, in the average value of their hogs a head, and in the average value of their horned cattle. A poor State naturally has poor farm animals, and many of its farmers do not own their land, but are more or less migratory tenants. Here is a table issued by the Census Bureau showing the percentage of farm tenants in the various States for 1928, the last year for which complete figures are available:

TABLE NO. 10: RATIO OF FARM TENANCY

1	Maine	3.4
2	New Hampshire	4.8
3	Massachusetts	4.8
4	Connecticut	6.4
5	Nevada	7.9

6	Vermont	9.3
7	Utah	11.1
8	Rhode Island	12.1
9	New York	14.1
10	California	14.7
11	Michigan	15.1
12	Wisconsin	15.5
13	New Jersey	15.9
14	West Virginia	16.3
14 ³	Washington	16.3
16	Oregon	16.8
17	New Mexico	17.1
18	Pennsylvania	17.4
19	Wyoming	17.9
20	Florida	21.3
21	Arizona	21.5
22	Montana	21.9
23	Idaho	24.4
24	Virginia	25.2
25	Ohio	25.5
26	Maryland	26.4
27	Minnesota	27.1
28	District of Columbia	28.1
29	Indiana	29.2
30	Colorado	30.9
31	Kentucky	32.0
32	Missouri	32.6
33	North Dakota	34.4
34	Delaware	35.8
35	Tennessee	41.0
36	South Dakota	41.5
37	Illinois	42.0
38	Kansas	42.2
39	Iowa	44.7
40	North Carolina	45.2
41	Nebraska	46.4
42	Arkansas	56.7
43	Oklahoma	58.6
44	Louisiana	60.1
45	Texas	60.4
46	Alabama	60.7
47	Georgia	63.8
48	South Carolina	65.1
49	Mississippi	68.3
	United States	29.5

Tenant farmers, of course, usually have relatively poor equipment, but that this is not invariably the case is shown by comparing the position of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and the two Dakotas in the foregoing table with their position in the following, which shows the percentage of farms employing tractors ("Statistical Abstract," 1931, p. 648):

TABLE NO. 11: FARMS EMPLOYING TRACTORS

1	North Dakota	20.9
2	South Dakota	20.6

³When two or more States show the same serial number it is given to each of them. The slack is taken up by advancing the number of the next State to that of its actual rank.

3	California	19.0
4	Illinois	18.4
5	Kansas	17.2
6	Iowa	16.7
7	Wisconsin	15.0
8	Nebraska	13.9
8	New Jersey	13.9
10	Minnesota	13.6
11	New York	12.9
12	Montana	12.5
13	Ohio	12.2
14	Indiana	11.7
15	Colorado	10.3
16	Arizona	9.8
17	Michigan	9.6
17	Oregon	9.6
19	Pennsylvania	9.5
20	Wyoming	7.9
21	Maryland	7.8
22	Rhode Island	7.2
23	Massachusetts	6.1
24	Delaware	6.0
25	Washington	5.9
26	Connecticut	5.7
27	Vermont	5.4
28	Nevada	5.1
29	Oklahoma	5.0
30	Missouri	4.6
31	Idaho	4.4
32	Florida	4.0
33	Maine	3.4
34	Virginia	3.3
35	Texas	3.2
36	Utah	3.1
36	New Mexico	3.1
38	District of Columbia	2.9
39	North Carolina	2.7
40	New Hampshire	2.3
41	West Virginia	2.0
42	Kentucky	1.9
42	Louisiana	1.9
44	Tennessee	1.8
45	South Carolina	1.5
45	Georgia	1.5
47	Arkansas	1.2
48	Alabama	1.0
49	Mississippi	.7
	United States	7.4

But in this table, as in No. 10, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina continue among the last five States, and Mississippi and South Carolina do so again in the table showing the percentage of farms supplied with electric light and power (calculated as of December 31, 1930, by the National Electric Light Association):

TABLE NO. 12: ELECTRIFIED FARMS

1	California	59.5
2	Washington	58.4
3	Massachusetts	50.5
4	Nevada	47.0
5	New Hampshire	46.7

44	Mississippi	1.1
45	South Carolina	1.1
46	Tennessee	1.1
47	Arkansas	1.0
48	North Dakota	.7

Telephones, it appears, tend to run with electric lights and power, as is shown by the following table from "Telephone and Telegraph Statistics of the World," May, 1931. The figures come from the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, and set forth the number of telephones in service to each hundred of population:

TABLE NO. 13: TELEPHONES

1	District of Columbia	33.0
2	California	24.1
3	Illinois	23.6
4	New York	23.3
5	Iowa	23.0
.		
45	New Mexico	5.6
46	North Carolina	5.3
47	Alabama	4.9
48	Mississippi	4.3
49	South Carolina	3.9
	United States	16.4

And the consumption of gasoline in gallons *per capita per annum* (*Congressional Record*, March 16, 1931, p. 7565 f.) naturally follows fairly closely the density of farm tractors:

TABLE NO. 14: CONSUMPTION OF GASOLINE

1	California	246
2	Nevada	208
3	Kansas	205
4	South Dakota	199
5	Oregon	178
.		
45	Arkansas	70
46	Mississippi	68
47	South Carolina ⁴	68
48	Alabama	65
49	Kentucky	64
	United States	129

The total motor vehicle registration per thousand of population follows the registration of tractors and the consumption of

⁴In this table decimals are omitted, but they are taken into account in ranking States that here show the same figures.

gasoline (Bureau of Public Roads, Department of Agriculture, 1929):

TABLE NO. 15: MOTOR VEHICLE REGISTRATION

1	Nevada	350.49
2	California	347.76
3	Iowa	317.47
4	District of Columbia	311.06
5	Kansas	308.99
.		
45	Kentucky	127.30
46	Arkansas	125.71
47	Mississippi	124.39
48	Georgia	123.39
49	Alabama	107.90
	United States	228.82

Other tables which give more or less reliable indications of the relative wealth of the different States are those which show postal receipts *per capita*, life insurance in force *per capita*, and the gross income of local corporations *per capita*. The first is compiled from the annual report of the Postmaster General for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930:

TABLE NO. 16: POSTAL RECEIPTS

1	District of Columbia	\$12.41
2	Illinois	10.34
3	New York	9.91
4	Missouri	8.28
5	Massachusetts	6.96
.		
45	North Carolina	2.15
46	Arkansas	2.06
47	Alabama	1.93
48	Mississippi	1.61
49	South Carolina	1.25
	United States	5.56

The second table comes from the Business Research Bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It shows the life insurance in force *per capita* in 1930:

TABLE NO. 17: LIFE INSURANCE

1	New York	\$1,483
2	Delaware	1,408
3	District of Columbia	1,322
4	Connecticut	1,157
5	Illinois	1,117
.		
45	South Carolina	396
46	Arizona	380
47	Arkansas	334
48	Mississippi	277
49	New Mexico	248
	United States	705

The third table, showing the gross income of local corporations, is compiled from "Statistics of Income," 1930, p. 314:

TABLE NO. 18: INCOME OF CORPORATIONS

1	Delaware	\$5,454.21
2	New York	3,024.90
3	Illinois	2,120.73
4	Nevada	1,945.43
5	Massachusetts	1,695.63
.		
45	Alabama	194.47
46	New Mexico	177.51
47	South Carolina	176.27
48	Arkansas	158.47
49	Mississippi	143.87
	United States	818.41

So far we have eighteen tables, some of them given in full and the rest confined to the topmost and lowermost brackets. We shall now attempt, by an arithmetical method employed by Dr. Hobbs in his "North Carolina," to calculate the average position of each State in all eighteen of them, using the full tables where only parts of them have been given in the foregoing. We shall also include the six tables mentioned, but not given, in the first paragraph of this section (p. 6), and in addition we shall include tables from the Census Bureau showing the percentages of farms reporting mortgages, and the ratio of farm mortgages to the total values of farms. This will make twenty-six tables in all. Here is the result:

TABLE NO. 19: SUMMARY OF WEALTH

1	Connecticut	9.34
2	California	10.18
3	New York	12.53
4	District of Columbia	12.66
5	Massachusetts	13.19
6	Illinois	13.57
7	Nevada	14.02
8	New Jersey	15.07
9	Rhode Island	15.46
10	Pennsylvania	16.07
11	Ohio	16.92
12	Michigan	17.46
13	Washington	18.26
14	Minnesota	18.80
15	Delaware	19.32
16	Colorado	19.92
17	Oregon	20.26

18	Iowa	20.46
19	Maryland	20.65
20	Wisconsin	20.92
21	Maine	21.53
22	Nebraska	21.84
23	Indiana	21.88
24	New Hampshire	21.89
25	Kansas	22.23
26	Vermont	23.16
27	Missouri	23.19
28	Montana	23.88
29	Wyoming	23.89
30	Arizona	24.33
31	Utah	24.84
32	South Dakota	27.19
33	Florida	28.66
34	North Dakota	29.42
35	New Mexico	29.84
36	Idaho	30.42
37	West Virginia	30.38
38	Virginia	31.11
39	Texas	31.65
40	Kentucky	33.07
41	Oklahoma	34.07
42	Tennessee	35.00
43	North Carolina	36.19
44	Louisiana	36.23
45	Georgia	39.45
46	Alabama	40.76
47	South Carolina	42.30
48	Arkansas	42.34
49	Mississippi	45.26

IV

Let us now turn to some educational statistics. The returns of illiteracy from the 1930 census show the following percentages of illiterates ten years old or over, disregarding color, sex, place of residence (that is, whether urban or rural) and the language written:

TABLE NO. 20: ILLITERACY

1	Iowa	0.8
2	Washington	1.0
2	Oregon	1.0
4	Idaho	1.1
5	South Dakota	1.2
5	Nebraska	1.2
5	Kansas	1.2
5	Arizona	1.2
9	Minnesota	1.3
10	North Dakota	1.5
11	District of Columbia	1.6
11	Wyoming	1.6
13	Indiana	1.7
13	Montana	1.7
15	Wisconsin	1.9
16	Michigan	2.0
17	Vermont	2.2
18	Ohio	2.3
18	Missouri	2.3
20	Illinois	2.4
21	California	2.6
22	Maine	2.7
22	New Hampshire	2.7
24	Oklahoma	2.8
24	Colorado	2.8
26	Pennsylvania	3.1
27	Massachusetts	3.5
28	New York	3.7
29	New Jersey	3.8
29	Maryland	3.8
31	Delaware	4.0
32	Nevada	4.4
33	Connecticut	4.5
34	West Virginia	4.8
35	Rhode Island	4.9
36	Kentucky	6.6
37	Arkansas	6.8
37	Texas	6.8
39	Florida	7.1
40	Tennessee	7.2
41	Virginia	8.7
42	Georgia	9.4
43	North Carolina	10.0
44	Arizona	10.1
45	Alabama	12.6
46	Mississippi	13.1
47	New Mexico	13.3
48	Louisiana	13.5
49	South Carolina	14.9
	United States	4.3

In this table, plainly enough, criteria of disparate weight are grouped together and given the same value. It is thus open to serious challenge statistically. Nevertheless, it unquestionably shows certain definite trends, and is thus probably reliable enough for all practical purposes. Connecticut, which stands at the top of it, has first place in only one of the constituent tables—that showing the value of manufactures *per capita*—but it is in tenth place or better in fourteen of the twenty-six, and in twentieth or better in twenty-one, and falls below fortieth place in but one. Contrariwise, Mississippi is below fortieth place in twenty-four of the twenty-six tables, in last place in four, and in next to the last place in five more. In only two of the tables is it above fortieth place. Of its closest rivals Arkansas is above fortieth place in four, South Carolina in five, Alabama in seven, and Georgia and Louisiana in eleven.

There is a considerable difference between illiteracy in town and country, but the relative position of the States is not greatly altered when urban illiteracy is isolated, as the following return for places above 2500 in population (taken from Dr. Sanford Winston's "Illiteracy in the United States," 1930, p. 53) shows:

TABLE NO. 21: URBAN ILLITERACY⁵

1	South Dakota	1.1
2	Utah	1.3
3	Iowa	1.4
3	Idaho	1.4
5	North Dakota	1.5
5	Washington	1.5
5	Oregon	1.5
8	Montana	1.6
9	Nevada	1.8
10	Oklahoma	1.9
.		
39	Connecticut	6.6
40	Tennessee	7.0
41	Virginia	7.1
41	New Mexico	7.1
43	Louisiana	9.1
44	North Carolina	9.3
45	Georgia	9.5
46	South Carolina	10.3
47	Alabama	10.4
48	Mississippi	11.3

In both of these tables the Cotton States, with their large Negro populations, give poor accounts of themselves, but that they are striving hard to improve matters is made plain by this table showing the percentages of decrease in illiteracy between 1890 and 1930:

TABLE NO. 22: DECREASE IN ILLITERACY, 1890-1930

1	Louisiana	32.3
2	New Mexico	31.2
3	Georgia	30.4
4	South Carolina	30.1
5	Alabama	28.4
6	Mississippi	26.9
7	North Carolina	25.7
8	Virginia	21.5
9	Florida	20.7
10	Arkansas	19.8
11	Tennessee	19.4
12	Kentucky	15.0
.		
46	Nebraska	1.9
47	New York	1.8
48	Connecticut	.8

⁵ The District of Columbia is missing in this and the following table.

This effort to abate illiteracy is further revealed by a table showing the percentage of the total population enrolled in the public schools, issued by the Bureau of Education ("Statistics of State Schools Systems, 1927-28," 1930, p. 17):

TABLE NO. 23: PUBLIC SCHOOL ENROLLMENT

1	Mississippi	33.8
2	North Carolina	28.9
3	Oklahoma	28.1
4	Tennessee	27.0
5	North Dakota	26.9
6	Utah	25.7
7	Florida	25.6
7	South Carolina	25.6
9	Alabama	24.7
10	Arkansas	24.6
.		
43	New York	17.8
44	Massachusetts	17.3
45	Maryland	16.8
46	Delaware	16.7
47	New Hampshire	16.0
48	Rhode Island	15.8
49	District of Columbia	14.0
	United States	21.0

It appears, however, that it is one thing to enroll a pupil, and quite another thing to get him into the classroom. In the following table, compiled from the same Bureau of Education bulletin, showing the average number of days each enrolled pupil attended classes in 1928, the Cotton States drop from the top to the bottom of the list:

TABLE NO. 24: DAYS OF SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

1	Michigan	171.0
2	Massachusetts	161.6
3	Indiana	160.7
4	Illinois	159.3
5	Delaware	158.4
.		
40	Louisiana	119.7
41	Florida	117.5
42	Tennessee	115.6
43	Georgia	112.4
44	North Carolina	111.6
45	Alabama	108.3
46	South Carolina	106.8
47	Arkansas	106.0
48	Oklahoma	100.0
49	Mississippi	98.1
	United States	140.4

And they are low likewise in this table (from the same source) showing the aver-

age number of days that schools were in session:

TABLE NO. 25: DAYS OF SCHOOL SESSIONS

1	New Jersey	188.0
2	Maryland	187.1
3	Illinois	186.8
4	Michigan	186.7
5	Delaware	185.0
.		
40	Florida	154.1
41	Louisiana	153.3
42	Texas	152.9
43	North Carolina	149.4
44	Oklahoma	149.0
45	Georgia	148.0
46	Alabama	147.9
47	South Carolina	146.0
48	Arkansas	145.5
49	Mississippi	138.9
	United States	171.5

Four other tables from the same bulletin throw further light upon the matter. The first shows the number of pupils attending daily for each 100 enrolled:

TABLE NO. 26: DAILY ATTENDANCE

1	Indiana	92.3
2	Michigan	91.6
3	Wisconsin	89.7
4	Maine	88.8
5	Massachusetts	88.2
.		
40	North Carolina	75.5
41	Kentucky	73.5
42	Alabama	73.3
43	Wyoming	73.2
44	South Carolina	73.1
45	Arkansas	72.8
46	Mississippi	70.6
47	Tennessee	70.5
48	New Mexico	69.5
49	Oklahoma	67.1
	United States	81.8

The second shows the percentage of the total enrollment that is in high schools:

TABLE NO. 27: ENROLLMENT IN HIGH SCHOOLS

1	Nevada	23.9
2	Washington	23.1
3	Oregon	22.6
4	Utah	20.5
5	Kansas	20.4
.		
45	Tennessee	9.7
46	Kentucky	9.5
47	Alabama	8.6
48	Mississippi	8.3
49	Arkansas	8.1
	United States	15.5

The third shows the average value of public school property for each pupil enrolled:

TABLE NO. 28: VALUE OF SCHOOL PROPERTY

1	California	\$386
2	District of Columbia	375
3	New York	353
4	Michigan	351
5	New Jersey	336
.		
45	Alabama	73
46	Georgia	69
47	Arkansas	66
47	Mississippi	66
49	Tennessee	46
	United States	218

And the fourth shows the average annual salary of teachers, supervisors and principals in the elementary and high schools:

TABLE NO. 29: SALARIES OF TEACHERS

1	New York	\$2,337
2	District of Columbia	2,196
3	California	2,175
4	New Jersey	2,002
5	Massachusetts	1,823
.		
45	South Carolina	769
46	Alabama	747
47	Arkansas	680
48	Georgia	647
49	Mississippi	545
	United States	1,364

To which may be added a table calculated from "Statistics of State School Systems" and "The Statistical Abstract of the United States," 1930, p. 4, showing current expenditures on the public schools *per capita* of the whole population (1927-28):

TABLE NO. 30: EXPENDITURES ON SCHOOLS

1	Washington	\$57.91
2	Wyoming	27.25
3	New Jersey	25.82
4	California	25.43
5	Nevada	25.24
.		
45	Tennessee	8.72
46	Kentucky	8.58
47	Arkansas	7.63
48	Alabama	7.60
49	Georgia	6.11
	United States	17.77

And a table (from the *World Almanac*, 1931, p. 407) showing the number of students to each 100,000 of population in universities, colleges and professional schools:

TABLE NO. 31: STUDENTS IN COLLEGES

1	District of Columbia	2598.18
2	Nevada	1294.45
3	Utah	1294.16
4	California	1241.54
5	Oregon	1184.58
.		
40	Mississippi	444.14
41	New Mexico	419.44
42	West Virginia	408.54
43	Maine	407.92
44	Florida	389.01
45	Alabama	383.09
46	Arkansas	327.88
47	Delaware	289.75
48	New Jersey	270.42
49	Connecticut	221.17
	United States	730.25

In public libraries, as in schools, the richer States naturally lead the poorer. Here is a table from the *World Almanac*, 1931, p. 135, showing the number of volumes in public, society and school libraries to each 100 of population:

TABLE NO. 32: LIBRARIES

1	District of Columbia	1,747
2	New Hampshire	429
3	Connecticut	327
4	Massachusetts	318
5	Vermont	313
.		
45	Georgia	37
46	Alabama	34
47	South Carolina	30
48	Mississippi	27
49	Arkansas	24
	United States	126

The foregoing table is confined to libraries reporting 3000 or more volumes in 1929, and thus excludes many small but very useful libraries in country towns. Moreover, the presence of the Library of Congress and other great national libraries at Washington gives the District of Columbia an unfair lead: no other State has a large national collection, and Washington is not otherwise well supplied with libraries. The following table from the Bureau of Education, showing the average

population served by each public library as of 1929, may throw some additional light upon the matter:

TABLE NO. 33: POPULATION PER LIBRARY

1	New Hampshire	3,447
2	Vermont	4,333
3	District of Columbia	5,796
4	Maine	6,483
5	Connecticut	8,927
.		
45	Tennessee	45,904
46	Arkansas	50,121
47	Mississippi	50,246
48	Alabama	58,805
49	Louisiana	60,046
	United States	19,097

Like the number and richness of public libraries, the circulation of newspapers and magazines offers a useful index of effective literacy. Here again the richer States tend to stand far above the poorer ones. The following table, compiled from figures supplied by N. W. Ayers & Son of Philadelphia, shows the circulation of English language daily newspapers to each 1000 of population for the six months ending March 31, 1930:

TABLE NO. 34: NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION

1	District of Columbia	904.72
2	New York	615.01
3	Massachusetts	561.98
4	Missouri	467.41
5	Oregon	435.13
6	Illinois	429.86
7	Washington	425.37
8	California	413.28
9	Ohio	402.55
10	Maryland	370.44
11	Pennsylvania	369.16
12	Indiana	348.58
13	Michigan	322.90
14	Rhode Island	317.37
15	Iowa	307.76
16	Minnesota	305.82
17	Connecticut	291.90
18	Colorado	283.96
19	Nebraska	283.59
20	Florida	269.22
21	Utah	267.34
22	Wisconsin	254.91
23	Oklahoma	249.07
24	Tennessee	246.18
25	Maine	239.99
26	Arizona	235.15
27	Delaware	234.86
28	Kansas	232.07
29	Nevada	223.40

30	Texas	220.17
31	New Jersey	214.40
32	Louisiana	186.22
33	Montana	186.14
34	Idaho	182.24
35	Kentucky	171.33
36	Vermont	168.18
37	Virginia	165.22
38	West Virginia	157.84
39	Georgia	152.54
40	New Hampshire	140.72
41	South Dakota	139.63
42	Alabama	138.45
43	North Carolina	119.19
44	New Mexico	115.56
45	North Dakota	113.43
46	Wyoming	103.28
47	Arkansas	94.01
48	South Carolina	92.13
49	Mississippi	52.06
	United States	269.62

The circulation of magazines tends to follow the circulation of newspapers. Here is a table showing that of the *Atlantic Monthly* for each 1000 of population, compiled from a report of the Audit Bureau of Circulations as of December 31, 1930:

TABLE NO. 35: CIRCULATION OF ATLANTIC MONTHLY

1	District of Columbia	3.95
2	Massachusetts	2.68
3	Connecticut	2.35
4	New Hampshire	1.79
5	Rhode Island	1.75
6	Vermont	1.39
7	Maine	1.38
8	Delaware	1.28
9	California	1.74
10	New York	1.67
45	North Dakota	.20
46	South Carolina	.19
47	Arkansas	.15
48	Mississippi	.15
49	Florida	.06
	United States	.94

And here, turning from conservatism to radicalism, is the circulation of the *Nation*, as of December, 1930, to each 100,000 of population:

TABLE NO. 36: CIRCULATION OF THE NATION

1	California	50.6
2	Massachusetts	37.4
3	Connecticut	36.9
4	Wisconsin	34.0
5	Nevada	33.3
45	Georgia	6.9
46	Tennessee	6.4

47	Alabama	4.4
48	Mississippi	3.4
49	Arkansas	3.1
	United States	30.3

Finally, here is the circulation of the *Saturday Evening Post*, also from the Audit Bureau of Circulations, calculated to each 1000 of population for the year ending June 30, 1930:

TABLE NO. 37: CIRCULATION OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

1	Washington	119.98
2	California	50.73
3	District of Columbia	50.59
4	Nevada	47.25
5	Oregon	42.28
45	Arkansas	9.20
46	North Carolina	7.85
47	Alabama	7.12
48	South Carolina	6.46
49	Mississippi	5.82
	United States	25.29

These tables agree pretty well with a calculation made by Dr. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., several years ago. It is published in full on p. 375 of his before-mentioned work, "North Carolina: Economic and Social." He examined the circulation figures of no less than forty-seven national magazines, and figured out the number of inhabitants to each reader of any of them in the forty-eight States. Here are his top and bottom brackets:

TABLE NO. 38: CIRCULATION OF 47 MAGAZINES

1	California	1.84
2	Oregon	2.17
3	Washington	2.40
4	Wyoming	2.42
5	Nevada	2.79
44	Arkansas	9.07
45	Georgia	10.28
46	Alabama	10.76
47	South Carolina	10.81
48	Mississippi	12.49
	United States	3.97

These tables make it plain that the highest density of magazine readers is in New England and on the Pacific Coast, and that the lowest is in the Cotton States, with their large Negro populations.

Another useful gauge of the relative cultural rank of the different States is provided by their representation in "Who's Who in America." Here is a table showing the number of natives to each 100,000 of population who are listed in the edition for 1930-31:

TABLE NO. 39: NATIVES IN "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA"

1	Vermont	85.3
2	New Hampshire	68.9
3	Maine	64.4
4	Massachusetts	51.2
5	Delaware	42.3
6	Connecticut	40.0
7	Iowa	37.7
8	Rhode Island	36.0
9	Maryland	32.6
10	Ohio	32.1
11	Indiana	31.4
12	Virginia	31.1
13	New York	29.1
14	Wisconsin	27.6
15	Nevada	24.0
16	Illinois	24.0
17	Pennsylvania	23.8
18	Missouri	22.9
19	Utah	22.8
20	Kentucky	21.6
21	South Carolina	20.3
22	Tennessee	19.4
23	Kansas	18.7
24	Michigan	16.9
25	Georgia	16.6
26	New Jersey	16.1
27	North Carolina	15.1
28	Nebraska	15.0
29	Minnesota	14.8
30	West Virginia	13.9
31	Alabama	13.5
32	Mississippi	12.2
33	Colorado	10.0
34	Louisiana	8.9
35	South Dakota	8.8
36	Arkansas	8.4
37	Oregon	8.1
38	California	8.0
39	Texas	5.7
40	Montana	5.2
41	Wyoming	4.8
42	Florida	4.2
43	Idaho	4.2
44	North Dakota	3.3
45	Arizona	2.7
46	Washington	2.4
47	New Mexico	2.1
48	Oklahoma	.6
	United States	21.7

A similar table may be extracted from "American Men of Science," the last edition of which is dated 1927:

TABLE NO. 40: NATIVES IN "MEN OF SCIENCE"

1	Vermont	1.70
2	New Hampshire	1.53
3	Iowa	1.11
3	Massachusetts	1.11
5	Connecticut	.95
6	Delaware	.81
6	Wisconsin	.81
8	Maryland	.80
8	Wyoming	.80
10	Maine	.75

40	Alabama	.07
41	Louisiana	.05
42	Oklahoma	.04
43	Texas	.01
44	Arizona	0
44	Florida	0
44	Idaho	0
44	Nevada	0
44	New Mexico	0
44	Washington	0
	United States	.41

Both of the foregoing tables show natives. When one turns to residents there is a difference, for certain States that breed eminent men and women seem unable to hold them, and others that are relatively backward in producing them give them a large opportunity to do their work. The following shows the number of *resident* scientists listed in "American Men of Science" to each 100,000 of population:

TABLE NO. 41: RESIDENTS IN "MEN OF SCIENCE"

1	District of Columbia	13.94
2	Maryland	1.42
3	Massachusetts	1.42
4	Connecticut	1.19
5	New York	1.05
6	California	1.03
7	Arizona	.84
8	Wyoming	.80
9	Illinois	.70
10	Minnesota	.66
34	Oklahoma	.04
35	Kentucky	.03
36	Alabama	0
36	Arkansas	0
36	Georgia	0
36	Florida	0
36	Idaho	0
36	Mississippi	0
36	Montana	0
36	Nevada	0
36	New Mexico	0
36	North Dakota	0
36	South Dakota	0
36	Oregon	0

36	Utah	0
36	Vermont	0
	United States	.58

The differences between Table No. 40 and Table No. 41 are striking. Vermont heads the first and is at the bottom of the second. Arizona is in forty-fourth place when it comes to natives, but in seventh place when it comes to residents. There are similar differences between the corresponding tables from "Who's Who in America" (that showing residents is omitted here). In the table of natives, for example, California is in thirty-eighth place, but in the table of residents it is in tenth place. But in general such differences are much less numerous than the correspondences. Connecticut, Massachusetts and Maryland are among the first ten States in all four lists, and Oklahoma, Texas, Alabama, Florida, Arizona, Idaho and New Mexico are among the last ten in three.

Two more tables may throw some additional light upon the relative cultural advancement of the States. The following, showing the number of persons in each rooo of the total populations applying for passports for foreign travel in 1929, was calculated by the Campbell-Ewald Company of New York:

TABLE NO. 42: PASSPORT APPLICATIONS

1	New York City	29.88
2	Pennsylvania	9.39
3	New Jersey	7.63
4	Illinois	7.12
5	New York (exclusive of New York City)	6.97
6	Massachusetts	6.34
7	Ohio	4.66
8	California	4.00
9	Michigan	3.87
10	Connecticut	2.68
.		
41	Delaware	.19
42	Mississippi	.15
43	South Dakota	.14
43	Arizona	.14
45	Arkansas	.12
45	Idaho	.12
45	North Dakota	.12
45	Wyoming	.12
49	Nevada	.06
50	New Mexico	.04
	United States	1.99

And this one shows the number of families to each radio outfit in use, calculated by the J. Walter Thompson Company, New York, and published in "Where They Live: Some Population Figures From the Census of 1930," p. 12:

TABLE NO. 43: FAMILIES PER RADIO

1	California	0.7
1	Nevada	0.7
3	Oregon	0.9
4	Washington	1.0
5	District of Columbia	1.2
.		
45	Georgia	6.7
46	Alabama	6.8
47	North Carolina	7.5
48	Mississippi	8.6
49	South Carolina	9.9
	United States	2.3

It is even harder to strike a fair mean between these tables than it was to strike a mean between the tables listed in Sections II and III, for some of them plainly give an undue advantage to this or that section of the country. The Southern States, for example, are ill used by Table No. 25, for the shortness of their school session is probably due less to any indifference to education than to the excessive heat of the Southern Spring and Autumn. Contrariwise, such States as New York and Massachusetts are done some injustice by Table No. 23, for it deals with public schools only, and large numbers of their children are enrolled in parochial and private schools, which are rare in the South. Similarly, Table No. 22 bears harshly upon the same States, for their poor showing in it is not due to their indifference to the problem of illiteracy, but to their vigor in dealing with it in the past. To the advantage enjoyed by the District of Columbia in Tables Nos. 32 and 33 we have already alluded.

But despite all these difficulties, it may be interesting to determine the average place of each State in the tables from No.

20 to No. 43 inclusive, and let the resultant list tell its own story:

TABLE NO. 44: CULTURAL MEANS

1	Massachusetts	10.95
2	District of Columbia	11.94
3	California	13.00
4	Connecticut	13.02
5	Michigan	13.79
6	Colorado	14.83
7	Utah	15.54
8	Illinois	16.12
9	New York	16.29
10	Oregon	16.75
11	Washington	17.08
12	Iowa	17.50
13	Nevada	17.91
14	Ohio	18.12
15	Indiana	18.16
16	Wisconsin	18.37
17	Minnesota	19.33
18	New Jersey	20.54
18	Rhode Island	20.54
20	Missouri	20.70
21	Montana	20.83
22	Maine	21.00
22	Nebraska	21.00
24	Kansas	21.08
25	Maryland	21.41
26	Pennsylvania	21.58
27	New Hampshire	21.66
28	Vermont	21.75
29	Wyoming	21.79
30	Delaware	22.41
31	South Dakota	25.04
32	Oklahoma	25.12
33	Idaho	26.08
34	Arizona	28.54
35	North Dakota	29.37
36	Florida	31.50
37	Texas	32.37
38	West Virginia	32.87
39	Virginia	33.04
40	Kentucky	34.50
41	Tennessee	35.37
42	New Mexico	35.75
43	North Carolina	35.87
44	Louisiana	37.00
45	South Carolina	37.87
46	Georgia	38.70
47	Arkansas	39.50
48	Alabama	40.70
49	Mississippi	41.70

It will be observed that this table and No. 19 show a great many correspondences. No less than five States—Connecticut, California, New York, Massachusetts and Illinois—along with the District of Columbia, are among the first ten in each table. And no less than nine—Kentucky, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Loui-

siana, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi—are among the last ten in both. They are arranged in different orders, but Mississippi is in forty-ninth place in both tables. Nebraska and Kansas appear in both among the middle five States, and thirty States hold places in each table that are less than five removes from their places in the other. Of these, Nebraska, Wyoming, Kentucky, North Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi have the same numbers in both.

Thus there would seem to be a very suggestive correlation between the relative wealth of a State and its relative cultural standing. And it would seem to be probable that Mississippi is the most backward of all the forty-eight States, with Arkansas, Alabama, South Carolina, Louisiana, North Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia and New Mexico (which are tied), Tennessee and Texas (also tied), West Virginia, Florida and Oklahoma following in the order named. Dr. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., in his "North Carolina," gave the last place to Alabama, with Georgia, Arkansas, Mississippi, South and North Carolinas, Tennessee, Louisiana and Kentucky following, but the statistics he used were mainly older than those employed in this article, and it seems likely that Mississippi, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana and South Carolina have been going downhill of late, while Alabama, Tennessee and North Carolina have been going up.

But before pronouncing a final judgment it will be necessary to examine many other tables—some dealing with the public health, some with public order, others with the state of public opinion on political, social and religious subjects, and yet others showing the relative standing of the States in other matters. We shall present these tables next month, and follow them with a critical study of the whole evidence.

OHIO TOWN

BY HUGH HANLEY

SPRING comes late in Ohio some years. Winter drags along until June. It did that year. There had been cold rains and even snow all through May in Scatterfield. Now in the middle of June there were three or four really hot days. The people crawled out from the warmth of their battered kitchens like a swarm of lazy flies. The streets were still thick with yellow oozy mud, but patches of green showed up here and there on the bleak hills. It was a portent of nice weather. School had been out for two weeks, and most of that time our gang found nothing better to do than loaf around in old John Delaney's lumber-yard. Old John didn't allow us in there, but the place was like a jungle, and he couldn't find us. We could squat under a heap of lumber within fifty feet of his grocery-store and he couldn't see us. We even knew where he hid his whiskey bottle. We watched every step he took.

Soap Dodger Pendleton played a good many mean tricks on Old John, but he deserved most of them. Old John was suave, and at first you thought he was fine, but when you got to really know him it was a different story. Soapy, as I say, played a good many practical jokes on him. Soapy never laughed about them though. He just watched the effects of the joke and looked satisfied. Once he got the old man's whiskey bottle and poured half of it out. Then he filled it up with something else. That *was* a mean trick. But Soapy crawled back under a pile of old lumber and waited for

John to come for a drink. All of us sat on our haunches and peered out through the rain, waiting for John to come out.

It wasn't long. He came wading out through the thick mud. His old bowlegs were in a hurry. He reached up to the place where he kept the bottle, peering around all the time to see if anyone could see him from the back door of his dirty old grocery-store. I looked at Soapy. He was watching with the keenest of interest. Soapy even forgot to chew on the great cud of tobacco in his cheek. Delaney took a long pull at the bottle, and then he nearly strangled. He coughed and wheezed, and his face got so red that for a while the little red and blue veins in his cheeks disappeared.

I don't know whether or not he knew what was in the bottle, but he threw it as far as he could see it. Then he turned around and splashed off through the mud. He kept coughing and spitting like he had had something dirty in his mouth. Soapy watched him, and when he was gone, he shifted his chew into the other cheek. He squirted a great stream of tobacco juice and ran his dirty paw around under his chin. He took a deep breath and said, "Come on, fellers, let's git out of here." He acted just like a person who had set out to do a fine piece of work and accomplished it. Soapy was mean in some ways, but he never smiled about his meanness. Old John was meaner than Soapy, and he tried to hide it with gentility.

But now with this bright June sun wiping away the gray clouds, there was plenty to do, and Old John got a rest. We didn't have to wait any longer. Soapy said he hadn't had a bath all Winter, and none of us doubted his word. We went swimming that very day up at Yellow Banks, a mile above Scatterfield. The water was thirty feet deep there, and swift, too. The creek was hedged in by high clay banks. When the water was low, the banks were fifteen feet high and straight down. We dived in and swam with the current clear to the floodgate.

None of the boys could dive like Soapy. We usually lit belly gutter with a loud painful splash, but there was hardly a splash when he lit. He wasn't a fancy diver—he just hit the water easily, like a frog, and it leaped about a foot where his body disappeared. Soapy always dived under the floodgate too. He was lucky not to catch himself on the old logs lying against the gate below the surface. That would have been the end of him, because the strong current would have held him there. Soapy was a good swimmer.

II

We didn't stay in long that day. The water was as cold as ice. It hadn't had time to warm up. We were glad to get our clothes on and get out from beneath the shade of the towering willows along Yellow Banks. The sun was warm.

Nutsie Doane said that his father had been out of work for a long while and that the family hadn't been eating much. He said he really felt a little hungry after that swim. The corn in the bottoms along Yellow creek wasn't up but an inch above ground. It was only up in spots, too, because the frost had nipped a good bit of it. We knew that old Farmer Castell had

some fine Leghorn chickens though, and we borrowed one of them. We were not very lucky that day. We got an old hen. The hen was better than nothing, so we wrung her neck and ripped out as many feathers as possible.

We built a good fire and packed the hen in mud and roasted her. We let her cook a long time, and when we raked her out of the fire, the baked clay dropped off and left the tender meat. When we ate down to where the entrails were, we found an egg fully developed and cooked to a turn. Nutsie Doane ate the egg. Nutsie always looked hungry, whether he was or not. He had big famished-looking brown eyes, and his olive skin clung tightly to the bones in his cheeks. He was really hungry that day, though; he ate like it.

When we got through with the chicken, we sat around and talked. Soapy Pendleton pulled out a package of scrap tobacco. There was a man-sized chew in it—enough for two chews—but Soapy crammed all of it into his cheek. He looked cleaner now, but the chew made him look more natural. Cockie Werner had three cigarettes, and we broke each of them in two. All of us smoked except Soapy. He chewed. We all had had a try at chewing, but without success. We envied him secretly.

The sun was still high in the sky when we started back. We came back through Kilner's Woods. We rarely went back the other way, although it was shorter, because we had to pass the Hunt shack. The Hunt boys always shot at us with a rifle. They were a queer lot. They wouldn't speak to anyone, and they shot at everybody who came past their shack. They shot at us when we weren't even on their property. It wasn't fun to listen to the bullets whistling over our heads. We almost never went back that way. Kilner's Woods wasn't really a woods; just a grove of trees—

mostly beech—but we called it a woods. Cockie had a long whang leather sling-shot, and he kept throwing at birds with it. He used stones about the size of a goose egg. I had a shinny club that I had cut from a hickory sapling along in the Fall. I had carved it handsomely and had seasoned it in the kitchen behind the stove.

Wickie Winters didn't have anything at all. He never did have. Wickie didn't even know as much as he might have known. He just walked along with us, looking vaguely at things and chattering like a monkey. He laughed loudly at things that weren't funny at all. The top of his head was wide and his forehead was low. His ears were set 'way up on top of his head, and his little eyes danced wildly about trying to see everything at once.

Soapy chewed his tobacco and spat against the trunks of trees.

Before Charlie Heston's shanty there was a long slope. It led clear up to the top of the hill, and the shanty leaned and tipped ominously at the very crest. You could see all over town from the shanty door. It wasn't really in Scatterfield, but you could see the whole town from it. When we came up the slope, Charlie was sitting in the doorway making figures on a pad. We knew that he was devising a way of improving his interest table. He was a wizard with figures, and he hoped to make a good deal of money from that table. All the problems you could work on the table he could work in his head, giving you the answer right off. But he said it was a handy thing, and that most people needed it. He said further that it was the best table in existence.

Back of him in the doorway sat his little wasp-like wife in a rocking-chair. She rocked and gazed wearily over the yellow valley below, and to the graveyard far on the other hill. Her face was white

and expressionless. She looked like a marble statue.

When Charlie saw us he got a bucket and pumped some water for us. He always did that, and many times it tasted good. The old woman didn't speak to us at all. She never did. She just sat there rocking silently in the doorway. But old Charlie talked incessantly. He said we would have nice weather now, and that the frost had killed his sweet corn, and that he would have to replant the whole damned thing. We answered him by saying, "Yeah, yeah, yeah."

We liked the old man. He was always good to us. He was good to everyone. Most people said he would have amounted to a great deal if it hadn't been for his drinking. They said that many years ago he had taught a class in astronomy in an Eastern university, but he didn't try to teach anybody anything in Scatterfield. J. Wellingsford Knowles said that all such talk was just a pretty way of making excuses for a worthless old man, but we didn't care what he said. We liked the old fellow. He was always good to us.

We stood there and drank the water. We drank it just because he had got it. Soapy held his chew in his hand while he drank, because he didn't have another. I drank first and walked to the edge of the hill. I could see the whole town stretching out there in the bright sunlight like a dirty human body. . . . It was like a beggar sleeping in a palace for Scatterfield to stretch itself out there under that bright June sun. In such a light as this the yellow clay reflected itself in the faces of the people. They looked bilious.

In the south part of town I could see John Delaney's apple orchard. The part that was alive, which wasn't much, had sickly blossoms on it. I could barely see the little patches of white mixed in with the

green. The great splotches of brown that showed up here and there were dead trees. Old John always said the blossoms were fragrant, but they were really too small to be anything. The sunlight accentuated the poverty-ridden hovels and shacks. The streets were still muddy, and the yellow brook still rushed madly through the valley below us. In a few days the brook would be dried up, and the mud in the streets would turn to yellow dust. We would breathe it all Summer.

Old Charlie Heston came up and stood beside me. He looked at the town for a long while. I watched him sideways. He looked haggard, and it seemed to me that his eyes were sad. After a while he turned to me and smiled in his peculiar way.

"The city of the seven hills," he said.

"Yeah," I answered. But there were more than seven of them.

Cockie came up there with us and shot a big stone far down the valley with his sling. We saw the muddy water splash where it lit in the brook. Then we all said good-bye to Charlie and went down that way. I looked back when we got to the bottom of the hill, and the old man was still standing there. His pale-faced wife was still rocking in the doorway.

III

We cut across to Perry street. Soapy said he wanted to stop at Limpy Peter's drug-store for a package of scrap tobacco. I wondered where he got the nickel, but I didn't ask him. Limpy's drug-store was one story high and had a slanting roof. The building was painted a dull red like the red you see on old barns in Ohio. It had a wide window on each side of the door. In each window hung a sign reading: A. C. PETERS, DRUGS & SODAS. Limpy was careless about how the store looked on the inside,

but he didn't have to be any other way. Everybody was careless in Scatterfield. We all went in. The inside smelled cool, and the oiled floor felt good to my bare feet.

Limpy Peters' left leg was considerably shorter than his right one, and it was bent at the knee. When he walked he placed his left hand on the crippled knee and seemed to push the withered foot to the ground. At the same time his hind side bobbed up in the air. With the next step his head came up. When you saw him walking around you thought of a railroad handcar.

"Give me a package of scrap tobacco for my pa," Soapy said.

Limpy pumped himself over to the tobacco case.

"Are you sure it's for your pa, Soapy?" he asked.

"If I say so that lets you out, don't it, Limpy?" Soapy said. "Anyway, I don't chew."

"What's that you got tucked in your jaw?" Limpy asked.

"That ain't nothin', Limpy. That's just the way my jaw is made."

"Well, I just wondered."

After we came out I said to Soapy, "Soapy, did you ever notice that Limpy smells just like his drug-store?"

"Sure," he answered. "Every guy smells like his work."

Wickie danced and jiggled around. He said, "He-he-ha-ha-haw-haw-haw!"

"Shut up, you goddam fool!" howled Cockie.

"How do you mean, Soapy?" I asked.

"Well, my old man deals in junk and he smells like old rags. Limpy smells like his drug-store. Dr. Clarke smells like medicine. Mister Holt is a undertaker and he smells sweet, like a funeral. Them guys that works in the factories in the city smells like smoke and grease. Every guy smells like what he is doin'."

"Yeah," Nutsie said, "and Mike and Paddy O'Toole cleans all the backhouses in town for fifty cents a-piece, an' Christ only knows they smell like what they been doin', too!"

"He-he-he-ha-ha-ha-haw-haw-haw!" screamed Wickie.

"Shut up! You goddam fool!" Cockie yelled again.

"Well, someone has to clean 'em," Soapy said.

We walked on down Perry street, talking about one thing and then another. Perry street was named for Perry Delaney, and it celebrated him in a proper way. It was a symbol. Perry was nearly always drunk, and he had a red pimply nose like you used to see on a bar-fly. The only thing that kept Perry from being a bar-fly was because his old man had money. All of Old John's children had some peculiarity. Clara, who married Henry Vance, lived on the street named for her. People said that Henry married her for her money, but if he ever got any of it, he earned it. Clara's house was cluttered up like a pig pen. It smelled dirty. She always stayed in bed until noon. She kept a whole flock of mangy-looking cats, and they were in every corner of the house. They even crawled up on the table and licked the butter with their little red tongues. Old John had peculiar children. They were all slovenly, and they had money too.

We went on down Perry street to where it crossed Delaney avenue. At the top of the Delaney avenue hill and right across from the Scatterfield graveyard, I could see Lew Vortz's house. Lew was standing in his yellow front yard. He had his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and even from that distance I could tell that he was in his bare feet. Lew was a rivet buckner in a steel car company in the city, but he was laid off now for a week or more.

In the other direction I could see the dump. It was about a quarter of a mile from Perry street, but there was a slight breeze from down that way which carried the smell. Back of the dump and almost against the railroad tracks was the old shanty occupied by Mike and Paddy O'Toole. The shanty had been built of every kind of old scrap lumber, and from where we were it looked like a crazy quilt. It wasn't high enough for a small boy to stand up in. Mike and Paddy made a business of drinking rot-gut whiskey, and fighting. As a side line they worked at cleaning outhouses and digging the graves in the Scatterfield graveyard. They dug graves where worn-out human bodies were deposited in soggy clay, and they cursed and drank and fought while they worked.

"Tell you what," Nutsie said, "let's go up to Lew Vortz's place and see if he will give us a glass of beer."

"Yeah," Soapy said. "But I don't want my old man to see me."

"It ain't time for your old man to be home yet, is it, Soapy?" Cockie asked.

"It ain't time, but you can't tell nothin' about him."

Soapy lived across the alley from Lew's place.

Nutsie liked beer. He drank it at home all the time, but he said that Lew's beer was better because his old mother brewed it herself. I didn't know much about beer. The only beer I had ever tasted I got at Lew's. I didn't like it at first, and drank it just to show I could, but I was used to the bitter taste now and it was good—especially when the weather was hot. I had to be careful. My mother never would have got over it if she had found it out.

"I'll go," I said, "if Soapy will swipe me some cloves for my breath."

"Lew will give you some cloves," Nutsie said.

"No, he won't, either," I said. "And if he finds out I ain't allowed to drink it, he won't let me have it no more."

"That's right," Soapy agreed. "Come on. I'll git you some cloves when we come away."

So we agreed on it and started up the hill. Wickie came along too. He always did. When Lovett Smollett came driving Old John Delaney's grocery wagon up that way, we piled in the back end and rode. The horse hitched to the wagon was not very prosperous looking, but a fair sample of the old man's stable. It was skinny and its head drooped. It was stringhalted and with every other step lifted its hind legs clear up to its belly. Lovett used some vile language on that horse, but it didn't do any good. The old nag had had too much actual abuse to become frightened at words.

Lovett was singing. He always sang between curses. He sat so far back in the wagon that you couldn't see him from the outside, and it sounded a little ghostly sometimes to hear his thin tenor voice come floating out of that rattly old wagon. He didn't pretend to see us when we jumped on the end-gate, but he knew we were there. If Old John happened to see him hauling a gang of ragamuffins around Lovett would swear he didn't know we were there. We hopped out at Lew's house and the old wagon clattered and rattled on up the street. From out of the clatter and noise we could distinguish the song Lovett was singing: "In-the-shade-of-the-old-apple-tree. . . .!"

Lew was still standing in the front yard. It didn't seem that he had moved an inch since we started from the bottom of the hill. He was squeezing the damp clay between his toes. He was a powerfully built man. Just now he wore a blue work shirt, open at the collar, exposing the matted hair

on his huge thick chest. His sleeves were rolled to the elbow and his hands thrust idly into his pockets. Above the elbow you could see the swelling muscles outline themselves through the sleeves. He had a beak nose and square jaws. His eyes were small and black. They were angry-looking eyes when they looked out at you from beneath his heavy frowning brow. Lew lived there with his old mother who spoke only broken English, and Danny, his five-year-old boy. The house was only one story high and had only three rooms, but it looked like a house. The paint was not more than two seasons old.

Danny was sitting on the front step. He was a handsome little chap—though dirty most of the time—and he had a sweet smile. He wore a little suit of faded blue overalls which was caked with yellow Scatterfield clay. He was learning fast there in Scatterfield, and he already knew how to swear as well as a man. When he saw us he smiled at us and shouted, "Hi there, you! *Wie gehts?*" He always said "*Wie gehts?*" And somehow that kind of a greeting always made you feel at home. It made you like Danny right off.

"Lew," Nutsie said, "it's been so hot today we thought you might give us a glass of beer. What do you say, Lew? Ain't this good beer weather?"

Lew wasn't nearly so hard as he looked. He had a good heart. He said, "I just been thinkin' about beer myself. I hung a basket of it down in the well this morning. Sure, boys, we'll crack a bottle."

We went around the house to the back door. Danny followed us. Lew's mother was pushing a wheelbarrow out of the chicken house. It was loaded with chicken manure. The German people in Scatterfield manured their gardens and made them produce. The old woman was fat. She wore a faded calico dress that dragged

on the ground, and the bottom part of it had collected a good deal of filth. Over the dress she had a checkered apron. It was dirty too, and the strings were tied so tight around her thick waist that they dug a deep crevice in her body.

She had an old sunbonnet on her head which hid her wrinkled face, and her straggling hair swished about the bonnet like straw in a scarecrow's hat. There was a damp place on the belly part of her apron where she had been leaning against the kitchen sink washing dishes. She stopped the wheelbarrow every three or four feet and scattered the manure over the garden with a small fire shovel. When she labored forward again with her load, her fat belly jiggled like jelly.

Lew pulled up a basket of beer from the well where it had been hanging to a rope. The bottles were cold and their brown surfaces were bright and shining with a polish of well-water dripping from them. You could see little particles of foam in the bottle necks. The beer looked good. Lew never allowed us to have more than we could hold.

Danny always called his father Lew. Now he said, "This is good beer weather, ain't it, Lew?"

"Sure is," Lew answered.

"Would you let me have a glass of it, Lew?"

"Yeah, I might let you have a little."

He gave Danny a little water glass half full, then gave us each a big mug and we dived our noses deep into the foam. Lew set his mug down and went over to the sink. He pumped a basin of rain-water and washed his face in it. When his hands slid over his rough beard it sounded like sand-paper.

"Them's fine whiskers you got, Lew," Danny said.

"Sure are," Lew acknowledged. Then he

came back and sat down between the stove and the sink.

The inside of Lew's kitchen was battered up and there was no covering on the floor. The table didn't even have a piece of oil-cloth on it. It was covered with grease. It was comfortable just the same—to sit there and drink beer. There were three or four scarred straight-back chairs and an old rocker. The rocking-chair had had one rocker broken, which Lew had mended with pieces of lath. Many Summer evenings I had heard the old woman singing German lullabies while she rocked Danny to sleep in that chair. The mended place in the rocker clanked and thumped, and the old woman's quavering voice rolled out through the gathering dusk. When she would get Danny to sleep she would put him into bed without washing his dirty feet. Then she and Lew would sit about the kitchen drinking beer.

Lew read a good bit. There was a row of big-looking books placed on a shelf back of the stove. They were greasy-looking, too. The title of one of them was "Das Kapital" by Karl Marx. I remember that one because Lew talked about Marx so much. He almost worshipped Marx. That was the reason why J. Wellingsford Knowles claimed he was a public menace. The title of the book was stamped in gold, but the lettering was almost covered over with grease and dirt.

IV

Nutsie and Cockie and Wickie all left ahead of Soapy and me. I had to wait for Soapy because he was going to get me some cloves for my beer breath. He would get them from his mother. She didn't care how much beer either of us drank. She was good enough to Soapy, but his old man beat him hard sometimes.

We liked to hear Lew talk anyway. He talked to us about Socialism. There was a wonder in his voice. It was deep and mighty, and it rolled in the air like great waves on the ocean. Most people listened to him, whether they believed in what he was saying or not. Sometimes he stumbled a little and groped for words, and his hands would sweep about wildly as though he were trying to grab his words out of the air.

We sat there sort of charmed by his voice, until finally something broke the charm. Soapy jumped up quickly and looked out of the back door. Soapy's father came driving in the back alley in his junk wagon. He saw Soapy, too. He stopped at his barn and climbed down from beneath the great umbrella atop the wagon seat. Old Dick Pendleton was an inoffensive-looking man, but I had seen him trounce Soapy before. He always did a thorough job of it. Dick's face was lean and long. His eyes sagged like those of a hound dog, and the lower lids looked as though they had been turned wrong side out. They looked like raw wounds. His long untrimmed mustache drooped clear to his chin, covering his mouth completely. He always talked slow and easy, but that way of talking was often a fooler. He saw Soapy and called to him.

"S-o-a-p-y," he said. He said it very slowly, and you expected him to put his arm around the boy's shoulder and get chummy. But Soapy knew what to expect and he knew he couldn't dodge it like he dodged soap and rain-water. Soapy went out Lew's back door and approached old Dick's wagon just like a dog does when he expects to get a beating. When he got out to the wagon Dick said, "S-o-a-p-y, I—thought—I—told—you—to—cut—up—that—wood." And while he said it he hauled off and hit Soapy on the jaw with his fist.

I could hear the loud crack from where I stood. He hit him just as hard as he would have hit a man.

Old Pendleton's fist landed on the side of Soapy's jaw where the big cud of tobacco stayed, and Soapy's jaw was just as flat as my own. He lit in the manure pile and sunk into it like he had been shot out of a cannon. He grabbed his jaw and began to spit tobacco juice and blood. He lay there looking at the old man—like a cornered rat watches a dog—without saying a word. He didn't even attempt to get up until his father walked around the wagon and was at a safe distance. Then Soapy got up and went around the corner of the barn, still holding his jaw.

"Jeezuss!" Lew said.

"There goes my cloves," I said.

"What cloves?" asked Lew.

"Oh!—nothin', Lew," I answered. "But it's time for me to be a-goin' or I'll git lammed, too."

I hiked out for home but I was scared. I went in the kitchen door and grabbed the milk buckets.

"Where've you been?" my mother asked.

"Down to the creek fishin'," I said.

Then I hiked out to the barn before she got a chance to ask me anything else. I took a long time to milk, and when I came back in supper was ready. I didn't say much. I was afraid that my father would smell my breath. I didn't mind being whipped, but I was afraid I would get someone in trouble for giving it to me. I sneaked off to bed right after supper. They never suspected. I stopped up the crack under the door and lit a cigarette. After I had smoked it I lit my lamp and read some of Dick Merriwell's adventures.

But that was just one day in Scatterfield, and all the days are different. We had a bright June sun that day, and Spring was late.

A CITY EDITOR'S TESTAMENT

BY STANLEY WALKER

Some Can Eat Cake

AT ANY time in the last three years I could have gone into a bare office in New York, equipped with only a telephone and some telegraph blanks, and in six hours rounded up a staff of from thirty to a hundred newspaper men and women whose average weekly salary would have been \$35.

Moreover, in performance, the digging up of facts and the intelligent writing of news, that imaginary half-starved crew, with close supervision, spurred by bull-whips and exhortation, would have ranked with the best newspaper staffs in the country. Some of the older boys might have been shaky on their pins, and some of the others a trifle immature, but the eager, hungry agglomeration could have got out a paper—and it would have been a good one.

The fact that this could be done (it will be a sad day for journalism if anybody ever tries to do it!) does not mean that New York newspaper men as a group are underpaid. The average salary, I believe, lies somewhere between \$60 and \$70 a week; that doesn't allow for much ostentation, but it certainly compares well with the pay of a bushelman or a ladies' garment worker. Seasoned reporters and rewrite men receive more in New York than in other cities. The best men have little complaint. Yet the fact that a staff of passable workmen could be recruited so

quickly and so cheaply is disturbing. Newspaper pay has been affected by the general business depression, and the market has been demoralized by the increased mechanization of news gathering, by a flood of young and old men from out of town, and by the hordes who come streaming every Spring from the schools of journalism.

But supply and demand, after a good deal of grinding of the gears, will probably sustain fairly good wages. Men of outstanding ability, as always, will manage to push ahead. Newspaper publishers will be glad to see them advance. While natural economic forces are working, here are three suggestions for alleviating the present state of affairs and setting journalism on new paths of glory:

1. Let every editor argue persistently for fair pay and a reasonable future security for his good men.
2. Let every newspaper of any size either fire or pension the high-priced ornaments and incompetent fuddy-duddies who now clutter up the place. Replace them, if they must be replaced, with ambitious young men who will work.
3. Tear down most or all of the schools of journalism and set the inmates to studying English, history, literature, economics, foreign languages, law or bee-keeping, and if they won't study (and most of them won't) then let them learn to drive trucks.

In a few years, with those reforms in full effect, managing editors and city editors, who do most of the hiring and firing,

will at least be able to pick a recruit as intelligently as a big league baseball manager now selects a new shortstop. They will also be spared such dismal moments as I had one Monday last Winter, when thirty-seven men and women, some obviously competent, applied for jobs.

Every newspaper has a city editor. The size of his staff varies from a handful on small papers to the scores employed on the large papers. He is responsible, generally speaking, for all the news in his city and vicinity. City editors in temperament range all the way from the savage old curmudgeons of fiction to the fumbling, frightened softies one so often meets in real life. They are mean and generous, cruel and kind, yes-men and snarlers, indolent and dynamic, roughnecks and urbane gentlemen, lushers and Puritans. But whatever they are, none is really as good as he should be. The job is one at which a man may work at top speed twenty-four hours a day and still not get everything done right. Moreover, in his dealings with the staff he must be a combination of school teacher, mule-driver and pastor.

The most reasonable analogy that comes to mind is between a city editor and the manager of a baseball team. Each is in a position of authority in a rather unconventional business. Each must worry about the peculiar abilities and weaknesses of his men, the baseball manager about his first baseman's legs and the city editor about his reporter's feet—usually whether he is afraid to get them wet. Each has to contend with sulkiness, genius, jealousy, money and overeating. Each knows the disappointment of seeing a presumably good man fall down on his job, and the thrill of a neat piece of work by a newcomer. Each must keep an eye out for replacements. Each feels, at times, that he is hamstrung by the front office.

It is, in the nature of his work, as impossible for a city editor to receive unanimous approbation as it is for every player who ever served under John McGraw to agree that he is the perfect manager. Lucky is the city editor or the baseball manager who can do his stuff without giving way to the jitters. He'd better be calm. If he isn't, sooner or later the city editor will be reading copy, probably in Pittsburgh, or helping somebody on a publicity job, or pasting up clippings and mumbling to himself; and the baseball manager will end his days as an umpire in the Three-Eye League or as the boss of a bowling alley in Peoria.

There is one difference; the doddering baseball manager usually has a bad memory, and he didn't know much in the first place, and so nothing bothers him greatly; whereas the cracked-up city editor finds that his brain is a bulging storehouse of unassorted and mostly trivial information, which tends to make him a garrulous nuisance, and his garden of memories is cluttered up with more tumblebugs than roses—and no sale for either. Oh, perhaps it isn't that bad. Some go into politics and appear happy; others become magazine editors, and a few even become well-to-do in Wall Street. But most, I think, are ridden by nightmares, even though their love for newspaper work borders on the fanatical.

II

Twilight of the Phony Gods

Despite the discouraging aspects of the newspaper business, there is yet much hope in the state of reporting in America. Most of the young men of any account who come into newspaper work today are drawn by the same old indefinable glam-

our which has brought first-rate men into it for generations. Any man who doesn't feel that attraction had better resign himself to doing something else—almost anything else.

It is a pity that a considerable number enter the work because they are lazy, or because they are congenital misfits. Few such men make good newspaper men, but the number practicing is certainly no larger than it once was. For many years it has been said that New York is the most difficult place in the country to get a newspaper job, but that the job, once obtained, is easiest to hold. That statement isn't always true. The Machine Age has weeded out a great many men who might otherwise have continued for life to deface journalism.

The proportion of intelligent young men with curious, inquiring minds who are coming into this strange calling is probably as large as ever. And, once they get their feet under them, their opportunities for getting ahead are bounded only by their own perceptions and industry. It is the Golden Age for writers, even bad writers. Probably one-third of the members of several New York staffs are regular contributors to magazines. If they want to write themselves out of the city room and into a Hollywood villa or a French château there is no one to stop them. Few spectacles are more fascinating than the development of a staff of young men, with varying backgrounds and education, into writers of judgment and distinction.

At least one old man in every group of dodderers, if given a chance, will say, "I used to be a newspaper man myself." Press him further, and he will argue that reporters in the old days could dig deeper, work harder and write better, drunk or sober, than the modern boys. Occasionally

somebody, usually in a magazine article of reminiscence and admonition, argues that the reporter of today is a bit scrubby—specifically, that he never "goes back of the news." It is usually contended that even the second- and third-rate reporters of the Golden Age were superior to the best ones of today. Nonsense! The trouble with such fellows is that they have spent so much time listening to old-time romantics and incompetents describe the "giants" of those days that they have come to believe it.

Several times a year I get a chance to hire one of the mastodons who, according to legend, was an ornament of journalism fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years ago. They are not young, but they are usually spry enough for ordinary road work. They are supposed to have been triple-threat men—writers, rewriters and bloodhounds. I have tried a few of them; in most cases it has been an utter waste of time. They can't write, they don't know anything worth knowing, and they are the most shiftless group of men (with the possible exception of a few cubs from the South with hookworm) that ever tried to gyp a paper out of an honest day's pay. From their vast experience about all they can remember is the layout of Lipton's bar, and you can't get out a paper on that.

Go to the evidence: Look up the files of the newspapers published when gods swarmed in Park Row. With an occasional example of competent work sandwiched in, you will find only a bewildering mess of overwritten, childish, ornate and frequently inaccurate stuff. Recently I read a magazine article by one of the great stars of a famous New York paper of another era. It was 2,000 words long and contained eighteen errors of ordinary fact.

Of course there were some great reporters in the old days, but to argue that

they passed with the Richard Harding Davis era, or any other era, and that the newsgatherers of today are inferior is simply to talk rubbish. Those were simply the glad days of romance. The bulk of the stuff written then showed in every line the excesses of the word-painter, and whenever it was possible to get it there, an unnatural odor of whimsy hung over it all.

A few years ago I set myself the chore of going over a file of obituaries of prominent persons which had been prepared from ten to twenty years earlier. It was appalling to read the names of some of the men who had written them—men who, with the passage of time, have come to be regarded as the next thing to immortal. Not only had there been no attempt to get any of the flavor and personality of the subjects on to paper (except, of course, for an occasional sprinkling of unrevealing adjectives), but the facts as set down were frequently inaccurate and always woefully incomplete. I can imagine nothing so bad being passed today.

What bothered the old fellows, it may be, was adjectivitis, or a straining and fumbling for what they regarded as "charm."

Which brings to mind the young man who fluttered up to the night city editor. He had been working on an important and complex situation.

"I think," he announced, "that I can write you a charming little piece about this."

The night city editor glowered upon the fellow.

"Listen, pansy," he said, "remember this: There are few things in this world charming to me except facts."

Realism is on the upgrade, and it will be a good thing for newspapers if the trend continues.

III

Incubators in the Desert

Of all the folderols ever devised to disfigure a beautiful art, the modern school of journalism is probably the worst. The theory back of such schools may be upheld with persuasive arguments: they take the youngsters, teach them the rudiments of the business, attempt to instil into them something of a professional feeling, weeding out those who clearly have no place in journalism, and thereby save newspaper editors, who are very busy, all the worry and expense of training cubs.

But with all regard for the honest intent back of this theory, and mindful of the affection and respect which are due many men who are teaching journalism, the fact remains that the schools have failed of their avowed purpose ingloriously, that they must continue to fail, and that they probably have done more harm than good—and at tremendous cost.

The contention that they save money for the newspapers will hardly bear scrutiny. A school of journalism expert, backed by several editors, said recently that the cost of training a young man to do newspaper work is about \$500. That is to say, so much salary must be wasted before he is good enough to earn his pay. The figure is ridiculous. The experience of more than one city editor has been that, on the average, it really costs nothing, provided, of course, that the beginner is picked with care, with regard for his probable aptitude rather than for any other consideration. Almost every staff has foisted upon it a few dumb-bells on whom \$50,000 might be spent with no discernible result. The money wasted on such men (not counting the time and patience) would supply free beer for every city editor in America and

leave a surplus for a pension fund. If a young man has no aptitude, that distressing truth will be apparent before he has cost the paper anything like \$500. Usually, if he is sound material, and if he is handled right, he is worth almost immediately more than the salary received by the beginner on any paper. The old *New York Sun* was brilliantly successful in selecting and developing young men—but it didn't pick them out of a hat.

Among the best schools of journalism in the country are those at Missouri, Texas, Columbia, Wisconsin and perhaps Northwestern. They have turned out some excellent men. They also have turned out vast numbers of incompetents. The question is: Wouldn't the good men have been just as good as newspaper men, or even better, if they had devoted their time to the study of other subjects? Many city editors would rather hire a college man who has passed his English courses with distinction, or who has proved himself a shark on torts and contracts, than one whose chief recommendation is that he made a perfect mark in copyreading, or interviewing, or whatnot, in a school of journalism.

What the newspaper business needs is men of character and intelligence rather than men who have absorbed a certain technical proficiency. One doesn't have to conduct a course in ethics or hocus-pocus for such fellows; they can find their way around easily and naturally. Their strength lies in their common sense and their decency. What they don't know about newspaper technique they can learn very quickly.

Two useful things are taught in the schools of journalism: to write copy that is as clean as possible, and to start writing a news item about half way down the first page of paper. But why couldn't any man

of ordinary powers get these two principles fixed in his mind in five minutes?

The copy turned in to the city desk by graduates of schools of journalism is often lovely to look upon; the neatly typewritten words march row on row. It is pretty until one begins reading it; then comes the discovery that the diction (diction, as a young man from Brooklyn once pointed out to me, is not enunciation, but "cherce of woids") is a trifle loose, that there is an alarming paucity of facts, that the young man has tried with great ingenuity of phraseology to cover up his lack of complete knowledge of his subject, and that—crime of crimes—a great many names are misspelled.

Something else, even more dreadful, seems to have happened to the school of journalism young men somewhere along the road. Even if their prose happens to be clear and straightforward, and their facts marshalled in order, there is usually something trite, lifeless or hollow about their whole performance. There is never a word or a phrase that bounces or cuts; one suspects that in some musty classroom an ancient copyreader has filled the heads of the youngsters with so many don'ts that they have come to fear the power and beauty of the English language. Hence they do what they deem the safe thing, but which really is the deadly thing: they fall into the easy, timid use of outworn rubber stamps, and lose whatever chance of distinction they ever had.

The best of the younger set of New York reporters are not products of schools of journalism. Probably the best young reporter, certainly in his writing, who has broken into New York in many years is a Johns Hopkins and Oxford man who practiced law for three years before deciding to take up newspaper work. He was good from the first day; the bugaboo of

"technical difficulties" never existed for him.

The real test lies in the man himself. If he has respect for his craft and his paper, and if he realizes that in newspaper work, more perhaps than in any other, the whole field of human knowledge and the whole range of human activity belong to him, he can get ahead without steeping himself in the synthetic balderdash of the schools.

However, though a man may have what appears to be the perfect balance of background, education and natural savvy, the scoundrel may yet fool you. He may turn out to be a hopeless guzzler; he may have an unsuspected leaning toward wife-beating or bigamy; he may pad his expense accounts beyond the limits of good taste; he may not be able to spell; and even if he is free of all these sins, he is as likely as not, in the long run, to decide to become a press agent.

This is another count against the schools which their defenders never have been able to laugh off. Statistics show that a high proportion of their graduates go, either immediately or after a very few years, into propaganda work—public relations, publicity, press agency, or whatever other name the bastard art may call itself.

Thus the schools of journalism, founded and operated on the theory that they will make for the greater glory and competence of American journalism, actually resolve themselves into plants for the hatching of propagandists, who are, as a class, by the very nature of their calling, enemies of the dissemination of the whole truth, and a constant threat to the editorial and business integrity of newspapers.

When the Columbia School of Journalism recently had to select a new director, it chose Carl Ackerman, a press agent—an able man, but out of newspaper work for years. The prosecution rests.

IV

The Skirt on the Street

The most charming, companionable gals on earth are newspaper women. It is a poignant sorrow that comes to a city editor when he looks into the face of one of them and says: "I'm awfully sorry. We're not taking anyone on now. I'd like to give you a chance, but it's impossible."

His sorrow is usually brief. Five minutes later he knows that he wasn't sorry at all, and that, even if it had been possible, he probably wouldn't have given her a chance. There are so many of them, some with the background and appearance of great promise; at least, they are the sort that any reasonable man would bet on—if he were hiring women. The girls have a rough time of it. The hearts of editors may bleed, but that's about all that happens. The truth is that there isn't much chance for the girl who yearns to be a reporter. One New York paper has none; another has only three.

And yet scores of them hit New York after graduation each Spring, and others come the year round from other cities, each in the hope that she will get a chance to work on a newspaper. The wonder of it is that some of them succeed. Others probably would if they had a chance. But for the ordinary girl it is a hopelessly long shot.

Newspaper women, with their notorious intuitive understanding of such matters, sometimes charge that the reason members of their sex don't get a better hearing on newspapers is that the editors, who are men, are afraid of them—as, indeed, they are afraid of all women. The theory is that the women, whose insight is more penetrating than a fog beacon, would see almost instantly through the hypocrisy, the

faking and the childishness of the editor; that the editor would recognize that his disguise was useless, which would make him feel pretty cheap, and that, to avoid embarrassment, he doesn't want any women around.

That theory has a good deal of sense to it; all men fear women whom they suspect of knowing a little more than they do, or of being a little abler than they are. If the women could keep their argument on this high ground, they might advance farther in journalism. But they have been betrayed by their own sisters. There is, for example, the lovely creature who, decorous and persuasive, argues for a job in this fashion:

"Honest, I won't get married and leave the paper suddenly. I've determined to be a newspaper woman all my life. I've had enough experience to justify a chance, and I'll work hard."

One knows at once that, whether she realizes it or not, she lies in her teeth.

Then there is the go-getter, usually from the West, who bangs the table and announces:

"Now, listen here, you've got a swell sheet, but I can write your stuff. I know some of your boys and I'll be right up there with 'em. I've been through the mill. I'm not only a good newspaper woman—I'm a good man."

Faced with such a woman, the more timorous editor tries to sink under the desk; the forthright man brains her with a leaden paperweight.

There has been one notable advance in the female approach: an applicant rarely asks for a job these days on the ground that her stuff will have "the woman's viewpoint." Once that was the stock excuse for hiring women. But the sham was finally detected. Ask one of them, "What do you mean by the woman's viewpoint?" and the

answer will be pure nonsense or a halting "Well, I mean just—well, the woman's viewpoint." As well hire Jack Johnson to write the Aframerican viewpoint!

On the other hand, the woman who insists that she can do a man's work as well as a man is on dangerous ground. She says, "Don't mind my being a woman. I'd like to go out on that elevated wreck at midnight in the rain. I don't mind getting my feet wet." True, my girl, you don't mind, but the firemen mind, and the police mind, and some of the other reporters will think you're silly.

Politics? Unthinkable as a steady assignment for a woman, even if she happened to be interested in politics. Crime? Usually a dubious assignment for her, except when the facts are on the surface and the job is only one of writing. Courts? No woman has ever distinguished herself there, except at trials, where a few women have done brilliant work. The routine and the drudgery seem to belong to men. Municipal affairs, transit problems, schools? Occasionally, but not often, women have been able to cover these assignments regularly and thoroughly.

One of the worst errors ever made by newspapers was in believing that only women could make competent society editors. Most of the New York papers for years past have had men in charge of their society departments. Most experienced newspaper women do not like society news, and do it badly. Men appear better able to keep themselves aloof from the feuds and jealousies and politics of society, and are more dependable through the years.

What is left for the poor girl? Well, if she can get a job, and if she receives assignments which give her an opportunity to make the most of her abilities, she will probably produce some excellent news and

feature articles. But the field is too closely circumscribed to allow an opening for many such women. Of dozens of newspaper women there are only about five, charming though the others may be, who come to mind as being good workmen on general news.

The wise girl, except for the occasional wonder, goes into magazine work, runs an office, joins an advertising agency, sticks to the business side of the newspaper, or writes novels, plays and short stories.

There is as much variation in type among newspaper women as among men—perhaps even more. And yet, as a wild generalization, it has been said over and over by editors (usually in whispers) that women, in their news writing, are uniformly lacking in a humorous or urbane outlook. Life, more's the pity, remains a serious business to them. They may write pretty fair stuff, and they are nice to have around, but they're not merry gentlemen. Yet it is a shame that there are not more places for them, for the few good ones have served their papers with a steady ability—occasionally with brilliance.

V

Notes with Cactus

Each man is his own executioner, but it is probable that unsympathetic or short-sighted editors have ruined as many good reporters as all the booze that ever flowed from the Battery to the Golden Gate. Drinking is not much of a problem. Stupidity and black discouragement hobble men and kill them.

It is a happy day when a young man learns, and remembers, that though ten Scotch highballs may make him feel that he's going to write a saga, he won't.

Copyreaders, even in the darkest towns,

improve more reporters' articles than they ruin. Reporters would write better if they had to read some of their own copy.

The alert and dashing Irishman is a natural reporter. But the thick Mick, who can outvote his more gifted brother, is better off on the police force, and far happier. Italians don't become newspaper men under any circumstances. A great race, charming and full of wisdom!

Jews make excellent reporters because they have the tenacity to master many subjects, and because they are proud of whatever intellectual standing, however dubious, newspaper writing gives them; they are bad reporters because of their intense partisanship and because English is a language which intoxicates them beyond all reason. Some can't write at all; others write as if they had been sleeping with a dictionary.

Two of the best young reporters to work in New York in the last few years were foreigners—one a German count and the other the son of a former British Prime Minister. It sounds improbable, but it's true.

It would be a good thing for the business if the associations of editors would stop worrying about codes of ethics; those dignitaries already carry more ethics under their hats than all the lawyers, doctors and clergymen in Christendom. Why confuse everybody by trying to codify decency or the conduct of gentlemen? The man who worries too much and too volubly about his honor is already open to suspicion.

Long acquaintanceship with journalists increases one's love for them. As a group they seem preferable to any other; and yet some are so low that they would hire out as ghost writers for a Peeping Tom.

With the accumulated wisdom of the ages constantly under their noses, a high percentage of old newspaper men have

managed to avoid conscious mental effort for so long that they have bedsores on their brains.

If a Southerner can be cured of his in-born laziness, and if he is not too thoroughly permeated by the word-painting virus, which sometimes comes from overdoses of Lafcadio Hearn, he can't avoid doing well in New York. If the newspapers can't use him, Tammany can.

It is rash judgment for a city editor to look with too bilious an eye upon a new reporter who has been wished upon him by the big boss; he may be ham from cover to cover, but sometimes he's good.

Why sports writers, with a handful of scholarly exceptions, habitually write "different than" instead of "different from," and get the phrase printed, is one of the black mysteries of the Fourth Estate.

Training on newspapers in towns of moderate size gives a young man a good background for the larger cities. For one thing, it acquaints him with punishing hard work. If he stays in the small town too long he will either own the paper and be happy, or his mental processes and writing habits will be fixed in a straight-jacket.

There are few news situations concerning women which a newspaper man cannot handle as satisfactorily as a woman. If a woman ever gets a news item solely because she is a woman, it is either sheer luck or she ought to be ashamed of herself.

If a man doesn't know what a comma is for by the time he is thirty years old, it is a waste of time to try to teach him. One old fellow I knew would punctuate thus; "The, cat could see, the rat." The night city editor filed the comma off his typewriter, but he wrote in more and bigger commas, and in worse places, with a pencil.

No reporter should ever get married.

The married man, if he is a decent husband, wants to get home as early as he can, and his value to the paper is thus impaired. If he doesn't want to get home early he is a rascal and not the sort of man a careful paper can trust.

There should be a blanket amnesty for all reporters who shoot people who say, "Why, that piece of yours in the paper was good enough for a magazine." Some of the sloppiest writing anywhere is in newspapers; some of the best is there too.

The highest and most exciting art in newspaper work is that practiced by the rewrite man who knows his business. I have seen an old master, late at night, take a tangled situation, with information coming from four different sources, and write a complete, accurate and exciting three-column story in one hour.

A reporter on a morning paper who reports for work at one-thirty in the afternoon without having read his own paper, and who then tries to sneak a copy away from the city editor's desk, is likely, if he keeps up the practice, to make a very unfavorable impression indeed.

The curious delusion is still held in some places that a club of newspaper men can operate under its own steam, without the assistance of politicians or actors or the ministrations of the we-boys. It won't work. The last place most newspaper men want to be is in a club for newspaper men.

The late Jake Lingle of Chicago probably has no counterpart in any other large American city. The New York boys are getting up in the world when they can fix a traffic violation; the distribution of hams for Christmas to a few of the reporters in a court building a few years ago was so terrific a jolt to the proprieties that an open scandal seemed imminent.

The idea that a woman or a clergyman is peculiarly well fitted to handle church

news belongs to the childhood of journalism. The ideal religious editor is a firm agnostic with a good bedside manner who was born a Presbyterian, immersed in baptism, educated by the Jesuits, and married to a Jewess.

The school of journalism professor who can devise a fool-proof scheme to prevent ship-news reporters from drinking will deserve an endowment from the American publishers and the W. C. T. U. If, in addition, he can work out a system under which those sea-dogs will know something about the people they are going to meet on ship-board the professor will merit a great big laurel wreath.

The same rewards, with a knighthood from the American Royalist party and the title of "Mr. America," to the man who can induce police reporters to become acquainted with policemen, detectives and gunmen.

There never has been a law against a reporter learning the history of his business. Yet how many reporters under thirty years of age could identify Edward P. Mitchell, Samuel Bowles, W. R. Nelson, Charles R. Miller, H. H. Kohlsaat, Bert Leston Taylor, Frank I. Cobb, Selah Mer-

rill Clarke, William M. Laffan? They remember Charles E. Chapin only because he was a tough city editor who killed his wife.

Many experts contend that the most competent reporters are with the news services, the foreign bureaus of newspapers, and in Washington. Bunk. The news service man, since both the Associated Press and the United Press have gone maudlin and become contemptuous of ordinary old-fashioned details, would first have to suffer the excision of his adjectives, and then he would have to be shown what the town is like. As for the others, most of them would have to begin all over and learn to find facts and write a simple narrative.

If a city editor doesn't get around town day and night, he will miss a great many good stories and his news sense may atrophy; if he does get around town, he'll come back to his office some day and his boss will ask him why he doesn't stick closer to his work.

New York news is not covered adequately. Too few men can deal with the glory, the debauchery and the complexities of that fabulous town. Bennett, Pulitzer, Dana and Greeley had the same complaint.

EDITORIALS

One Who Will be Missed

As soon as Congress reassembles a gang of shabby politicians will arise upon their hind legs in the hall of the House and heap encomiums upon the late Nicholas Longworth, LL.D. Not one of them, I suppose, will think to mention that his chief distinction among American statesmen lay in this: that he regarded nearly all men of their order as rogues and asses, and dealt with them habitually as such.

Here, of course, I do not accuse the deceased of entertaining moral ideas: they were, indeed, completely foreign to his nature. To understand him one must always remember that a rogue, to him, was not a sinner to be scorned but a clown to be enjoyed, and that above all other varieties of clowns he loved and cherished the ass political. In Washington, given such tastes, he was in Paradise, and so he stayed there as much as he could. From his pulpit in the House he could look up at any moment and see a dozen of the most talented mountebanks in Christendom. Moreover, his official powers were such that he could set them to performing whenever he chose, and in a furious and stupendous manner. No wonder he stuck to politics! It gave him, I believe, one of the pleasantest lives ever led by mortal man. Existence, to him, was an endless and ever charming circus, with clowns five deep in the ring. Nor was he above slipping on a piebald nightshirt on occasion, and reddening his nose, and grabbing a slapstick, and leaping into the ring to do some amiable clowning himself.

When he died (alas, before his time!) some of the Washington correspondents hinted delicately that his cynicism was a blot upon his patriotism, and ill became a Speaker of the House. What nonsense! It was precisely his cynicism that *made* him Speaker of the House, and it was the same that made him a good one—the best, perhaps, since Tom Reed. He was always clearly superior to the quacks he enjoyed so vastly, and knew so well how to lead, and they were all well aware of it. There was nothing mysterious about his influence over them, and, above all, there was nothing ignominious. He was anything but a back-slapper. What they sensed in him was simply a kind of intellectual security that they themselves longed for but could never attain—the easy and safe confidence of a man who had sized up his world with great accuracy, and knew his way about in it. They called him Nick, and cherished the privilege with naïve exultation, but in their secret hearts, I am convinced, they always thought of him as Mr. Longworth. He was not as they were, and they knew it.

So far as I have heard, there is no Longworth Act in the law-books; the hon. gentleman, in fact, was against most of the more salient laws of his country, and violated some of them without apology. That attitude, I believe, was not the least of his contributions to current statecraft. He knew that the American belief in laws was a superstition too profound to be dissipated, and so he went along with it when he had to, but there is no record that he ever sought to reinforce it. Plainly enough,

he'd have been happy if he could have blown it up altogether. But that was impossible, and so he contented himself with keeping its operations within bounds. That is to say, he hampered and crippled the mountebanks in front of him as much as he could, all the while taking his delight in their gyrations. The ideal House of his dreams was one in which a few realistic men made a few inescapable laws, and the rest of the brethren gave a bawdy and harmless show. That ideal was never realized, but I think it came nearer realization than most. The Longworth House, at its worst, was at least innocent of the grosser sort of false pretenses. In the hands of its realistic Speaker it came to be presented to the country as precisely what it was: a conglomeration of puerile political hacks, most of them asses and many of them rogues. Even the Washington correspondents, perhaps the most romantic men on earth, ceased to be fooled by it. Turning from it in horror they sought their world-savers in the Senate.

It seems to me that this achievement was a public service of a high order, though it will get no notice in the history books. If we had a dozen Longworths in Washington we'd have a far more sensible grappling with the difficulties which now beset the country. If there were two or three in the Cabinet, to police the Doaks, Hydes, Andy Mellons and other such zanies, even the Hoover administration would take on a certain intellectual dignity, not to say integrity. It is silly to call the Longworth attitude cynicism, and to assume that giving it that evil name has disposed of it. There was a great deal more to it than mere shirking. It did not seek to evade the facts; it sought, rather, to expose them and make them plain. It was the philosophy of a man who revolted instinctively against the blather that is wisdom to ordi-

nary politicians. He knew, on occasion, how to use that blather too, but not even his worst enemy—if he left an enemy—will argue that he ever believed in it. His point of view, first and last, was that of a thoroughly civilized man. His values, whether at work or at play, were at once more subtle and more solid than those of the general, whether in or out of office. He was one of the few men of any genuine culture to succeed in politics in our time. He will be missed.



The Boon of Culture

Every American college president, it appears, is in duty bound to write and utter at least one book upon the nature, aims and usufructs of the Higher Education. That responsibility lies upon him as heavily as the obligation to edit at least one edition of "The Deserted Village" lies upon every professor of English. As a rule, he puts it off to his later Autumn days, when the hemlock of senility has begun to dull the edge of his troubles, but he seldom dodges it altogether. I have on my shelves a long row of such books, and I have read all of them in a respectful and hopeful spirit, for I think I may call myself, without vanity, a fan of learned men. But I must add in all honesty that I have yet to find, in any such tome, anything properly describable as wisdom.

What afflicts all of them—or, at all events, all of them that I have collected and read—is the assumption that the chief, if not the only end of education is education. This, in the United States, is very far from true. Only a small minority of boys and girls go to college for the purpose of stuffing their heads with knowledge, whether real or false; the majority go there simply because it has come to be

the prudent thing to do. What they get out of it is mainly what they will get, later on, out of joining country clubs, Rotary, the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, and other such fraternities—a feeling that they have somehow plunged into the main current of correct American thought, that they have emerged from the undifferentiated mass and gained admittance into an organized and privileged class, that they have ceased to be nobodies and come to be somebodies.

The impulse to make this grade is not to be confused with mere social pushing, which may go on (and usually does) on much lower levels. Nor is it to be confused, on the other hand, with genuine intellectual aspiration. The basic motive is probably a desire for security rather than a yearning for superiority. The virtue of a college degree is that it shuts off the asking of certain kinds of questions, some of them embarrassing. It is a certificate of safety, both to the holder and to the nation in general. A graduate is one who has been trained to act according to a pattern that is publicly considered to be normal and trustworthy. When he gets his diploma he makes a change, not in mere station, but in status. It lifts him over a definite fence, and maketh him to lie down in greener pastures.

Perhaps all of this should have been put into the past tense instead of the present. The general confidence in "education" has greatly multiplied the candidates for it, and this multiplication has encouraged the proliferation of colleges. They spring up, in fact, in every third country town, and operating them becomes a kind of racket, carried on by all sorts of dubious persons, lay and clerical. They are even spattered over such barbaric States as Mississippi and North Dakota, where it would be

dangerous to be educated in any real sense. The result is somewhat unhappy. The public belief that four years in college make a boy measurably more reliable, socially speaking, than he was before is still entertained, but it begins to be suspected that one college is not precisely like another. Thus there is a noticeable movement among the lesser ones to imitate, as closely as possible, the greater ones—first, by throwing off their theological obsessions (the real moving springs, in many cases, of their being), and secondly, by going in for athletics in the grand manner, gaudy Gothic buildings, and other such prodigalities.

But these gestures fool only the most naïve. Everyone who knows anything at all knows that a boy who has been through Harvard or Yale is apt to run far nearer to the American ideal than a boy who has been through, say, the Hardshell Baptist "University" of Smithville, Okla. He has been broken to an older, and hence to a better esteemed tradition, he has encountered more ornaments of it, and he has seen more impressive evidences of its value. No one knows this better than the graduate of the Hardshell seminary. It doesn't take him long to discover that what he sweated to attain was not quite attained, after all—that if he has escaped from the scullery he is not yet admitted to the first table in the hall. He is somewhat in the position of a conscript who went through all the pains of training, and then missed service at the front. Such a conscript is, of course, a war hero, but he is plainly a war hero of a lesser sort.

I suspect that a growing realization of all this is gradually filling the United States with inferiority complexes of a peculiarly malignant type. We are turning out thousands of college graduates who will have to go through life explaining

and apologizing, which is precisely what college training among us is mainly designed to prevent. They have got the appearance without the essence. In fact, such one-legged collegians are already numerous, for there have been bad colleges in the country since the earliest days. One cannot fail to observe their discomfort in the presence of graduates of the more seemly and reliable seminaries. They have, in many cases, far more actual education than the latter, but they lack the inner assurance; they are not so confident that sound American opinion respects and trusts them. Nor does it. It is a sad state of mind to be in. As I have often said, if I had a son I should send him to Harvard, for more is to be had for the money there than anywhere else—more that is real, and will last. And if he were held up on the ground of his father's lack of True Americanism, then I'd willingly agree to vote for Hoover and Prosperity in 1932 in order to qualify him for matriculation. I don't think he'd learn more at Cambridge than he could learn at Siwash (given any desire to learn at all), but I believe a Harvard diploma would help him a great deal more in his later life, American ideas being what they are, whether God cast him for the rôle of metaphysician or for that of investment securities broker.



Elegy

The steam locomotive, it appears, is doomed to follow the horse and buggy. It has disappeared from the N. Y., N. H. and H. up to New Haven, and it will presently disappear from the Pennsylvania

down to Washington. Westward it will transform itself into an oil-burner, with no sparks on dark nights!—or, worse, into a gasoline-burning flivver. A tragedy indeed, my masters! Something to moan and mourn about! For what other machine ever seen on earth is as stupendous as a locomotive thundering down a long stretch of track, with black smoke bursting from its stack and its mighty drivers pounding the rails? Where is there another such sight, at morning, noon or night? What other contrivance of human hands is so stately, so regal, so overpowering?

A great ocean liner, at sea, is appallingly trivial looking; it thumps the imagination only when it is tied safe to a dock. A Zeppelin is a floating sausage. An airplane is not even a bird, but only a bug. An electric locomotive remains a toy, even though it weigh a hundred tons. But even a lowly yard engine, if there be steam in it, somehow fills and delights the eye. It belongs to the noble company of massive and gorgeous creatures—the elephants and whales, the mastodons and behemoths, the ceratopsia and sauropoda, monarchs of land and sea. There is something fearsome and prehistoric about it: it is nearer to the dinosaur than to any living animal. It breathes flame like a volcano, and it rumbles like an earthquake. When one stands by the trackside as it thunders by, belching its acrid smoke, every sense is arrested and excited—sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell. It stuns the mind, and coagulates the marrow of the bones. It is not a mere thing; it is a kind of cosmic event.

And now it is headed for the scrap-yard.

H. L. M.

AMERICAN FOLK ART

BY HOLGER CAHILL

IN RECENT years there have been hundreds of exhibitions of folk art in American museums and dealers' galleries. The exhibits have come from Mexico, Australia, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Germany and other countries. They have been much admired. Looking at them, many Americans have felt how sad it is that the arid soul of our people cannot produce even the modest blossoms of folk expression. They have become used to the idea that art, and especially folk art, is something that flourishes only in far countries, and that at home it is a dry stalk.

American folk art is little known in the United States, but it is not nearly so dry a stalk as many of our people imagine. There is a good deal of it, and it compares favorably with the folk arts of Europe. It is as rich as any, as fresh, as original, and as full of the naïve and honest expression of the spirit of the people. This art has never been exploited, whether for commercial or for artistic ends, and that is why we know so little about it. Our professional artists have always turned toward Europe, and until recently they have not suspected that the hard-headed American folk is capable of anything like genuine æsthetic expression. There has never been much of this folk art for sale; consequently, it has not found its way into that section of the Great American Show Window which is maintained by the art dealers.

Folk art has been produced in America for two hundred years and more. It is being

produced today, though on rather a small scale. The earliest examples of it date from the decades immediately after the first colonists arrived in New England. Contemporary examples of it may be found in almost every section of the United States, and a few of them drift into the big annual art exhibitions, such as the Independent and the Salons of America in New York, and the Carnegie International in Pittsburgh.

Folk art as it is here considered does not include the work of craftsmen—makers of furniture, pottery, textiles, glass, and silverware—but only that folk expression which comes under the head of the fine arts—painting and sculpture. By folk art is meant art which is produced by people who have little book learning in art techniques and no academic training, whose work is not related to established schools, and is, in most instances, anonymous.

The greater part of American folk art consists of paintings. There are ancestral portraits, landscapes, mourning pictures, sailing pictures, inn signs, and decorative paintings in oil, water color, and pastel, paintings on velvet, linen, glass, and other materials. There are also drawings of various kinds, the most interesting of which are the quill and brush drawings of the Pennsylvania Dutch. The sculpture is mostly in wood and metal. There are carvings of all sorts, whittled for the fun of it by farmers, carpenters, and sailors; toys, ship's figureheads, cigar-store Indians, weather-vane figures, molds of various

kinds, hitching posts, decoy ducks, fire badges of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries, the decorated iron plates of the Pennsylvania Dutch jamb-stoves, bootjacks, door stops, carved angels from hearses, headstones from graves, and even sculptured figures of shackled men used as advertisements for jails!

The makers of this folk painting and sculpture were only occasionally artists. Mainly, they were artisans and amateurs who made things simply because they enjoyed it, or wanted to earn a few extra dollars. They were carpenters, blacksmiths, house, ship and carriage painters, sailors, farmers, girls in boarding school, old maids, lonely bachelors, itinerant sign-painters, and limners who went about the country making counterfeit presentments of the American ancestor.

The artisan type of folk art was called out by various kinds of demand. "Hand-painted portraits" were in wide demand before the days of photography. Making ship's figureheads was a definite industry in every seaport town before the steamship took the romance out of seafaring. All sorts of carved and painted signs were needed by taverns and shops, for the great mass of the people could not read.

The amateur type of folk art was often an overflow from the handicrafts. Sailors and ships' carpenters and painters, on their long voyages, carved and painted "effigies" for their own amusement, and often they were themselves permanent exhibits of a very curious and remarkable kind of folk art, that is, the tattooing which they carried about on their bodies. Some of the most beautiful examples of the amateur type of folk art were made by girls in boarding school and spinsters bored with needlework, especially the flower pieces and still-lives painted on white velvet, and the delicate water colors of fruit and foliage. The

allegorical landscapes—"fancy pictures" they were called in New England—point to the artisan with æsthetic leanings, or to the lonely bachelor with a small income and a need for an elegant diversion which didn't cost too much.

II

The most numerous of all types of American folk art are the portraits. There seems always to have been a good market for portraits in this country. They were painted by the itinerant "limners", most of them glorified sign-painters, who were a feature of New England village life a century ago. The story of the limners would be a curious and interesting addition to Americana if we could reconstruct it. Most of it is lost, but here and there a remarkable character emerges to suggest the wealth of personality that lay behind the making of this anonymous art.

There was, for example, that prodigious innkeeper and sign-painter, Chester Harding, who was so excited by the first painting he saw that he sat down at once and tried to imitate it by making a portrait of his wife. It is not on record how well Mrs. Harding liked the picture, but anyway her husband lived to become a successful rival of Gilbert Stuart in Boston and to paint New England farmers and business men at \$40 a head. His accomplishments disgusted his puritanical grandfather, who wanted him to give up the making of profane effigies and settle down as an honest farmer, but they won him favor with the élite of New England, and even with English dukes, of some of whom he painted portraits.

Many well-known American artists have worked, in their early days, as sign-painters—Symbert, Francis Alexander, Moran and Wyant among others. There are signs

attributed to Gilbert Stuart, Benjamin West and the two Peales. In our own days we have Pop Hart, the New Jersey watercolorist, who painted signs and banners for sideshows and amusement parks until he was fifty years old. All his life he painted water colors for his own amusement. In his late fifties he discovered that the pictures he had done "just for the fun of it" had won him an international reputation and that his work was being sought by the British Museum, the Metropolitan in New York, and many of the other leading art galleries of the world. Such men made their way out of the class of nameless artisans and into the history of American art, but thousands of others have been lost in the sands of anonymity.

Though we know little of the old portrait painters themselves, we know a good deal about their methods. They were the first to introduce quantity production into art. In Winter they painted sets of stock pictures, usually in pairs, male and female. Background, accessories, clothing and hands were painted in. These were of a type to flatter the sitter—the men's clothing of a solid and conventional cut, and the women's dresses of rich stuff covered with ribbons and lace. The background was arranged with fluted pillars and decorative hangings, and there were bibelots of various kinds as accessories—well-bound books with French and Latin titles for the lady or gentleman with literary tastes, flowers for the fair, newspapers, prayer-books and spectacles for the middle-aged and dependable. It was an upper-class setting and well calculated to impress the sturdy New England dirt farmers and their wives.

In Summer the limners went from town to town hunting heads for their stock figures. The sitter would select the figure he liked best and have his face

painted in the blank space between the hair and the collar. The fee for this modest glorification was usually from \$10 to \$40. Many of these portraits may be found today in the shops of New England antique dealers. For some years the best market for them has been in the Middle West, where prosperous people are willing to pay good prices for ancestors to hang on the walls of their homes.

Most of these portraits are bad, but some of them are surprisingly good. It is remarkable how much of the individuality of each sitter some of the limners were able to put into their pictures, and what delight they took in the treatment of surfaces, especially when they were painting the details of women's costumes. Their space division is often very good, and even where the color is not distinguished the picture is held together by a telling pattern of light and shade. The best of the portraits have a personal quality, a directness, and a unity which one does not always find in the work of the acclaimed American masters.

Among the gems of American folk painting are the portrait of "Mrs. Freake and Baby" in the Worcester Museum, the "Portrait of a Child" in the Newark Museum, the "Girl's Portrait," which is owned by the Ives family of Danbury, Conn., the "Portrait of a Woman" in pastel in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Elie Nadelman, and the "Girl in Blue" in the collection of the sculptor, Robert Laurent. These portraits are as fine as anything in the world's folk painting, and they are of far more importance, as art, than the work of many a *petit maître*.

It is remarkable what good craftsmen some of the folk painters were. Many of their paintings, after the lapse of a hundred years, are in a better state of preservation than the work of painters of far

greater reputation, and, presumably, of far greater technical knowledge. This is not surprising when one considers that the tradition out of which their work came was in some respects not unlike that of the old masters. That is to say, it was a tradition of craftsmanship which grew out of the handling of tools and materials, rather than an academic tradition passed on by schools. Since it was not painting by the book or by a set of rules it is not unusual to see in it strong local differences of style—differences which transcend the difference of one academician from another.

The vocation of the painter also had a good deal to do with his style. House-painters and sign-painters stuck to the flat colors and precision of outline which they had learned in their trades. Carriage-painters went in for conventionalized decoration. The specialist in the "limning of effigies" and the amateur with a little schooling went in for more modelling, and attempted realistic effects. There were highly personal styles developed in out-of-the-way places, where the painter had little or no material for study and had to rely on his own imagination in the working out of his technique.

The most curious of these personal styles were developed in remote New England villages and among the "country Dutch" of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania is still a rare hunting-ground for the collector of folk art. Two remarkable folk painters, whose names are known to us, hailed from Bucks county. They were Edward Hicks of Newtown, and Joseph Pickett of Newhope. Both were landscape painters, and it is among the landscape painters that one finds the most striking divergences of style. The portraits were more standardized.

Edward Hicks was a pious Quaker who divided his life between preaching and

painting signs. His contribution to American folk art is a group of landscapes with figures, most of them allegories. These pictures were painted in the 30's and 40's, probably at times when business was dull in the sign shop. The most notable of them is "The Peacable Kingdom, an Illustration of the Eleventh Chapter of Isaiah and Embracing All the Animals There Mentioned in the Foreground, and in the Distance William Penn Treating With the Indians." Hicks painted several versions of this picture, no one exactly like another. One is in the Doylestown (Pa.) Museum, and several others are owned by collectors of Americana who prize them as the high spots in their collections. Beside the "Peacable Kingdom" Hicks painted "William Penn's Treaty," "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence," and a number of other pictures.

Hicks was a sort of American Rousseau. His lions and tigers and biblical beasts are of the same breed as those that the Douanier found in the Jardin des Plantes and in the illustrations of the French dictionary. Hicks was naïve, but his naïveté is not merely entertaining. Rather it is a sign of an enviable æsthetic innocence, the innocence which artists are always trying to retain but which most of them lose in the academies. Hicks had innocence and purity of vision, and simplicity and freshness of expression. He was a true primitive in his lack of self-consciousness and in the religious intensity which makes him akin to the medieval primitives of Europe.

Joseph Pickett was a carpenter whose life ambition it was to paint the history of his native town. He was an amateur with no schooling whatever, and had to improvise his technique and even his tools as he went along. He used his own hair to make brushes, and the rocks and red-

dish-brown earth of Bucks county when he ran short of paint. Only three of his paintings have been discovered. One, a picture of George Washington on a white horse, riding to council before the battle of Trenton, is in the Newark Museum. Another Washington picture is in the Whitney Museum in New York. The third is a painting of the first railroad train that entered Newhope, and is in the collection of R. Moore Price, of Newhope.

Pickett drew like a child. He knew nothing of perspective, or how to suggest the third dimension, and his modelling of figures, sometimes to more than half an inch above the canvas to give a suggestion of roundness, is quaint and delightful. Aside from these modelled figures his paintings are very flat, but his arrangement, his division of the space, his feeling for the right relation between areas of color, and his sense of movement make his work of far greater value than that of most professional artists of his day.

A striking early American landscape is "Mt. Vernon: Seat of the Late Lieutenant-General Washington," painted after a print by an anonymous artist in 1803. It is owned by the Newark Museum. Other fine landscapes are scattered through museums and private collections. Of sailing pictures there is no end. Most of them are rather good and some are very good indeed. One of the best is "The Bark *Ells*," owned by the sculptor, Robert Laurent, of Brooklyn. Now and then one also comes across inn signs which are fine pieces of painting. One of these is that of the St. George Tavern, at Plainville, Mass., which shows a very elegant and Persian-looking St. George spearing a very decorative dragon.

Birth, baptism and death inspired the folk artist beyond any other subjects. Mourning pictures, showing drooping fig-

ures of relatives and weeping willow trees about the tomb of the dear departed, are very common in New England. Some fine examples of them were shown in the exhibits arranged last year by the Newark Museum and the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art at Cambridge. Decorative pictures illustrating hymnals and religious books and celebrating birth and baptism are to be found in all the counties of Pennsylvania settled by the Germans. These pictures—they are called *fractur* paintings—were usually drawn with a goose quill and the colors laid in with brushes made of the hair of the domestic cat. They form a distinct local tradition in American folk art and were inspired, probably, by the medieval art of manuscript illumination which was brought to Pennsylvania by various German religious and pietist orders, especially by the members of the religious community founded early in the Eighteenth Century at Ephrata.

Fractur, like Chinese painting, is an art that comes out of calligraphy. Many examples of it are simply calligraphic, setting forth with scrolls and curleycues pious sentiments about birth and baptism. Others are decorated with birds and foliage, and there are also purely secular pieces, such as portraits, landscapes, and drawings of animals. Many of these are beautiful bits of decorative painting. The drawing has a lovely linear rhythm. The color is gay, with red, green, blue, and yellow predominating. The *fractur* art died out in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. It is a pity that it did, for it was a folk expression of a very original kind. Another art which was practised by the Pennsylvania Dutch as well as by the New Englanders was that of painting on glass; they also made decorative pictures of flowers and fruit by laying tinsel on glass.

III

Interest in American folk painting has been growing rapidly in the past few years, but very little has been made of the sculpture, except for the recent craze for cigar-store Indians. Most of these Indians are valued for their quaintness, though a few of them are quite good, sculpturally. Far more interesting as sculpture are the ships' figureheads. They were probably the first pieces of native American sculpture. Very few of the early ones have survived because of the perishable material of which they were made and because of their exposure in all weathers. There is not a single known example of the early work of William Rush, of Philadelphia, the first American sculptor, who began his career as a carver of figureheads. The work of such famous carvers as the Skillings, Isaac Fowle, and Joseph Doherty of Boston, Joseph True of Salem, Woodberry Gerrish and John Bellamy of Portsmouth, John Sampson of Bath, and W. L. Seavey of Bangor is also almost impossible to find.

Here and there along the coast of Maine or Massachusetts a figurehead will turn up that shows something of the old carvers' art. Some very fine examples are in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Elie Nadelman, and may be seen in their museum at Riverdale, N. Y. One of these was shown in the Newark Museum's exhibition of American folk art last Fall; it would hold its own in any exhibition of American sculpture. One of the old shops of Portsmouth owned for many years a figurehead showing a woman nude to the waist, and with arm upraised in warning, which is finer, sculpturally, than most of the work of the standard masters of American sculpture. This figurehead is now in the collection of the Downtown Gallery in New York. Figureheads have always been ro-

mantic objects. America's most distinguished Pygmalion story, Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Drowne's Wooden Image," is supposed to have been inspired by one carved by Joseph True of Salem. The Boston Museum, the Buffalo Historical Society, and the Newark Museum are among those that have good figureheads in their collections.

Weather-vane figures are usually not as fine, sculpturally, as the figureheads, but there are more of them. Thousands of barns in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have vanes decorated with figures of men and animals. There are roosters, pigeons, deer, horses, cows, fish, whales and every conceivable kind of animal cut out of iron, copper, and tin, or carved in wood. The carved ones are usually the best. There is a cow, seen on a number of barns in New England, carved in wood, highly stylized, and with the most tender modelling. A fine example of this vane is in the collection of the artist, Stefan Hirsch, in New York. The Pennsylvania Dutch were most successful with the carving of roosters, which they painted and decorated in their characteristic colors. Very good weather-vanes may be picked up in the antique shops of Pennsylvania and New England.

But the richest field for the collector of American folk sculpture is that of decoys. Blacksmiths, carpenters, hunters, and corner-store whittlers all over the country turned out duck, loon, plover, rail and other decoys that would make many a modern sculptor green with envy. One enthusiastic collector has listed over sixty different kinds. Fine specimens were made in the neighborhood of Barnegat Bay, New Jersey. Others are to be found in the duck hunting sections of Long Island and along the New England coast. There are good decoys in the Newark Museum, the

Doylestown Museum, the Downtown Gallery in New York, and in the private collections of the artists, Wood Gaylor, Stefan Hirsch, Elsa Rogo and Robert Laurent in New York.

Toys are a rich field for the devotee of American folk art, and so are the odd pieces whittled by farmers, sailors and carpenters "just for the fun of it." Among the latter are the remarkable carving of Henry Ward Beecher shown at the Newark Museum last Fall, and the portrait of a seated woman carved by an anonymous Pennsylvanian. Toys are of all sorts—miniature carvings of animals, Negro dancers, acrobats, and hobby horses. Mr. and Mrs. Elie Nadelman have some very fine examples in their museum at Riverdale.

Bootjacks, doorstops in brass and iron are also becoming collectors' items. One of the best is a bootjack fairly common along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Maryland. It is in the shape of an enticing plump lady in the near-nude. The designer of that bootjack had the eye of a sculptor but he must have been a misogynist at heart, for to use the bootjack you have to step on the lady's face.

The cast plates of the old jamb-stoves of Pennsylvania, made about the middle of the Eighteenth Century, are also fine pieces of folk sculpture. They are often decorated with the quaintest kind of reliefs depicting the temptation of Joseph by Mrs. Potiphar, the story of Cain and Abel, and other Bible scenes. "Baron" Stiegel, of glass-making fame, cast a number of these plates. They are difficult to find. The late Henry Chapman Mercer pretty well cornered the market for his Doylestown Museum.

The list of objects which come under the head of American folk sculpture is almost inexhaustible. There is the chalk-ware of the Pennsylvania Dutch—figures

of men and animals cast in plaster of Paris and colored in imitation of Staffordshire figures. They are far better in design than the Staffordshire figures, and are among the best pieces of polychromed small sculpture produced in this country. There are the cast iron hitching-posts with heads of horses and eagles; the fire insurance badges which used to be put on houses in the good old days when a fire was really a fire and firemen were very snobbish about whose fire they extinguished; the dogs and stags of lead that used to decorate lawns in Victorian days (though most of these were made in England); the headstones from old graveyards with quaint carving in scratch and relief; the American eagles carved in wood (every whittler in America must have tried his hand at carving an eagle at one time or another, but few of them equalled those carved by John Bellamy of Portsmouth); and the inn and trade signs.

One of the famous New England carved signs was the Turk's Head which was set up over a shop in Providence, R. I., in 1790. It was lost in the great gale of 1815. Later it turned up in New Orleans, where it was rescued from a fire and taken to the Cherokee Indian country, where it was set up as the image of a god! Anyway, that's the story. A copy of this Turk's Head may be found in the museum of the Rhode Island Historical Society in Providence. Another famous Rhode Island sign is the Handcuffed Man which hung as a warning to malefactors over the door of the Kent county jail, at East Greenwich, R. I. It is now in the museum of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

American folk sculpture is still a virgin field for the collector, but the paintings have been hunted pretty thoroughly for the past decade. There have been several exhibitions in the galleries of the Whitney

Studio Club in New York, the Newark Museum, and the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art. Mr. and Mrs. Elie Nadelman have shown fine examples of both the painting and the sculpture in their museum at Riverdale for a number of years. The Newark Museum is planning a comprehensive exhibition of folk sculpture for this Fall.

IV

Folk art, whether in sculpture or painting, is not being produced in America today on the scale of, say, a century ago. The artisan type has all but disappeared. We still have the amateur folk artist, but he is rarer than he used to be, because in this day of the machine and the white-collar man Americans have lost their respect for hand work. The limner portraits have yielded to photography. There is no demand for figureheads. Carved and painted signs which were in great request when many people could not read have almost disappeared with the spread of literacy.

But a few have lasted. The barber pole and the three balls of the pawnshop are still with us, and occasionally one may see a wooden Indian in front of a cigar store. It is possible that pictorial signs will come back. With the advent of the new illiteracy of speed there may be a new demand for them. People now travel so fast on the automobile highways that they can read only pictures. The recent stir of interest in folk art will probably stimulate production. The amateurs will be encouraged, the artisans will find that it pays and will take it up again, and it cannot be doubted that the ubiquitous faker will do his bit.

Contemporary interest in American folk art has been stimulated in recent years by

modern artists who have been spending Summers in New England. These moderns, because of their interest in design, have been able to appreciate the beauty of an art which always escapes the academicians, with their worship of dull technical proficiency. They began a few years ago to rescue old paintings from farmhouse attics and antique dealers' basements. They stirred up the museums and the dealers, and the money value of American folk art has swung sharply upward. Pictures that sold for from \$1 to \$10 a few years ago were sold for as high as \$1200 last year. The asking price for some items has risen to \$5000, and many rare examples, such as the paintings of Edward Hicks and Joseph Pickett, are considered priceless by their owners.

It is true that much of the peculiar charm of this homespun American art results from what would be technical deficiencies, seen from the academic point of view. But there is more in it than that. Much of it was made by men who were artists by nature, if not by training, and everything they had to say in painting and sculpture is interesting. Theirs is often a stammered beauty—but it is beauty. It is not an exaggeration to say that folk art makes one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the arts of design in the United States. The full appreciation of it probably waits upon Europe. We will value it when Europe shows us the way. But Europe is already interested. Paris has made inquiries about some of the recent exhibitions. When our folk art is better known in the world it will do a good deal toward working a new interpretation of American art history, and toward creating greater respect for the American tradition in the arts.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

BY LOUIS GOLD

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago, when I was seventeen, I was typist for a while for Laura Jean Libbey, and she dictated to me a long series of plays and articles. I had called at her husband's law office in answer to an advertisement. He accepted me, apparently, on my appearance, for he asked me none of the usual questions regarding my experience and references, and not even my name. I was sent to his home in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn and told simply that his wife needed my services. At the start I did not know who she was and she did not reveal her identity. I knew her only as Mrs. Stilwell.

She was at that time about forty-two years old, and inclined to stoutness. Her complexion was florid, her nose aquiline, and her lips full and firm. She carried herself with dignity, and spoke in a pleasant, unhesitating contralto voice. Her hair puzzled me; it was short, perhaps six inches long, and showed a curious riot of colors, except at the back, where it was a fine dark brown. In her younger days, I learned later, it had been chestnut all over, and she had worn it in a mass of curls piled over her forehead, and rather long in the back.

I took dictation from her for a few days, wondering who she might be, and then I began to suspect that she was Laura Jean Libbey, for I had read a number of her novels when I was a few years younger, and I recognized her style. She

was surprised and pleased that I had discovered her identity, and asked if the picture in the front parlor had caused me to guess who she was. When I told her I had not seen the picture she made me go down to look at it. It was a full-sized oil painting by Benjamin Eggleston, and showed her in a dazzling white satin dress and pearl necklace. She was in her early twenties when it was done. She was very proud of it, and showed me favorable articles in the newspapers regarding it.

Laura Jean Libbey wrote her first romance when she was seventeen, in the early eighties. When she completed it, she took the manuscript to New York, walking over the Brooklyn Bridge with a friend. She presented the work to a publisher who said it was wonderful, and gave her \$25 for it. She was overjoyed and decided to celebrate the event in a fitting manner. She had a very strict upbringing and had not been able to get much candy. Near the Brooklyn Bridge was a confectionery store. She bought five pounds of marshmallows, and on the way home, with the aid of her friend, finished them. Both girls had severe attacks of indigestion.

The style of her first book and of all the succeeding ones was essentially the same; they showed the mentality of seventeen, and were addressed mainly to an audience of the same age. Miss Libbey claimed to be the first author of the paper-bound novels that were once so popular, and she told me that all the subsequent

writers of them, such as Charles Garvice, Bertha M. Clay, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Charlotte Braeme and Caroline Hart, were her imitators and plagiarized her stories, and that a good many dramatists used her plots. The plan of action was always the same, and it could be said of her books what Cabell says of women, that their names alone varied. A virtuous young man met a similarly blessed young girl and there was love at first sight, which was displeasing to the villain or villainess, or both. From then on the characters moved on joined circles or figures of eight; where the lines of movements met there was a collision, with favorable or undesirable consequences; then they separated and again circled until another meeting. This was repeated for two hundred pages, when the lovers were abruptly united, misunderstandings were cleared up, the bad characters suddenly discomfited, and the book ended happily. The conclusion was always a wedding.

Only once did she write a story with an unhappy ending; the storm of protesting letters she received discouraged her from making another such blunder. In this story the poor girl died of a broken heart, and was buried in a lonely grave. One night, during a terrible snow-storm, the hero, who had learned where she was buried, dragged himself to the grave and wept bitterly over it. He was found the next day, frozen dead, and was buried beside his sweetheart.

In her novels the bride of the hero was always a virgin, even though she had married the villain of the story. Miss Libbey often had to stretch probability to extremes to accomplish this. Sometimes the villain-husband was jailed immediately after the ceremony, or kidnapped, or had to flee from the police, and the separation continued until his first wife, from whom

he had not had a legal separation, appeared on the scene to permit a happy ending. At other times, the bride fell ill of brain-fever, which lasted until the death or exposure of her wicked husband. In every case the virtuous young man of the story was assured of a virgin bride.

It was generally impossible to judge the contents of a given story by the title, for most of them could be used, like the characters, interchangeably. There were "When His Love Grew Cold," "He Loved Her but Was Lured Away," "Had She Loved Him Less," "Was She Sweetheart or Wife?" "Beautiful Florabelle's Lover," "The Abandoned Bride," "The Loan of a Lover," and so on. The chapter headings were usually long and romantic. The following, for example, were the first three in "The Girl He Forsook":

Chapter 1. Why should Heaven let those meet who might learn to love each other, if there is an insurmountable barrier between them which can never be beaten down? I say it is cruel—it is unjust!

Chapter 2. Oh God, can nothing save us from being dispossessed—turned out into the street, with our little all, this bitterly cold Winter day?

Chapter 3. In the great battle between love and duty, which would win? He was only human.

II

Laura Jean Libbey wrote all of her novels before her mother died, when she was still unmarried. Her mother, she told me, loved to read them as she wrote the pages in her fine firm penmanship, making hardly any elisions or corrections, the story flowing from her in a steady stream. Her mother was of French extraction, of which fact she appeared to be proud. Laura Jean described her as quite an aristocratic little lady. She would never go into the

dining-room in the basement of the family house, but insisted that meals be served in the back parlor. Laura Jean had been very fond of her mother and revered her memory; she showed me a photograph of a granite shaft she had erected to her in Greenwood Cemetery. But there were times when she spoke with regret of the demands that her mother had made—for example, that she remain single. She declined a number of proposals when she was young, one of them from a man who is now a noted editorial writer. She never told me anything about her father, although there was a large picture of him on the wall of her bedroom; he must have died when she was quite young.

She married a few years after her mother's death, when she was about thirty-six. Her husband, when I knew him, was a taciturn lawyer. The only other member of her family that I ever saw or heard of was a sister, somewhat older than Laura Jean. She was married, with an adult son, and often came for visits of days or even weeks. She was immensely proud of Laura, telling me constantly how popular she had been at the height of her career, and how she had been greeted and acclaimed all over this country and in Europe. I never liked the way this sister called me. It was: "Lou-ass, Lou-ass," with very definite emphasis on the second syllable.

A red tom-cat called Teddy and its mother, a coal black cat, were Laura Jean Libbey's pets. The tom-cat was rather bad tempered and often gave its mistress scratches, but that did not diminish her fondness for him. The black cat regularly presented her with a litter of kittens, all of which were taken away by the S.P.C.A.

About ten years after she had written her last novel, and before her popularity

had entirely waned, Miss Libbey blossomed once more into public notice. The theatrical manager, Charles E. Blaney, who was then staging a series of melodramas, dramatized and produced one of her books, "Parted On Her Bridal Tour." She was overwhelmed with delight and immediately considered her possibilities as a dramatist, finally deciding that she could write plays as well as books. Her ambition led to my employment.

In the morning I would arrive at about half past nine. A few minutes later her husband would leave to walk to his office in the Borough Hall section of Brooklyn. Laura Jean would kiss him good-bye, usually asking him to come home early, or not to go to his club. His reply was regularly polite but non-committal.

She would dictate to me in the back parlor behind the billiard room, or in the music room on the floor above. In the former place there was a door to a stairway which went down to the kitchen. In the early part of the playwriting period, Laura Jean would now and then tip-toe over to the door, continuing to dictate to me, and pull it open quickly. Once she caught her Irish maid listening, and at other times there was a sound of scurrying feet. The maid did not continue this very long, however, for it must have been trying to be chased away at an interesting point in a play, leaving the outcome in doubt.

Usually, Laura Jean wore a house dress or apron when dictating, and nearly always stood up. She seldom paced the floor, and rarely was at a loss for words. Her usual pose was to stand with her left arm across her waist, resting her right elbow in the palm of her left hand, with her right hand at her chin. Sometimes she would stand at a window, looking out as she dictated.

She began a play by looking in the morning newspaper for names. She never made an outline or had notes, saying that she did not have the full plot in mind, but would work it out as she proceeded, just as she had written her books. She dictated for a few hours in the morning and a few hours in the afternoon, taking sometimes a holiday of an afternoon or at the end of a week. It usually took two days to write a play, and two plays a week was the rule, but occasionally there were three plays a week. Each play filled from sixty to ninety pages of legal paper size. In a year and a half she finished in this manner about a hundred and twenty plays.

As in her books, there was a great deal of repetition, and none of the characters was drawn very clearly. As plays, they frankly bored me, for they exhibited no originality, and lacked the action of the books. Whenever I ventured to point out that she had used a given situation or joke in a previous play she said she would make the necessary changes in whichever play was produced last; she was certain that all of them would be staged.

Two jokes were her favorites, and she used them in every other play. One had to do with a widower who was chided for remarrying too soon after the death of his first wife. He answered: "Well, isn't she as dead now as she ever will be?" The other came from "Parted On Her Bridal Tour"; it was not in her book, but was put in by the man who dramatized it. A woman sat on a man's straw hat, crushing it completely. The woman then presented the hat to the man, saying: "I think I sat on your hat." The man looked at the hat and replied: "You *think* you sat on my hat? You know damn well you did!"

When the one hundred and twenty plays were all finished, she named them.

She came down one day with a list of one hundred and twenty names, similar to those of her books, and I made out the title sheets, using one name to a sheet. I thought that we would have a hard time locating the plays to which the titles belonged, but she had a quick solution for that problem. According to her instructions, I placed a title page on each play in the order in which they came to my hand without regard to the contents, and that was the way they were copyrighted. I imagine the names fitted the plays pretty well. She made a trip to Washington for the occasion, and received quite a bit of publicity, which she hoped would create a demand for the production of the plays. But in the twenty-odd years that have followed since the last of them was written, not one of them, so far as I know, has ever been produced. Perhaps the rise of the movies is to blame; they were becoming popular at the time she finished, and beginning to take over the theatres formerly devoted to melodrama.

She did very little entertaining and went out seldom. I remember there was only a single visitor in the daytime in over two years, and the maid informed me there were very few in the evenings. I imagine she would have made an entertaining hostess or guest. Once she read a paper on Ouida before a women's club, laying emphasis on Ouida's death, which she described in minute detail. After the reading, she told me, tears were streaming and handkerchiefs were wet.

After I had been working for her about a year, I asked for a raise in salary. She said she would speak to her husband. She told me later that he was opposed to it, but said that she would give me the usual check weekly and add the raise I wanted in cash, but I was not to mention it to anyone.

Now and then there would be periods of a few days or a week when she could not think of anything or felt indisposed. On such days I showed up as usual in the morning, but left immediately after her husband did; or if he delayed his departure, occupied myself in making lines on pages or in appearing busy in some other fashion.

The bedrooms in the house were all on the third floor. There was an iron gate at the head of the stairs which went up to the ceiling and was locked every night. During a short period when she was suffering from lumbago I carried my typewriter to her bedroom, and took dictation there. Once she showed me a small box full of jewelry, mostly unset diamonds, which she kept in a small safe in the room. At the same time, perhaps purposely, she also showed me two of the longest barrelled .45 revolvers that I have ever seen, even in the movies, which were kept near the safe.

When the plays were completed, I was given an extra week's pay and told there was no further use for my services.

III

The following Winter Laura Jean Libbey appeared as a vaudeville performer at the American Theatre in West 42nd street in New York. She wore a large bonnet with wide ribbons underneath her chin. She carried a parasol and skipped to the center of the stage with stiff swaying movements. She had adopted a high-pitched falsetto voice for the stage, and with a wide fixed smile she gave humorous anecdotes of what would now be called the love racket, ending each one with a little laugh, a long indrawn breath, and a long "Ye-e-es" before going on to the next.

The audience was not in a receptive

mood and there was hardly any applause. After the performance, she held a reception on the stage to greet those who came to shake hands with her. Letters could then be handed to her requesting advice on love matters, or they could be dropped into the boxes set up in different parts of the theatre. Her sister was there also, bustling about. Laura Jean never again appeared on the stage. Evidently she was not a success.

I wrote a letter to her saying that I had enjoyed her performance, and that she looked and acted youthful, girlish and splendid. She wrote back, requesting me to call at her home, which I did with alacrity, as I had lacked a steady job since I left her employ six months before. She told me she had a contract to conduct a column of love advice for a syndicate of newspapers and needed a typist again.

Shortly afterward, huge billboard advertisements, and a series of interviews in the New York *Mail* announced her appearance as a special writer for that newspaper. She was to conduct a department called "Cupid's Red Cross: First Aid to Wounded Hearts." I do not know who picked the title; it sounds a good deal like her own choice. F. P. A. was at that time conducting his column, "Always in Good Humor," in the same newspaper.

The method used in preparing these articles was different from that used for the plays. She would write them out in longhand on legal length paper, two full sheets to an article, and I would copy them on the typewriter. The written sheets, as she presented them to me, were quite neat and showed practically no corrections or erasures.

The articles, in contents and outlook, were a generation behind their times, and showed a lack of worldly knowledge that could have come only from one who had

lived a secluded life. She hinted to me once that she had to write down to the level of her audience, but she gave many evidences that she believed in the greater part of what she wrote.

On the first day of the appearance of the articles there were two of them, with a large photograph of her taken about twenty years previously. The type was large and the two articles with the picture filled half a page. The titles were "What's the World to One Who Has No Dearie?" and "Where May Girls Who Toil Meet Men to Marry?" The articles following bore such titles as "Are Women Ever Loved Too Well?" "Do Men Cast Off by Society Make Good Husbands?" "Wiles of Wedded Flirts," "Is a Wife a Husband's Heart Partner Only?" "Can Love Become a Mockery?" "A Wife's Broken Love Dream," "Do Men Admire Gayly Attired Women?"

I considered one article so bad that I made bold to comment upon it unfavorably. It was entitled "The Heart of a Working Girl," and appeared in the *Mail* with the others. It told with pathos of the trials and tribulations of poor working girls, particularly those who had to stand behind department-store counters and wait upon snappish insulting customers. One pretty girl unwittingly made a customer angry. The floor-walker was called and in spite of the poor girl's pleadings and tears, and a pathetic story of the family dependent upon her support, with sick members and the possibility of being dispossessed, she was brutally discharged. She received her tiny pay from the cashier and staggered out of the door into the slush and snow, so crushed by the blow that she did not notice the traffic. A large automobile knocked her over. Immediately a

handsome young man sprang out and picked up the poor little victim. He was overjoyed at finding her unhurt and took her to her home. He was the son of the owner of the department-store. Soon he married her. Therefore, continued the article, let not the poor working girls become disheartened, for something similar may happen to them.

Laura Jean Libbey received many letters asking for advice. They were of the kind one would expect. Some were from flippant smart-alecks, and a few were unprintable. But in order to fill up her space, she sometimes had to make up letters. These were good enough, but she made up only a few of them, leaving to her sister the job of concocting the rest.

In those days Laura Jean received a number of letters proposing marriage. One writer claimed he was the son of a former Governor of Mississippi. They all thought that she was single and that her present appearance was like the photograph at the head of her column.

Apparently the column was not successful. At first it was placed prominently in large type near the front page of the newspaper. In a very short while her picture disappeared, and the type became smaller. Page by page it retreated until it reached the last page. In a few months there were days when there was no article. Long before the end of the year, the articles disappeared altogether.

About three years ago there was a brief announcement in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, occupying barely half an inch, which said that Laura Jean Libbey had died. I read a number of metropolitan newspapers. No other newspaper that I saw carried the news and I did not see any editorial comment.

THE ASSASSINATION OF McKINLEY

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1901, I came to St. Louis for the purpose of selling a new kind of album, which my friend Ed Brady had invented in collaboration with another man, his partner in the venture. The following day, September 6, I canvassed every important stationery and novelty store in the city for orders for Ed's firm, but I failed to interest anyone in my samples. Only in one store was I told to call the next day to see the boss. As I stood at a street-corner wearily waiting for a car, I heard a newsboy cry: "Extra! Extra! President McKinley shot!" I bought a paper, but the car was so jammed that it was impossible to read. Around me people were talking about the shooting of the President.

Carl Nold, who had done so much for my dear Sasha (Alexander Berkman), had arrived at my house before me. He had already read the account. The President had been shot at the Exposition grounds in Buffalo by a young man by the name of Leon Czolgosz. "I never heard the name," Carl said, "have you?"

"No, never," I replied.

"It is fortunate that you are here and not in Buffalo," he continued. "As usual, the papers will connect you with this act."

"Nonsense!" I said. "The American press is fantastic enough, but it would hardly concoct such a crazy story."

The next morning I went to the stationery store to see the owner. After considerable persuasion I succeeded in getting

an order amounting to a thousand dollars, the largest I had ever secured. Naturally I was very happy over it. While I was waiting for the man to fill out his order, I caught the headline of the newspaper lying on his desk: "ASSASSIN OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY AN ANARCHIST. CONFESSES TO HAVING BEEN INCITED BY EMMA GOLDMAN. WOMAN ANARCHIST WANTED."

By great effort I strove to preserve my composure, completed the business, and walked out of the store. At the next corner I bought several papers and went to a restaurant to read them. They were filled with the details of the tragedy, reporting also the police raid of the Isaak house in Chicago and the arrest of everyone found there. Isaak was then editor of the anarchistic *Free Society*. The authorities were going to hold the prisoners until Emma Goldman was found, the papers stated. Already two hundred detectives had been sent out throughout the country to track down Emma Goldman.

On the inside page of one of the papers was a picture of McKinley's slayer. "Why, that's Nieman!" I gasped. The same Nieman who had asked me for anarchistic literature some time ago at one of my lectures in Cleveland!

When I was through with the papers, it became clear to me that I must immediately go to Chicago. The Isaak family, Hippolyte Havel, our old comrade Jay Fox, a most active man in the labor movement, and a number of others were being

held without bail until I should be found. It was plainly my duty to surrender myself. I knew there was neither reason nor the least proof to connect me with the shooting. I would go to Chicago.

Stepping into the street, I bumped into V., the "rich man from New Mexico" who had managed my lecture in Los Angeles some years before. The moment he saw me he turned white with fear.

"For God's sake, Emma, what are you doing here?" he cried in a quavering voice. "Don't you know the police of the whole country are looking for you?"

While he was speaking, his eyes roved uneasily over the street. It was evident he was panicky. I had to make sure that he would not disclose my presence in the city. Familiarly I took his arm and whispered: "Let's go to some quiet place."

Sitting in a corner, away from possible eavesdroppers, I said to him: "Once you assured me of your undying love. You even made me an offer of marriage. It was only four years ago. Is anything left of that affection? If so, will you give me your word of honor that you will not breathe to anybody that you have seen me here? I do not want to be arrested in St. Louis—I intend to give Chicago that honor. Tell me quickly if I can depend on you to keep silent." He promised solemnly.

When we reached the street, he walked away in great haste. I was sure he would keep his word, but I knew that my former devotee was no hero.

When I told Carl I was going to Chicago, he said that I must be out of my senses. He pleaded with me to give up the idea, but I remained adamant. He left me to gather up a few trusted friends, whose opinion he knew I valued, hoping they would be able to persuade me not to surrender myself. They argued with me for hours, but they failed to change my deci-

sion. I told them jokingly that they had better give me a good send-off, as we probably should never again have an opportunity for a jolly evening together. They engaged a private dining-room at a restaurant, where we were treated to a Lucullan meal, and then they accompanied me to the Wabash Station, Carl having secured a sleeper for me.

In the morning the car was agog with the Buffalo tragedy, Czolgosz and Emma Goldman. "A beast, a bloodthirsty monster!" I heard someone say. "She should have been locked up long ago." "Locked up nothing!" another retorted. "She should be strung up to the first lamp-post."

I listened to the good Christians while resting in my berth. I chuckled to myself at the thought of how they would look if I were to step out and announce: "Here, ladies and gentlemen, true followers of the gentle Jesus, here is Emma Goldman!" But I did not have the heart to cause them such a shock and I remained behind my curtain.

Half an hour before the train pulled into the station I got dressed. I wore a small sailor hat with a bright blue veil, much in style then. I left my glasses off and pulled the veil over my face. The platform was jammed with people, among them several men who looked like detectives. I asked a fellow passenger to be kind enough to keep an eye on my two suitcases while I went in search of a porter. I finally got one, walking the whole length of the platform to my luggage, then back again with the porter to the check-room. Securing my receipt, I left the station.

The only person in Chicago who knew of my coming was my good friend Max Baginski, to whom I had sent a cautious wire. I caught sight of him before he saw

me. Passing him slowly, I whispered: "Walk toward the next street. I'll do the same." No one seemed to follow me. After some zigzagging with Max and changing half a dozen street-cars we reached the apartment where he and Millie ("Puck") lived. Both of them expressed the greatest anxiety about my safety, Max insisting that it was insanity to have come to Chicago. The situation, he said, was a repetition of 1887; the press and the police were thirsty for blood. "It's *your* blood they want," he repeated, while he and Millie implored me to leave the country.

I was determined to remain in Chicago. I realized that I could not stay at their home, nor with any other foreign comrades. I had, however, American friends who were not known as anarchists. Max notified Mr. and Mrs. N., who I knew were very fond of me, of my presence and they came at once. They also were worried about me, but they thought I would be safe with them. It was to be only for two days, as I was planning to give myself up to the police as quickly as possible.

Mr. N., the son of a wealthy preacher, lived in a fashionable neighborhood. "Imagine anybody believing I would shelter Emma Goldman!" he said when we had arrived in his house. Late in the afternoon, on Monday, when Mr. N. returned from his office, he informed me that there was a chance to get five thousand dollars from the *Chicago Tribune* for a scoop on an interview. "Fine!" I replied. "We shall need money to fight my case." We agreed that Mr. N. should bring the newspaper representative to his apartment the next morning, and then the three of us would ride down to police headquarters together. In the evening Max and Millie arrived. I had never before seen my friends in such a state of nervous excitement. Max reiterated that I must get away, else I

was putting my head in the noose. "If you go to the police, you will never come out alive," he warned me. "It will be the same as with Albert Parsons. You must let us get you over to Canada."

Millie took me aside. "Since Friday," she said, "Max has not slept or taken food. He walks the floor all night and keeps on saying: 'Emma is lost; they will kill her.' " She begged me to soothe Max by promising him that I would escape to Canada, even if I did not intend doing so. I consented and asked Max to make the necessary arrangements to get me away. Overjoyed, he clasped me in his arms. We arranged for Max and Millie to come the next morning with an outfit of clothes to disguise me.

I spent the greater part of the night tearing up letters and papers and destroying what was likely to involve my friends. All preparations completed, I went to sleep. In the morning Mrs. N. left for her office, while her husband went to the *Chicago Tribune*. We agreed that if anyone called, I was to pretend to be the maid.

II

About nine o'clock, while taking a bath, I heard a sound as if someone were scratching on the window-sill. I paid no attention to it at first. I finished my bath leisurely and began to dress. Then came a crash of glass. I threw my kimono over me and went into the dining-room to investigate. A man was clutching the window-sill with one hand while holding a gun in the other. We were on the third floor and there was no fire-escape. I called out: "Look out, you'll break your neck!"

"Why the hell don't you open the door? Are you deaf?"

He swung through the window and was in the room. I walked over to the

entrance and unlocked it. Twelve men, led by a giant, crowded into the apartment. The leader grabbed me by the arm, bellowing: "Who are you?"

"I not speak English—Swedish servant-girl."

He released his hold and ordered his men to search the place. Turning to me, he yelled: "Stand back! We're looking for Emma Goldman." Then he held up a photograph to me. "See this? We want this woman. Where is she?"

I pointed my finger at the picture and said: "This woman I not see here. This woman big—you look in those small boxes will not find her—she too big."

"Oh, shut up!" he bawled. "You can't tell what them anarchists will do."

After they had searched the house, turning everything upside down, the giant walked over to the book-shelves. "Hell, this is a reg'lar preacher's house," he remarked. "Look at them books. I don't think Emma Goldman would be here." They were about to leave when one of the detectives suddenly called: "Here, Captain Schuettler, what about this?" It was my fountain-pen, a gift from a friend, with my name on it. I had overlooked it. "By golly, that's a find!" cried the captain. "She must have been here and she may come back." He ordered two of his men to remain behind.

I saw that the game was up. There was no sign of Mr. N. or the *Tribune* man, and it could serve no purpose to keep the farce up longer.

"I am Emma Goldman," I announced.

For a moment Schuettler and his men stood there as if petrified. Then the captain roared: "Well, I'll be damned! You're the shrewdest crook I ever met! Take her, quick!"

When I stepped into the cab waiting at the curb, I saw N. approaching in com-

pany of the *Tribune* man. It was too late for the scoop, and I did not want my host recognized. I pretended not to see them.

I had often heard of the third degree used by the police in various American cities to extort confessions, but I myself had never been subjected to it. I had been arrested a number of times since 1893; no violence, however, had ever been practised on me. On the day of my arrest, which was September 10, I was kept at police headquarters in a stifling room and grilled to exhaustion from 10.30 A.M. till 7 P.M. At least fifty detectives passed me, each shaking his fist in my face and threatening me with the direst things. One yelled: "You was with Czolgosz in Buffalo! I saw you myself, right in front of Convention Hall. Better confess, d'you hear?" Another: "Look here, Goldman, I seen you with that son of a b— at the fair! Don't you lie now—I seen you, I tell you!" Again: "You've faked enough—you keep this up and sure's you're born you'll get the chair. Your lover has confessed. He said it was your speech made him shoot the President." I knew they were lying; I knew I had not been with Czolgosz except for a few minutes in Cleveland on May 5, and for half an hour in Chicago on July 12. Schuettler was most ferocious. His massive bulk towered above me, bellowing: "If you don't confess, you'll go the way of those bastard Haymarket anarchists."

I reiterated the story I had told them when first brought to police headquarters, explaining where I had been and with whom. But they would not believe me and kept on bullying and abusing me. My head throbbed, my throat and lips felt parched. A large pitcher of water stood on the table before me, but every time I stretched out my hand for it, a detective would say: "You can drink all you want,

but first answer me. Where were you with Czolgosz the day he shot the President?" The torture continued for hours. Finally I was taken to the Harrison street police-station and locked in a barred enclosure, exposed to view from every side.

Presently the matron came to inquire if I wanted supper. "No, but water," I said, "and something for my head." She returned with a tin pitcher of tepid water, which I gulped down. She could give me nothing for my head except a cold compress. It proved very soothing, and I soon fell asleep.

I woke up with a burning sensation. A plain-clothes man held a reflector in front of me, close to my eyes. I leaped up and pushed him away with all my strength, crying: "You're burning my eyes!" "We'll burn more before we get through with you!" he retorted. With short intermissions this was repeated during three nights. On the third night several detectives entered my cell. "We've got the right dope on you now," they announced. "It was you who financed Czolgosz and you got the money from Dr. Kaplan in Buffalo. We have him all right, and he's confessed everything. Now what you got to say?"

"Nothing more than I have already said," I repeated. "I know nothing about the act."

Since my arrest I had had no word from my friends, nor had anyone come to see me. I realized that I was being kept *incommunicado*. I did get letters, however, most of them unsigned. "You damn bitch of an anarchist," one of them read, "I wish I could get at you. I would tear your heart out and feed it to my dog." "Murderous Emma Goldman," another wrote, "you will burn in hell-fire for your treachery to our country." A third cheerfully promised: "We will cut your tongue

out, soak your carcass in oil, and burn you alive."

On the fifth day after my arrest I received a wire. It was from Ed, promising the backing of his firm. "Do not hesitate to use our name. We stand by you to the last." I was glad of the assurance, because it relieved me of the need of keeping silent about my movements on business for Ed's house.

The same evening Chief of Police O'Neill of Chicago came to my cell. He informed me that he would like to have a quiet talk with me. "I have no wish to bully or coerce you," he said. "Perhaps I can help you."

"It would indeed be a strange experience to have help from a chief of police," I replied, "but I am quite willing to answer your questions."

He asked me to give him a detailed account of my movements from May 5, when I had first met Czolgosz, until the day of my arrest in Chicago. I gave him the requested information, but without mentioning my visit to Sasha or the names of the comrades who had been my hosts. As there was no longer any need of shielding Dr. Kaplan, the Isaaks, or Hippolyte, I was in a position to give practically a complete account. When I concluded—what I said being taken down in shorthand—Chief O'Neill remarked: "Unless you're a very clever actress, you are certainly innocent. I think you are innocent, and I am going to do my part to help you out." I was too amazed to thank him; I had never before heard such a tone from a police officer. At the same time I was skeptical of the success of his efforts, even if he should try to do something for me.

Immediately following my conference with the chief I became aware of a decided change in my treatment. My cell

door was left unlocked day and night, and I was told by the matron that I could stay in the large room, use the rocking-chair and the table there, order my own food and papers, receive and send out mail. I began at once to lead the life of a society lady, receiving callers all day long, mostly newspaper people who came not so much for interviews as to talk, smoke, and relate funny stories. Others, again, came out of curiosity. Some women reporters brought gifts of books and toilet articles. Most attentive was Katherine Leckie of the Hearst papers. She possessed a better intellect than Nelly Bly, who used to visit me in the Tombs in 1893, and had a much finer social feeling. A strong and ardent feminist, she was at the same time devoted to the cause of labor. Katherine Leckie was the first to take my story of the third degree. She became so outraged at hearing it that she undertook to canvass the various women's organizations in order to induce them to take the matter up.

One day a representative of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* was announced. With joy I saw Max, who whispered to me that he could secure admission only in that capacity. He informed me that he had received a letter from Ed with the news that Hearst had sent a representative to Justus Schwab, whose saloon was then one of the most celebrated meeting places for radicals in New York, with an offer of twenty thousand dollars if I would come to New York and give him an exclusive interview. The money would be deposited in a bank acceptable to Justus and Ed. Both of them were convinced, Max said, that Hearst would spend any amount to railroad me. "He needs it to whitewash himself of the charge of having incited Czolgosz to shoot McKinley," he explained.

The Republican papers of the country had been carrying front-page stories con-

necting Hearst with Czolgosz, because all through the McKinley administration the Hearst press had violently attacked the President. One of the newspapers had cartooned the publisher standing behind Czolgosz, handing him a match to light the fuse of a bomb. Now Hearst was among the loudest of those demanding the extermination of the anarchists.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. "What a pity Ed's letter arrived too late! I certainly would have accepted the proposal. Think of the fight we could have made and the propaganda!"

"It is well you still keep your sense of humor," Max remarked, "but I am happy the letter came too late. Your situation is serious enough without Mr. Hearst to make it worse."

Another visitor was a lawyer from Clarence Darrow's office. He had come to warn me that I was hurting my case by my persistent defence of Czolgosz; the man was crazy and I should admit it. "No prominent attorney will accept your defence if you ally yourself with the assassin of the President," he assured me. "In fact, you stand in imminent danger of being held as an accessory to the crime."

I demanded to know why Mr. Darrow himself did not come if he was so concerned, but his representative was evasive. He continued to paint my case in sinister colors. My chances of escape were few at best, it seemed, too few for me to allow any sentimentality to aggravate it. Czolgosz was insane, the man insisted; everybody could see it, and, besides, he was a bad sort to have involved me, a coward hiding behind a woman's skirts. His talk was repugnant to me. I informed him that I was not willing to swear away the reason, character, or life of a defenceless human being and that I wanted no assistance from his chief.

The country was in a panic. Judging by the press, I was sure that it was the people of the United States and not Czolgosz that had gone mad. Not since 1887 had there been evidenced such lust for blood, such savagery of vengeance. "Anarchists must be exterminated!" the papers raved. "They should be dumped into the sea; there is no place for the vultures under our flag. Emma Goldman has been allowed to ply her trade of murder too long. She should be forced to share the fate of her dupes."

It was a repetition of the dark Chicago days. Fourteen years, years of painful growth, yet fascinating and fruitful years. And now the end! The end? I was only thirty-two and there was yet so much, so very much, undone. And the boy in Buffalo—his life had scarce begun. What was his life, I wondered; what the forces that drove him to this doom? "I did it for the working people," he was reported to have said. The people! Sasha also had tried to do something for the people in his attempt on Frick's life; and our brave Chicago martyrs, and the others in every land and time. But the people are asleep; they remain indifferent. They forge their own chains and do the bidding of their masters to crucify their Christs.

III

Buffalo was pressing for my extradition, but Chicago asked for authentic data on the case. I had already been given several hearings in court, and on each occasion the district attorney from Buffalo had presented much circumstantial evidence to induce the State of Illinois to surrender me. But Illinois demanded direct proofs. There was a hitch somewhere. I thought it likely that Chief of Police O'Neill was behind the matter.

The chief's attitude toward me had changed the behavior of every officer in the Harrison street police-station. The matron and the two policemen assigned to watch my cell began to lavish attentions on me. The officer on night duty now often appeared with his arms full of parcels, containing fruit, candy, and drinks stronger than grape-juice. "From a friend who keeps a saloon round the corner," he would say, "an admirer of yours." A matron presented me with flowers from the same unknown. One day she brought me the message that he was going to send a grand supper for the coming Sunday.

"Who is the man and why should he admire me?" I inquired.

"Well, we're all Democrats, and McKinley is a Republican," she replied.

"You don't mean you're glad McKinley was shot?" I exclaimed.

"Not glad exactly, but not sorry, neither," she said. "We have to pretend, you know, but we're none of us excited about it."

"I didn't want McKinley killed," I told her.

"We know that," she smiled, "but you're standing up for the boy."

I wondered how many more people in America were pretending the same kind of sympathy with the stricken President as my friends in the station-house.

Buffalo failed to produce evidence to justify my extradition. Chicago was getting weary of the game of hide-and-seek. The authorities would not turn me over to Buffalo, yet at the same time they did not feel like letting me go entirely free. By way of compromise I was put under twenty-thousand-dollar bail. The Isaak group had been put under fifteen-thousand-dollar bail. I knew that it would be almost impossible for our people to raise a total of thirty-five thousand dollars

within a few days. I insisted on the others' being bailed out first. Thereupon I was transferred to the Cook county jail.

The night before my transfer was Sunday. My saloon-keeper admirer kept his word; he sent over a huge tray filled with numerous goodies: a big turkey, with all the trimmings, including wine and flowers. A note came with it informing me that he was willing to put up five thousand dollars toward my bail.

"A strange saloon-keeper!" I remarked.

"Not at all," the matron replied. "He's the ward heeler and he hates the Republicans worse than the Devil."

I invited her, my two policemen, and several other officers present to join me in the celebration. They assured me that nothing like it had ever before happened to them—a prisoner playing host to her keepers. "You mean a dangerous anarchist having as guests the guardians of law and order," I corrected. When everybody had left, I noticed that my day watchman lingered behind. I inquired whether he had been changed to night duty. "No," he replied, "I just wanted to tell you that you are not the first anarchist I've been assigned to watch. I was on duty when Parsons and his comrades were in here."

Peculiar and inexplicable the ways of life, intricate the chain of events! Here I was, the spiritual child of those men, imprisoned in the city that had taken their lives, in the same jail, even under the guardianship of the very man who had kept watch in their silent hours. Tomorrow I should be taken to the Cook county jail, within whose walls Parsons, Spies, Engel, and Fischer had been hanged. Strange, indeed, the complex forces that had bound me to those martyrs through all my socially conscious years! And now events were bringing me nearer and nearer—perhaps to a similar end?

The newspapers had published rumors about mobs ready to attack the Harrison street station and planning violence to Emma Goldman before she could be taken to the Cook county jail. Monday morning, flanked by a heavily armed guard, I was led out of the station-house. There were not a dozen people in sight, mostly curiosity-seekers. As usual, the press had deliberately tried to incite a riot.

Ahead of me were two handcuffed prisoners roughly hustled about by the officers. When we reached the patrol wagon, surrounded by more police, their guns ready for action, I found myself close to the two men. Their features could not be distinguished: their heads were bound up in bandages, leaving only their eyes free. As they stepped to the patrol wagon a policeman hit one of them on the head with his club, at the same time pushing the other prisoner violently into the wagon. They fell over each other, one of them shrieking with pain. I got in next, then turned to the officer. "You brute," I said, "how dare you beat that helpless fellow?" The next thing I knew, I was sent reeling to the floor. He had landed his fist on my jaw, knocking out a tooth and covering my face with blood. Then he pulled me up, shoved me into the seat, and yelled: "Another word from you, you damned anarchist, and I'll break every bone in your body!"

I arrived at the office of the county jail with my waist and skirt covered with blood, my face aching fearfully. No one showed the slightest interest or bothered to ask how I came to be in such a battered condition. They did not even give me water to wash up. For two hours I was kept in a room in the middle of which stood a long table. Finally a woman arrived who informed me that I would have to be searched. "All right, go ahead,"

I said. "Strip and get on the table," she ordered. I had been repeatedly searched, but I had never before been offered such an insult.

"You'll have to kill me first, or get your keepers to put me on the table by force," I declared. "You'll never get me to do it otherwise."

She hurried out, and I remained alone. After a long wait another woman came in and led me upstairs, where the matron of the tier took charge of me. She was the first to inquire what was the matter with me. After assigning me to a cell she brought a hot-water bottle and suggested that I lie down and get some rest.

The following afternoon Katherine Leckie visited me. I was taken into a room provided with a double wire screen. It was semi-dark, but as soon as Katherine saw me, she cried: "What on God's earth has happened to you? Your face is all twisted!" No mirror, not even of the smallest size, being allowed in the jail, I was not aware how I looked, though my eyes and lips felt queer to the touch. I told Katherine of my encounter with the policeman's fist. She left swearing vengeance and promising to return after seeing Chief O'Neill.

Toward evening she came back to let me know that the chief had assured her the officer would be punished if I would identify him among the guards of the transport. I refused. I had hardly looked at the man's face and I was not sure I could recognize him. Moreover, I told Katherine, much to her disappointment, that the dismissal of the officer would not restore my tooth; neither would it do away with police brutality. "It is the system I am fighting, my dear Katherine, not the particular offender," I said. But she was not convinced; she wanted something done to arouse popular indignation

against such savagery. "Dismissing wouldn't be enough," she persisted. "He should be tried for assault."

Poor Katherine was not aware that I knew she could do nothing. She was not even in a position to speak through her own paper: her story about the third degree had been suppressed. She promptly replied by resigning; she would no longer be connected with such a cowardly journal, she had told the editor. Yet not a word had she breathed to me of her trouble. I learned the story from a reporter of another Chicago daily.

IV

One evening, while engrossed in a book, I was surprised by several detectives and reporters. "The President has just died," they announced. "How do you feel about it? Aren't you sorry?"

"Is it possible," I asked, "that in the entire United States only the President passed away on this day? Surely many others have also died at the same time, perhaps in poverty and destitution, leaving helpless dependents behind. Why do you expect me to feel more regret over the death of McKinley than of the rest?"

The pencils went flying. "My compassion has always been with the living," I continued. "The dead no longer need it. No doubt that is the reason why you all feel so sympathetic to the dead. You know that you'll never be called upon to make good your protestations."

"Damned good copy," a young reporter exclaimed, "but I think you're crazy."

I was glad when they left. My thoughts were with the boy in Buffalo, whose fate was now sealed. What tortures of mind and body were still to be his before he would be allowed to breathe his last! How would he meet the supreme moment?

"I did it for the people," he had said. I paced my cell trying to analyse the probable motives that had decided his purpose.

Suddenly a thought flitted through my mind—that notice by Isaak in *Free Society*!—the charge of "spy" against Nie-man because he had "asked suspicious questions and tried to get into the anarchist ranks." I had written Isaak at the time, demanding proofs for the outrageous accusation. As a result of my protest *Free Society* printed a retraction to the effect that a mistake had been made. It had relieved me and I had given the matter no further thought.

Now the whole situation appeared in a new light, clear and terrible. Czolgosz must have read the charge; it must have hurt him to the quick to be so cruelly misjudged by the very people to whom he had come for inspiration. I recalled his eagerness to secure the right kind of books. It was apparent that he had sought in anarchism a solution of the wrongs he saw everywhere about him. No doubt it was that which had induced him to call on me and later on the Isaaks. Instead of finding help the poor youth saw himself attacked. Was it that experience, fearfully wounding his spirit, that had led to his act? There must also have been other causes, but perhaps his great urge had been to prove that he was sincere, that he felt with the oppressed, that he was no spy.

But why had he chosen the President rather than some more direct representative of the system of economic oppression and misery? Was it because he saw in McKinley the willing tool of Wall Street and of the new American imperialism that flowered under his administration? One of its first steps had been the annexation of the Philippines, an act of treachery to the people whom America had pledged

to set free during the Spanish War. McKinley also typified a hostile and reactionary attitude to labor: he had repeatedly sided with the masters by sending troops into strike regions. All these circumstances, I felt, must have exerted a decisive influence upon poor Leon.

Throughout the night thoughts of the unfortunate boy kept crowding in my mind. In vain I sought to divest myself of the harassing reflections by reading. The dawning day still found me pacing my cell, Leon's beautiful face, pale and haunted, before me.

Again I was taken to court for a hearing and again the Buffalo authorities failed to produce evidence to connect me with Czolgosz's act. The Buffalo representative and the Chicago judge sitting on the case kept up a verbal fight for two hours, at the end of which Buffalo was robbed of its prey. I was set free.

Ever since my arrest the press of the country had been continually denouncing me as the instigator of Czolgosz's act, but after my discharge the newspapers published only a few lines in an inconspicuous corner to the effect that "after a month's detention Emma Goldman was found not to have been in complicity with the assassin of President McKinley."

Upon my release I was met by Max, Hippolyte, and other friends, with whom I went to the Isaak home. The charges against the comrades arrested in the Chicago raids had also been dismissed. Everyone was in high spirits over my escape from an apparently fatal situation.

"We can be grateful to whatever gods watch over you, Emma," said Isaak, "that you were arrested here and not in New York."

"The gods in this case must have been Chief of Police O'Neill," I said laughingly.

"Chief O'Neill!" my friends exclaimed. "What did he have to do with it?"

I told them about my interview with him and his promise of help. Jonathan Crane, a journalist friend of ours present, broke out into uproarious laughter. "You are more naïve than I should have expected, Emma Goldman," he said. "It wasn't you O'Neill cared a damn about! It was his own schemes. Being on the *Tribune*, I happen to know the inside story of the feud in the police department." Crane then related the efforts of Chief O'Neill to put several captains in the penitentiary for perjury and bribery. "Nothing could have come more opportunely for those blackguards than the cry of anarchy," he explained. "They seized upon it as the police did in 1887; it was their chance to pose as saviors of the country and incidentally to whitewash themselves. But it wasn't to O'Neill's interest to let those birds pose as heroes and get back into the department. That's why he worked for you. He's a shrewd Irishman. Just the same, we may be glad that the quarrel brought us back our Emma."

I asked my friends their opinion as to how the idea of connecting my name with Czolgosz had originated. "I refuse to believe that the boy made any kind of a confession or involved me in any way," I stated. "I cannot think that he was capable of inventing something which he must have known might mean my death. I'm convinced that no one with such a frank face could be so craven. It must have come from some other source."

"It did!" Hippolyte declared emphatically. "The whole dastardly story was started by a *Daily News* reporter who used to hang round here pretending to sympathize with our ideas. Late in the afternoon of September 6 he came to the house. He wanted to know all about a

certain Czolgosz or Nieman. Had we associated with him? Was he an anarchist? And so forth. Well, you know what I think of reporters—I wouldn't give him any information. But unfortunately Isaak did."

"What was there to hide?" Isaak interrupted. "Everybody about here knew that we had met the man through Emma, and that he used to visit us. Beside, how was I to know that the reporter was going to fabricate such a lying story?"

V

I urged the Chicago comrades to consider what could be done for the boy in the Buffalo jail. We could not save his life, but we could at least try to explain his act to the world and we should attempt to communicate with him, so that he might feel that he was not forsaken by us. Max doubted the possibility of reaching Czolgosz. He had received a note from a comrade in Buffalo informing him that no one was permitted to see Leon. I suggested that we secure an attorney. Without legal aid Czolgosz would be gagged and railroaded, as Sasha had been in the Frick case.

Isaak advised that a lawyer be engaged in the State of New York, and I decided to leave immediately for the East. My friends argued that it would be folly to do so; I should surely be arrested the moment I reached the city, and turned over to Buffalo, my fate sealed. But it was unthinkable to me to leave Czolgosz to his doom without making an effort in his behalf. No considerations of personal safety should influence us in the matter, I told my friends, adding that I would remain in Chicago for the public meeting that must be organized to explain our attitude to Czolgosz and his *attentat*.

On the evening of the meeting one could not get within a block of Brand's Hall, where it was to be held. Strong detachments of police were dispersing the people by force. We tried to hire another hall, but the police had terrorized the hall-keepers. Our efforts to hold a meeting being frustrated, I resolved to state my position in *Free Society*.

"Leon Czolgosz and other men of his type," I wrote in my article, entitled, "The Tragedy of Buffalo,"

far from being depraved creatures of low instincts are in reality supersensitive beings unable to bear up under too great social stress. They are driven to some violent expression, even at the sacrifice of their own lives, because they cannot supinely witness the misery and suffering of their fellows. The blame for such acts must be laid at the door of those who are responsible for the injustice and inhumanity which dominate the world.

After pointing out the social causes for such acts as that of Czolgosz, I concluded:

As I write, my thoughts wander to the young man with the girlish face about to be put to death, pacing his cell, followed by cruel eyes:

"Who watch him when he tries to weep
And when he tries to pray,
Who watch him lest himself should rob
The prison of its prey."

My heart goes out to him in deep sympathy, as it goes out to all the victims of oppression and misery, to the martyrs past and future that die, the forerunners of a better and nobler life.

I turned the article over to Isaak, who promised to have it set up at once.

The police and the press were continuing their hunt for anarchists throughout the country. Meetings were broken up and innocent people arrested. In various places persons suspected of being anarchists were subjected to violence. In Pitts-

burgh our good friend Harry Gordon was dragged out into the street and nearly lynched. A rope already around his neck, he was saved at the last moment by some bystanders who were touched by the pleading of Mrs. Gordon and her two children. In New York the office of the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* was attacked by a mob, the furniture demolished, and the type destroyed.

In no case did the police interfere with the doings of the patriotic ruffians. Johann Most was arrested for an article in the *Freiheit* reproducing an essay on political violence by Karl Heinzen, the famous '48 revolutionist, then dead many years. Most was out on bail awaiting his trial. The German comrades in Chicago arranged an affair to raise funds for his defence and invited me to speak. I gladly consented.

Returning to the Isaak home after the meeting, I found the proofs of my article. Looking them over, I was surprised by a paragraph that changed the entire meaning of my statement. It was, I was sure, no other than Isaak, the editor, who was responsible for the change. I confronted him, demanding an explanation. He readily admitted that he had written the little paragraph, "to tone down the article," he explained, "in order to save *Free Society*."

"And incidentally your skin!" I retorted hotly. "For years you've been denouncing people as cowards who could not meet a dangerous situation. Now that you yourself are face to face with one, you draw in your horns. At least you should have asked my permission to make the change."

It required a long discussion to alter Isaak's attitude. He saw that my view was sustained by the rest of the group—his son Abe, Hippolyte, and several others—whereupon he declared that he renounced all responsibility in the matter. My article

finally appeared in its original form. Nothing happened to *Free Society*. But my faith in Isaak was shaken.

On my way back to New York I stopped off in Rochester. Arriving in the evening, I walked to my sister Helena's place in order to avoid recognition. A policeman was stationed at the house, but he did not know me. Everyone gasped when I made my appearance.

"How did you get by?" Helena cried. "Didn't you see the officer at the door?"

"Indeed I saw him, but he evidently didn't see me," I laughed. "Don't you folks worry about any policeman; better give me a bath," I cried lightly. My nonchalance dispelled the family's nervous tension. Everybody laughed and Helena clung to me in unchanged love.

All through my incarceration my family had been very devoted to me. They had sent me telegrams and letters, offering money for my defence and any other help I might need. Not a word had they written about the persecution they had been subjected to on my account. They had been pestered to distraction by reporters and kept under surveillance by the authorities. My father had been ostracized by his neighbors and had lost many customers at his little furniture store. At the same time he had also been excommunicated from the synagogue.

My sister Lena, though in poor health, had also been given no peace. She had been terrorized by the police ordering her daughter Stella to appear at headquarters, where they had kept the child the whole day, plying her with questions about her aunt Emma Goldman. Stella had bravely refused to answer, defiantly proclaiming her pride and faith in her *Tante* Emma. Her courage, combined with her youth and beauty, had won general admiration, Helena said.

Even more cruel had been the teachers and pupils of the public school. "Your aunt Emma Goldman is a murderess," they had taunted our children. School was turned to a hideous nightmare for them. My nephews Saxe and Harry had suffered most. Harry's grief over the violent death of his hero was more real than with most of the adults in the country. He deeply felt the disgrace that his own mother's sister should be charged with responsibility for it. Worse yet, his schoolmates denounced him as an anarchist and criminal. The persecution aggravated his misery and completely alienated him from me.

Saxe's unhappiness, on the other hand, resulted from his strong feeling of loyalty to me. His mother and Aunt Helena loved Emma and they had told him she was innocent. They must know better than his schoolmates. Their boisterous aggressiveness had always repelled him; now more than ever he avoided them. My unexpected appearance and outwitting the officer on guard must have quickened Saxe's imagination and increased his admiration for me. His flushed face and shining eyes were eloquent of his emotion. He hovered near me all evening.

It was balm to my bruised spirit to find such a haven of love and peace in the circle of my family. Even my sister Lena, who had often in the past disapproved of my life, now showed warmest affection. Brother Herman and his gentle wife lavished attentions upon me. The imminent danger I had faced, which still threatened me, had served to establish a bond between my family and me stronger than we had ever felt before. I wanted to prolong my happy stay in Rochester to recuperate from the ordeal of Chicago. But the thought of Czolgosz tormented me. I knew that in New York I could make some effort in his behalf.

At the Grand Central Station I was met by my brother Yegor and the two chums who had spent that wonderful month with us in Rochester long before the Czolgosz misery. Yegor looked distressed; he had tried hard to find a place for me, but had failed. No one would rent even a furnished room to Emma Goldman. Our friends who happened to have a vacant room would not run the risk of my staying with them for fear of being evicted. One of the boys offered to let me have his room for a few nights. "No need to worry," I comforted Yegor. "I am taken care of for the present, and in the meantime I will find an apartment."

After a long search for a flat I realized that my brother had not been exaggerating. No one would have me. I went to see a young prostitute I had once nursed. "Sure, kid, stay right here!" she welcomed me. "I'm tickled to death to have you. I'll bunk with a girl friend for a while."

VI

The encouraging telegram I had received in Chicago from Ed had been followed by a number of letters assuring me that I could count on him for whatever I might need: money, help and advice, and, above all, his friendship. It was good to know that Ed remained so staunch. When we met upon my return to New York, he offered me the use of his apartment while he and his family would be staying with friends. "You won't find much changed in my place," he remarked, "all your things are intact in the room that is my sanctum, where I often dream of our life together." I thanked him, but I could not accept his generous proposal. He was too tactful to press the matter, except to inform me that his firm owed me several hundred dollars in commission.

"I need the money badly," I confided to Ed, "to send somebody to Buffalo to see Czolgosz. Possibly something can be done for him. We also ought to organize a mass meeting at once." He stared at me in bewilderment.

"My dear," he said, shaking his head, "you are evidently not aware of the panic in the city. No hall in New York can be had and no one except yourself would be willing to speak for Czolgosz."

"But no one is expected to eulogize his act!" I argued. "Surely there must be a few people in the radical ranks who are capable of sympathy for a doomed human being."

"Capable perhaps," he said doubtfully, "but not brave enough to voice it at this time."

"You may be right," I admitted, "but I intend to make sure of it."

A trusted person was dispatched to Buffalo, but he soon returned without having been able to visit Czolgosz. He reported that no one was permitted to see him. A sympathetic guard had disclosed to our messenger that Leon had repeatedly been beaten into unconsciousness. His physical appearance was such that no outsider was admitted, and for the same reason he could not be taken to court. My friend further reported that, notwithstanding all the torture, Czolgosz had made no confession whatever and had involved no one in his act. A note had been sent in to Leon through the friendly guard.

I learned that an effort had been made in Buffalo to obtain an attorney for Czolgosz, but no one would accept his defence. That made me even more determined to raise my voice in behalf of the poor unfortunate, denied and forsaken by everyone. Before long, however, I became convinced that Ed had been right. No one

among the English-speaking radical groups could be induced to participate in a meeting to discuss the act of Leon Czolgosz. Many were willing to protest against my arrest, to condemn the third degree and the treatment I had received. But they would have nothing to do with the Buffalo case. Czolgosz was not an anarchist, his deed had done the movement an irreparable injury, our American comrades insisted.

Most of the Jewish anarchists, even, expressed similar views. Yanofsky, editor of the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, went still further. He kept up a campaign against Czolgosz, also denouncing me as an irresponsible person and declaring that he would never again speak from the same platform with me. The only ones who had not lost their heads were of the Latin groups, the Italian, Spanish, and French anarchists. Their publications had reprinted my article on Czolgosz that had appeared in *Free Society*. They wrote sympathetically of Leon, interpreting his act as a direct result of the increasing imperialism and reaction in this country. The Latin comrades were anxious to help with anything I might suggest, and it was a great comfort to know that at least some anarchists had preserved their judgment and courage in the madhouse of fury and cowardice. Unfortunately, the foreign groups could not reach the American public.

In desperation I clung to the hope that by perseverance and appeals I should be able to rally some public-spirited Americans to express ordinary human sympathy for Leon Czolgosz, even if they felt that they must repudiate his act. Every day brought more disappointment and heartache. I was compelled to face the fact that

I had been fighting against an epidemic of abject fear that could not be overcome.

The tragedy in Buffalo was nearing its end. Leon Czolgosz, still ill from the maltreatment he had endured, his face disfigured and head bandaged, was supported in court by two policemen. In its all-embracing justice and mercy the Buffalo court had assigned two lawyers to his defence. What if they did declare publicly that they were sorry to have to plead the case of such a depraved criminal as the assassin of "our beloved" President? They would do their duty just the same! They would see to it that the rights of the defendant were protected in court.

The last act was staged in Auburn prison. It was early dawn, October 29, 1901. The condemned man sat strapped to the electric chair. The executioner stood with his hand on the switch, awaiting the signal. A warden, impelled by Christian mercy, makes a last effort to save the sinner's soul, to induce him to confess. Tenderly he says: "Leon, my boy, why do you shield that bad woman, Emma Goldman? She is not your friend. She has denounced you as a loafer, too lazy to work. She said you had always begged money from her. Emma Goldman has betrayed you, Leon. Why should you shield her?"

Breathless silence, seconds of endless time. It fills the death chamber, creeps into the hearts of the spectators. At last a muffled sound, an almost inaudible voice from under the black mask.

"It doesn't matter what Emma Goldman has said about me. She had nothing to do with my act. I did it alone. I did it for the American people."

A silence more terrible than the first. A sizzling sound—the smell of burnt flesh—a final agonized twitch of life.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

ELDER J. A. SCARBORO in the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock:

To watch and listen to the performances of mortal men like Nitzsch and Einstein, trying to measure the universe and tell us how large it is, or like Darwin, Huxley and their school trying to explain how, when and why life originated on this planet and running into a senseless drivel of impossible "hypotheses," and all of them posing as "scientists," is to provoke, and has provoked, laughter and ridicule in thinking minds. But the most ridiculous thing that has occurred in the educational realm in a hundred years is to see an army of 2x4 college professors swallowing these mentally indigestible hypotheses as "established facts" and rushing to the schools, colleges, press and rostrum to "educate" the people! If we should undertake to name the biggest fool of any age, it would be the fellow who has not sense enough to find out in a life-time of observation and experience that he is a fool.

CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES resumes its old place at the head of American holy cities:

Dr. A. F. Futterer, president of the Hollywood Bible Knowledge Society, brought a twenty-hour sermon to a close at 2 A.M., today, and claimed a world record. The tall, gray haired leader began to tell the story of the Bible at 6 A.M. Sunday and last evening passed the twelve-hour mark set recently by the Rev. C. Z. Brown, a Negro minister of Washington, D. C. His talk was illustrated by slides and motion pictures.

"I took no food and no liquids except lemon juice," he said, "and I felt better when I finished than when I started."

HANDBILL circulated in the same incomparable town:

ANNOUNCEMENT

SCRIPTURE VERSES FOR MEMORIZING

Boys and girls under 14 years of age—come and prepare yourselves to remember what God has said to you, for he talks through his word. You will be paid at time of recitation according to following rates:

John I—verses 1 to 5.....	5c
John III—verses 16, 17 and 18	5c
Genesis I—verses 1 to 5.....	5c
23rd Psalm (Shepard Psalm) ..	10c
Books of New Testament.....	10c
Job—2nd Chapter—verses 1 to 10	10c
91st Psalm—I to 15.....	15c
19th Psalm—I to 14.....	15c
27th Psalm—I to 14.....	15c
1st Corinthians—13th Chapter—verses 1 to 13.....	15c
10 Commandments (Exodus 20) verses 3 to 18.....	20c
Books of the Old Testament...	25c
31st Psalm—and Chapter—verses 1 to 24.....	25c
Hebrews—Chapters I & II—14th to 18th verses of each...	35c
119th Psalm—verses 1 to 176..	\$2.00
Westminster Catechism.....	\$2.00

Ask for Attorney Silas Alden Condict or for Reverend S. Sims, 1035 E. 52nd place—near Central avenue, Los Angeles, at 3 P.M. every Sunday.

THE Hollywood *News* on the progress of two worthy German families in the Land of Opportunity:

CHIEF DENIES SHIFT RUMORS

Bach Will Not Succeed Schubert as Head of Vice Squad, Claim

A report was current at the Hollywood police headquarters today that Raymond

A. Bach, new member of the vice squad, was being groomed to replace Sergeant Walter F. Schubert as head of the detail. Police Chief Roy E. Steckel emphatically denied any contemplated change.

"Bach is not going to take charge," Chief Steckel declared. "I am perfectly satisfied with Schubert's work in combating vice conditions in Hollywood."

COLORADO

THE celebrated Pueblo *Chieftain* on human ingratitude:

MANY UNEMPLOYED NOW ARE NOT SEEKING EMPLOYMENT

Where Are the Employment Seekers
When the *Chieftain* Offers \$12,000 In
Prizes and \$1.05 for Subscription?

With hundreds of people crying hard times the *Chieftain* decided to give cash or prizes to every one who takes part in this campaign, as their part to help the unemployed and at the same time gain circulation to help stimulate business.

Still today finds very few people taking part in this campaign where every candidate is paid \$1.05 for each subscription as it is turned into the office and at the same time giving them the chance to win either of eighteen big prizes absolutely free in exchange for spare time work.

Most of the ones who have tried have soon come in and gave up or have never been heard of after leaving the office. The ones who have given it up said the work was too hard but it is only natural for those people to be out of work for the things which are worth while very seldom come easy, but they do go to the ones who have ambition and energy.

These are the days which separate the worthwhile ones and the ones who are not worthwhile, for the more thrifty ones who can put over the things they start, now go to the front while the weaker ones are left trailing in the distance, and everyone appreciates the ones who are thrifty today.

Everyone who has a few spare minutes a day owe it to themselves to come to the *Chieftain* office or call 1955 and have the campaign explained without obligating them in any way.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Southern Churchman*:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

WILL THE PERSON WHO TOOK A NEW PANAMA HAT, with Parker Bridgett trade mark stamped inside, at the Alumni Luncheon at the P. E. Theological Seminary, commencement day, communicate with the Rev. W. S. Shacklette, 1323 Clifton street, N. W., Washington, D. C.? Also a new gray Summer felt hat from Epiphany Parish Hall, Washington, D. C., during the Diocesan Convention. I have the two old hats that were left.

GEORGIA

EDITOR W. B. TOWNSEND of the *Dahloga Nugget*:

When talking over the telephone to ye editor please put your mouth near the receiver, because he has lost some of his teeth and cannot hear so well.

INDIANA

SCIENCE and religion lie down together in the *Anderson Herald*:

IF YOU WANT COMFORT call me and make a date. Rheumatism, pruritis, kidney, bladder, prostate gland, diabetes, liver, stomach and many other troubles.

THE REV. M. M. WILES

Phone 2392-R. 1732 W. 9th St.
Call between 7 P.M. and 7 A.M.

MICHIGAN

THE celebrated Detroit *News* on the progress of the Noble Experiment in that great city:

A reported attempt to unionize blind pig bartenders into an organization with political implications, refusals to join being punishable by picketing and the resultant danger of police or Federal raids, is under investigation by Police Commissioner Watkins. The organization is affiliated with the Detroit Federation of Labor. Cooks and waiters in blind pigs, in addition to bartenders, are being solicited to

join, according to the reports. Operators who refused said they received intimations that their places would be picketed by men who would walk up and down in the street outside, bearing banners. This, they pointed out, would draw the attention of the authorities to the place and would inevitably result in a raid.

"If this thing goes over, the next thing will be union beer, I suppose," one blind pig operator complained. "Everyone in this business knows something about politics. We naturally figure that if such an organization is allowed to form, we probably had better join."

A bartender who went to headquarters said the organizer told him the union would attempt to fix a wage scale for bartenders. It would run to a maximum of \$50 to \$75 a week. The initiation fee is \$10 and dues are \$2 a month.

MISSISSIPPI

MORAL admonition in the *Webster Progress* of Eupora, in the heart of the B.Y.P.U. Belt:

Young people will have a good time, and in most cases there is no stopping of them when once they get started. If you drink likker, act reasonable, and stay within bounds (almost an impossibility), you hurt no one but yourself. But you courting couples who park after midnight in the residential sections of Eupora and break your empty bottles on the concrete should think about the tires on other folk's automobiles and the feet on other folk's little children. One slip of a bottle might be an excusable accident, but this bottle-busting is getting to be a habit. Think it over, you wild cats!

SCIENTIFIC news from the *Lexington Advertiser*:

Hunting for firewood in a wooded hollow by a landowner of Holmes county residing near Lexington has resulted in one of the most sensational discoveries ever made in this section of Mississippi. The name of the party is withheld owing to his inability to obtain options on surrounding land, owing to the value of the find.

According to this party he has found

acre upon acre of petrified hail stones, a source of perpetual refrigeration, as the ice nuggets vary in size from that of small peas to pieces as large as walnuts. The smaller ones can be used indefinitely for freezing ice cream and packing purposes, while the larger ones will cool tea, milk and water. After using the hail stones, they are washed off and placed back in the ice container. The petrified hail continues to hold its freezing qualities indefinitely, the landowner stating that he has used the same three hail stones to cool his tea for six months, and despite a few scratches on the trio of petrified nuggets, they are just as good as the day he first found them.

He has tested out the cooling properties in his refrigerator and the bucketful placed in the ice compartment has kept all food stored at the same temperature for months. As it does not melt, there are no ice cloths to wring out and no pans or drips to empty.

The petrified hail can be used for cooling purposes demanded in an automobile radiator, and when filled with the compound slightly crushed the cooling system of the engine never heats. One filling outlasts the life of the car. Hundreds of other uses have been found for the petrified substance. The petrified hail is found in a deep ravine, and the party believes that the other deep hollows in that section filled up with the hail many years ago during a blizzard that swept over this country in the Winter of 1841.

MISSOURI

CIRCULAR broadcast in the grand old town of Joplin:

LECTURE!

THE ORIGIN OF ADAM AND EVE

by

H. A. BIEDY

MYTHOLOGIST, LECTURER, AUTHOR

During nearly 60 years in the research of Antiquity, Mr. Biedy has discovered many of the hidden mysteries of Ancient lore. He will give a proven account of the Origin of ADAM AND EVE, who CAIN married, Where the Land of Nod, The Garden of

Eden, The Ur of the Chaldees were. Never yet before explained in Joplin.

AT THE NEW THEATRE
1514 Main Street
Sunday at 3:00 P.M., Sharp
ADMISSION, 25c

"If you miss it, You'll regret it,
If you hear it, You'll never forget it."

QUEBEC

CANADIAN Press dispatch from the great city of Montreal:

The Montreal police found a stolen house today and were preparing to arrest several persons said to be responsible for the theft. Alex. Deschenes, owner of the house, built it for himself some six years ago and furnished its four rooms. He left for the United States a year later and when he came back the furniture had been stolen. Police recovered this and Deschenes again left for the States. He came back the other day to find the house missing and tall grass growing where he thought he had built it. New streets had been built and the aspect of the district entirely changed, so, thinking he might be mistaken, he called detectives to his aid. A search of the district uncovered the house a mile away from where it had been built. It had been taken down, moved and put up in its new location by persons being questioned by the police.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

PROFESSIONAL card of a Mexican juriconsult:

*Get a Valid, Prompt,
Private, Painless and
Inexpensive Divorce,
Better Than a Reno's,
by Using*

My Professional Services

No personal appearance in consent cases.

DEAR SIRs:

The undersigned has gained a good reputation abroad as a devoted practitioner of matters for Americans in all its phases, and therefore, I want to interest you on the advantage of engaging my patronage when occasion arises in re: MEXICAN DIVORCES.

Now, it is well known that under Amer-

ican law the fact that both husband and wife are anxious to break the matrimonial bond is no reason at all for the granting of a divorce. Mexico, on the contrary, holds that the desire of both partners to a marriage contract to dissolve it, is the very best reason imaginable why it should be dissolved. If it is dissolved, say the Mexicans, each of the parties concerned may make a new and fruitful and happy marriage which would be of great value to the Nation.

Many Americans have secured Mexican divorces for the purpose of remarriage, and none of them, as far as I know, have encountered any trouble subsequently thereto. Look at the names of a few Americans who have taken advantage of the Mexican law recently: Homer S. Comings, Democratic Committeeman; Madame Alda, of opera fame; Frank Woodward, New York millionaire; Bruce Reynolds, another man of means; William Slavens McNutt, well known writer, etc.

Cases of mutual consent can be initiated and completely disposed of within a maximum period of two days; other cases require from 15 to 20 days, maximum.

Among the causes or grounds upon which a petition for divorce is admitted are found those of mutual consent and incompatibility; also through desertion.

References on my practice are furnished on request.

FRANCISCO ARCOVEDO GUILLERMO

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
CALLE 59 NUMERO 498
MERIDA, YUCATAN, MEXICO

THE eminent *Berliner Nachtausgabe* on the Americanization of Europe:

Was sie Zurücklassen.

Aus dem amtlichen Vahlenmaterial.

„Besatzungskinder“ in der Rhein-

provinz	3841
davon amerikanische Väter	1851
„ englische Väter	989
„ französische Väter	767
„ belgische Väter	199
„ farbige Väter	15
„ unbekannte Väter	20

A JEETER WEDDING

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

THERE was nothing about the dilapidated Jeeter farmstead to recommend it as a lodging place except its nearness to the schoolhouse and the fact that the Clay Creek teachers had always stayed there. The house was unpainted and eaveless, with a narrow front door that opened on to nothingness above a high stone foundation. There were hair-lined holes in the foundation where sleepy dogs crawled out of hiding to bark a time or two and wag their tails for visitors. A clay and cinder path led around to the littered back stoop and the one usable door.

Inside, the place was more cheerful, with checkered tablecloths, rag rugs, and the choicest farm calendars of the last decade.

There was a large family of Jeeters, but at the time I came to stay with them there were only five at home: the old mother, the two sons, a daughter, and a baby granddaughter. The other daughters, excepting the youngest, who was "working out" in a railway town "down the line a way," were married and lived on nearby farms. Before the first month was gone I met them all, big, blue-eyed, loud-voiced women, with the smell of the kitchen and the stable about them, and liked them well enough.

Ma Jeeter was a large woman with an enormous bosom that oozed down over the belt of her gray print dress and lay flat on her broad stomach. One of her eyes was gone. After I had been with her a while she told me how she came to lose it.

"It was the Spring I was carrying my third girl," she said. "I went out to holler the men-folks up for dinner and fell off the stoop and broke it on some bush stubs. I was scared it would mark the baby but it didn't. I don't miss it much. Pa always said I should have a glass one but we just never got around to send off for it."

One of her knees was stiff so that she could not bend her leg at all.

"I don't know that it was really broke," she told me. "I was milkin' a heifer, and she kicked me, and by night my leg was black to the hip, and poulticin' didn't seem to help it none, and when I could get up and bear my weight on it again, that leg wouldn't bend. It's eleven years since I been upstairs. It's hard to piece the quilts I've pieced and never see 'em on the beds."

Some days her leg hurt her and she used a crutch her older son had made for her of a piece of gas pipe, bent at one end, and made comfortable for her arm with a piece of carpet wound about it. She had two chins. The upper one was bearded, and lay darkly upon the doughish whiteness of the lower one. She was a good cook and a good talker, and I liked to sit on the edge of the cob box and watch and listen while she lurched about the room getting supper.

The elder son was a broad-shouldered man of thirty with an entirely bald head. He had an impediment in his speech. When strangers spoke to him he fixed his blue eyes on them, and puckered his mouth

and waited for the words he hoped to speak. While he waited a deep blush crept up over his baldness, and his Adam's apple rose and fell yearningly until the words came. In spite of his shyness and his speech difficulty, neighbors were always stopping their wagons to talk with him awhile.

The younger son was beginning his third year in the eighth grade of the school where I taught. He had the family good nature and was always willing to carry in the cobs for the stove.

Lena, the one girl at home, was the most quiet of the Jeeter women. She liked to get out of doors, and would spread up the beds, and do what sweeping she considered necessary, and be out about the stables, or in the cornfield with her brothers, early in the morning, leaving the cooking and the care of her two-year-old daughter to her mother. Cold Winter mornings she plodded about the barnyard in an old green coat of her brother's, her red petticoat whipping about her legs.

Ma told me about Lena one Saturday morning when I was helping her tie a comforter.

"Lena's been awful unlucky," she said. "The neighbors will tell you if I don't, and I'd sooner you'd git the straight of it. This child here ain't her first. The other was a boy; he's in a home in Omaha if he ain't been adopted out. I guess she'd sooner have kept him than this little one if she'd knowed what was comin'. She was workin' out in town then. The father was a married man but he liked her a lot, and he done what he could for her. He sent her to a hospital in Omaha to have it, which is more than any of the other girls can boast. It was a fine boy; weighed twelve pounds.

"This other fellow was our own hired man and a nicer man we never had on the place. He always shook his shoes out on a

paper after he'd been in the fields, and he'd go out on the stoop to smoke his pipe after supper even when it was cold, and he could play the organ too. He didn't seem put out, much, when Lena told him, and said he'd marry her, all right. The afternoon of the day she told him he took a load of grain to town and about nine o'clock the elevator man calls up and asks if that was our team tied up by the mill, and we never heard of him again.

"Some families has one weakness, and some has another. The Marshall boys is drunk half the time, and those Peaveys have six or seven kids that has been caught stealin'. I say a weakness is just a weakness and there's worse than the weakness this family's got. I don't say our girls didn't have their babies sooner than they should of, but they was awful good girls, and they's awful good mothers. All their husbands seem satisfied with 'em, even if some of 'em did rear up a little about marryin' 'em. You'll hear it said round here, maybe, 'There'll be a Jeeter weddin' if you don't watch out,' when they're guyin' a fellow, instead of sayin', 'There'll be a sheriff weddin'.' That ain't just. There was some dispute all right over some of the weddin's, but we had to call the sheriff for only one, and we got four girls married, and then, there's Evie ——"

II

Ma was almost certain to turn any conversation toward Evie, her best, smartest, and fairest daughter. I had not met Evie, but the school records, which showed that she had passed the county eighth-grade examinations the first try, and the fact that she had "worked out" three years without the breath of scandal coming near her, and the prettiness of her photograph on the living-room organ, upheld Ma's judgment.

There was a story Ma liked to tell about this favorite child. "The Kellys that Evie worked for before she went to town to work, is awful good workers, and awful good Catholics. That family will get up in the middle of the night to get their chores done so as to get to the early church meetin' in town on time, but they've had their share of bad luck the same as anybody. Three different times they've had their barn buildings struck by lightnin' and their house struck once. They got so scared of thunder-storms that they kept a candle burnin' in front of a saint picture in the hall upstairs, all fixed so it couldn't set the house afire.

"That was to keep the house from bein' hit, and burnin' that candle wasn't all they done. They went to a church in Omaha, or Sioux City, or some place, and had a special mass-meetin' put on against thunder and lightnin', and come home with a jarful of holy water they'd had blessed to keep the kids from bein' struck. One night Mrs. Kelly woke Evie up yellin', 'Evie! Evie! Go down and get the holy water', and Evie got up, and started downstairs, and she said it was enough to make your blood harden to see that candle puffin' up, and almost goin' out, and puttin' long shadders on the wall, and the lightnin' comin' about twice a minute, and the wind and the rain just terrible. She said it made her sick to her stummick.

"She went into the pantry and climbed up and reached for the jar of holy water, and just as she shut her hands on the jar, there come a flash of lightnin' like to blind, and a terrible clap of thunder right on it, and she lost her footin' and down she come and busted the jar to shivers and spilled all the holy water. That stuff musta cost more than good whiskey, and Mrs. Kelly was standin' at the top of the stairs jumpin' up and down, I guess, and yellin' 'Evie!

Evie! Bring that holy water!' and Evie, quick as a trigger, fills another jar, and screws the cap on it, that had been on the holy water jar, because it had a red streak on it to mark it, and wiped the water off the side of it with her gown, and goes runnin' upstairs and Mrs. Kelly grabs it and runs and sprinkles all the kids, and Evie gets back in bed and lays awake all the rest of the night so she'd be the first one down in the mornin' to sweep up the glass."

Lena sometimes seemed a little jealous of her mother's pride in Evie, but one Saturday morning when she was dusting the living-room she took Evie's photograph from its place on the organ and squatted down and held the picture where her little girl could look at it. "See!" she said, "That's your Aunt Evie. Ain't she purty? Say 'Aunt Evie!'" and there was honest family pride in her voice.

If Lena's child had a real name I never heard it. Her mother seldom spoke to her, but her uncles and her grandmother talked to her a great deal, and called her Babe. When anyone spoke to her she put her thin hands up over her face, palms outward, and whimpered shyly. I think Ma was secretly ashamed of this unJeeter-like bad nature and tried to make it look like playfulness by saying, when the child put her hands over her eyes, "Babe want to play peek? Come play peek with Grandma!"

That Fall I knitted the child a little red sweater. She was very proud of it and went about patting her stomach and saying "Pretty."

One evening shortly after the Christmas holidays I worked until dusk at the school-house. When I came in through the kitchen, Lena met my hello with a sad sniff, and a sullen stare. Babe was sitting in her high chair by the cupboard making

the weary sounds she made when she had cried a long time and was about to give it up. I took a match from the box on the warming-oven and went into the living-room to light the lamp. As I was feeling for the chimney I smelled the faint sour-dough smell that was Ma's and saw that she was huddled in her chair beside the base burner, crying. I knew that she wanted to talk to me.

"I am glad Pa died when he did," she began. "I'm glad he never lived till now. I was settin' here in this room the day he died, with the front door open to get a draft through, it was so hot. I was settin' right where the stove is now, shellin' a mess of peas, and all at once I heard Pa callin' me. I jumped up from where I was, and let the pan fall on the floor, and ran out the door and there was Pa staggerin' up to the stoop, and Evie and the baby was standin' lookin' at him with their eyes big, and awful scared for their Pa. And he look up at me breathin' hard and says, 'Ma, I'm took,' and sure 'nuf he was took, took with a stroke from workin' in the awful heat, and he sunk down with his back against the house and his legs stuck out stiff in front of him, and then little Evie, she come and stood up close, lookin' at him, and he opens his eyes, and sees her, and holds out his arms and says, 'Evie!' and then he give a shiver, and death comes on him, and he rolls up his eyes and flops over dead. But I'm glad he died when he did."

I waited with the chimney in my hand, knowing that some catastrophe more recent than Pa's death had fallen on the house.

"Light the lamp," she said at last, "and I'll show you the letter. I guess I don't need to make such a fuss about a thing that's happened so many times in this house. I guess I didn't have no reason to think she

was so much better than the rest of 'em, but I did think it, and after this long time she's been workin' out and got along so well, and everyone sayin' how nice she is. Some days I've set here and think how she'd maybe go awhile with some awful nice man, and get engaged, and have a ring. I always did wish I'd have one girl to be engaged, and then be married with the preacher out from town, and all the neighbors in, and a cake and everything, but I guess it's like I said; a weakness is a weakness and there's no use hopin' against it."

Evie's letter was brief:

Dear Mama—I guess you will be surprised. I am coming home in a couple of weeks to get married. I can't wait. Bill says he is willing we should get married right away and at home. He is a brakeman and has a good run.

Love,
EVIE.

Even the brothers seemed downcast about Evie's coming marriage. The bald one shook his head sadly when I got out the checker-board that night, and the younger one sniffled over his arithmetic. Lena slapped Babe when the child got between the lamp and her mending and Ma sat by the stove and sighed.

The gloom did not lift. Summoned by Ma, the daughters came over one at a time to mourn with her. When I came in at night I would find one of them sitting with her in the living-room, red-eyed with family sympathy. No one said, "I told you so," or "She's no better than the rest of us, and I always expected this to happen." Like Ma, they had loved her best, and believed that she would escape the shame they had each weathered so bravely, and come home some day to give them a fine Christian wedding, and save them from their sins.

III

Then one night, a week before they expected her, Evie came home. We were all in the living-room, and none of us had noticed the car driving into the yard. We all started up when the door opened and Evie came in, laughing, and stamping the snow from her shoes. "Made the mailman bring me out," she said, and her voice was not loud like the other girls' voices.

Her brothers got to their feet and stood looking at her. Ma made an indefinite gesture toward her crutch and dropped her hands back on to her lap. She was crying. Evie went to her and laid a pink cheek against her hair. "Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked. Ma nodded toward me, and mumbled an introduction, and Evie said, "Pleased to know you," and smiled brightly. Evie kissed them all and then the boys went out to the kitchen and I rose too, but Ma said, "No, you stay," and, turning to Evie, "It's all right. I told her. She knows how it is." Evie smiled at me again. "Sure, don't everybody run away. Lena, have you made me some gowns, or underthings, or anything?"

"No," said Lena, "and you don't need to be so smart about it."

Ma put her arm about Evie's little waist. "You still look real nice; that's something," she said. "If you'd have wrote that your patterns was still all right we'd have made you some clothes. We did talk about it, but the girls said likely you couldn't get into them, so we give it up. You won't need much. You wasn't plannin' on havin' anybody outside, was you?"

"Say," said Evie, "I'm going to have everybody, and a dress, and a veil, and a cake. Why, Ma, you didn't think I had to *make* Bill marry me, did you, that I was going to have a baby or anything?"

I thought Ma was fainting. She slipped

down from her chair, her stiff leg thrust out in front of her like a gray log, and closed her arms about her girl. "Evie, Evie," she sobbed. "My good baby!"

Into Evie's wedding preparations, the Jeeter women put all the dreams they had ever had of weddings. The sisters came by twos and threes now, and Babe had other children to play with. The boys brought a paperhanger out from town, and had the living-room repapered. I offered my room for a sewing-room, and after school hours I sewed too. The sisters never tired of admiring the engagement ring. Evie explained the letter over and over again.

"I said he was willing to marry me at home because I went to so much bother to coax him into letting us be married here, instead of in town where all his friends is. I said I couldn't wait because I was afraid he would change his mind, if we waited, and hold out for being married in town, and besides he's going to get a leave and he's getting passes on his railroad for us to take a trip. The lady where I worked would have give me a wedding but I wanted to come home."

Ma could not go up to my room to sew because of her leg, so she sat at the bottom of the stairway and basted the pieces the girls tossed down to her, and kept her many grand-children from getting in the paperhanger's paste. She and the girls called back and forth, and when a garment reached the trying-on stage Evie would be pinned into it and they would all go down to have Ma look it over.

Lena seemed no less happy than the rest. One day Evie found a picture in one of my magazines of a bridal party with a little tot in a Kate Greenaway costume carrying the ring in a lily, and called all the girls to come and look at it.

"We'll have it like that," she decided.

"Babe can carry the lily. Won't she look cute in a pink dress?"

"Aw, she's too little," Lena protested. "You'd better have one of the other girls' kids."

But Evie had decided. "Babe is the one I want," she said, and Lena blushed, laughed, and bent her head over her sewing, and the married sisters looked at Evie with all their love in their faces.

The wedding day was perfect. Snow had fallen in the night and much of the ugliness of the farmyard was hidden. The sisters and their families came for breakfast. The groom was there by ten and the guests began to arrive before eleven. Ma's bed in the downstairs bedroom could not hold all the gifts. Each guest put down his present with a gesture which said, "We've brought something pretty nice. We like the Jeeters and we like this wedding. In fact, this gift is as nice as it is to make up for all the gifts we should have brought the Jeeter girls at all the weddings there should have been."

The groom was a big, good-looking fellow. The men who had married Jeeter girls at very quiet Jeeter weddings shook hands with him and told him he was getting the pick of the lot.

A neighbor played a march on the organ and Evie came down from my room, very pretty in white satin and tulle. Lena's Babe went before her in bright pink taffeta, her slightly dingy underwear showing a little at the neck, the stem of the lily clasped in her thin fists. No lily in bloom had been found in the greenhouses of the two nearest towns, but the lily idea was not to be given up, so Lena, who was handiest with scissors, had cut one from crêpe paper, and fashioned it wondrously, bright green leaves and all, and one of the older girls had added the final touch by sprinkling it with sachet.

Though I stood across the room from Ma during the ceremony, I heard her breathing and saw her soft chins trembling. The daughter who had curled and arranged her hair had snipped off her beard, and dusted her well with pink powder so that she did not look like herself, but her teary blue eye was natural, and lively enough. Lena stood beside me, tall and proud, and kept her eyes on her little daughter. It was the happiest wedding I ever saw.

The dinner was Ma's particular triumph. Before they got past chicken and mashed potatoes the men of the party came out of the awed silence that had fallen on them when Evie first came down in her finery, and began to make good Clay Creek wedding jokes, and ask for second helpings. Babe set up a screech when they tried to take the lily away from her, so they let her keep it and she sat in her high chair and held the flower above her head with one hand while she stuffed food into her mouth with the other.

After dinner the bridal couple and most of the guests went out into the yard to take pictures. The groom carried the bride in his arms so that she would not soil her satin slippers that had cost her family half the price of a pig, and her youngest brother ran back to the stoop to get a prune box for her to stand on.

IV

I went up to my room but I was not alone long before the bride came up with all her sisters in tow. They had come to help her change into her traveling suit. One of the sisters had brought her baby with her. She sat down on the edge of my bed and began to nurse him. "You sure are hungry," she said, spanking him playfully. "Had to wait a long time, didn't you?"

The other girls stood about handing Evie pieces of clothing, laughing and talking in loud happy voices. Babe whined at the door and I let her in. She put the lily behind her and looked sullenly about her, fearing she would be sent away.

"You don't realize how lucky you are," the one with the baby said, "to start in housekeeping with nothing to worry about but keeping house."

They all laughed at this, remembering.

"Never you mind," one of them said, "she'll have something to worry about, like as not, before the year is done."

Evie's head came up through the opening of a brown twill skirt. Her hair was mussed and I noticed that her eyes were not quite the Jeeter blue, but darker and steely.

"I will not," she said without smiling. "I won't have one this year, or the next, or the next."

One of the girls laughed rather uneasily. "You just think you won't," boomed the one with the baby. Evie slipped her arms into the blouse one of them held for her and put out a hand on either side waiting for the cuffs to be buttoned.

"No, I don't just *think* I won't," she said slowly. "I know good and well that I won't."

The room went silent, and the baby noticed, and let go his mother's breast with a loud smack, and lolled his head back on the thick arm that held him, and looked at Evie with wide-open blue eyes. Babe, too, felt that something was wrong. She raised her cake-sticky face from my wrist where she had been listening to my watch, went to her mother, and thrust the paper lily up into her face. "Smell," she whined. "Pretty."

Lena took the lily in her red hands and tore it into pieces.

YORKTOWN, 1781

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

Books about war tend to turn it into something like chess. The metaphor is seldom accurate; to those engaged the actual fighting is a sort of chaos. To all except the higher command a campaign is a thing alternately of aimless and endless marches and of monotonous boredom in camp, of unbelievable fatigue aggravated by petty tyrannies but relieved by comradeship. The chess metaphor seldom fits even the generals. Almost always they must decide notwithstanding a thousand uncertainties, like a man playing blind man's buff for fearful stakes or condemned to scramble blindfold down a precipice. Again, they are like men shooting rapids in a canoe; a ripple on the water ahead may mean either a rock that will wreck them or one harmlessly deep in the water, and in an instant they must decide whether to chance going over it or to risk a wide and sudden sheer to one side. The responsibility is terrible and the hours go like minutes.

Nevertheless, there are occasional campaigns for which the metaphor of chess is not altogether inaccurate. Once in a hundred instances one side has such ample information of its enemy, such ease of movement and above all such freedom from ill fortune that its concentration is overwhelming and crushes the opponent as a master of chess crushes the beginner. Of this rare sort was the campaign of Yorktown in 1781.

With the Spring of that year the indecisive and desultory Revolutionary War dragged into its seventh year. In three years campaigning the British had failed; first in their large police operation against Boston, then to reconquer the revolted continent. Burgoyne's surrender had brought the French in, transforming the war into one between Great Britain and a coalition to which first Spain and then Holland had been added. Strategically, the American insurrection had thus become only one factor, although an important factor, in a world-wide naval struggle centering in Europe and extending not only to North America and the West Indies but also to the East Indian seas. But in three more campaigning seasons the coalition had failed to beat the British exactly as the British had previously failed to reconquer the colonies, and now both sides were beginning to feel the strain of the contest.

Notwithstanding the odds against her, time was somewhat on England's side in the general naval war; her commercial and financial strength permitted her to carry the heavy burden with a little less difficulty than her opponents. France, the center of the coalition, was handicapped by unwise fiscal policy. Especially in the American theatre time was working for the British, for all revolutions must depend upon enthusiasm, which will not burn indefinitely. The political and economic structure of the rebellion was ill suited to war. No strong center of author-

ity had been set up. Each State was wholly independent and the Continental Congress a mere advisory committee without power to tax. Before the war Britain had consistently forbidden colonial manufactures. All told, the finances of the rebels had gone from bad to worse. Inflation had so destroyed the value of their paper currency that even the little Continental Army could hardly be maintained.

The ragged handful of Continentals had been held together chiefly by the intellect and character of a single tall Virginian gentleman. The memory of Washington has passed through the stage of idolatry and will soon, let us hope, pass from that of silly slander and democratic envy. Research has proved him an educated soldier, and although of course not one of the world's great captains he was emphatically a competent leader of armies. Upon his courage, tenacity and wisdom everything had turned, and in contrast to the blundering of great France he had consistently handled his scanty resources so as to show each year some definite accomplishment.

But as the war dragged on, even Washington, as what were then his most secret letters show, was approaching despair.

II

On the other hand, although the unconquered presence of British troops in America seemed likely to wear down the rebellion, still those troops were always in peril, since their supplies must come overseas—in the empty America of the Eighteenth Century little could be picked up. No French squadron had been destroyed. Over the British commanders therefore hung the threat of the French fleet; even a local and temporary French command of the sea would put them in deadly peril. Nevertheless, the British, remembering

their naval victories in the last war and underestimating the admirals of Louis XVI, had lived so long under the threat that they were beginning to forget it.

The British naval strategy was bad. In the Board of Admiralty the unprecedented civilian majority of six as against only one sailor had scattered the British fleets and failed to keep up the strong "Western Squadron" which had been England's sheet anchor in the earlier Eighteenth Century wars. Such a squadron, based upon the southwestern English ports, had either kept the French Atlantic fleets in their harbors or had permitted the British to bring them to battle if they came out. Indirectly, it had assured the strangling of French sea-born trade, especially with the rich West Indian islands, which trade continued safely under convoy throughout the American Revolution. But especially it had blocked the great French dockyard of Brest. But throughout the American Revolution French fleets passed freely in and out of Brest and thence at the end of March there sailed Jean François Joseph, Marquis de Grasse-Tilly and Count de Grasse, with twenty-six sail of the line.

Like so many French commanders, from Gaston de Foix to Joffre and Foch, de Grasse was a Provençal. He took his title from the town back of Cannes among the mountains of the Riviera where tourist excursions go today to see the perfume manufactures. When well at sea, five of his line of battleships were under orders to part company and head for the Indian Ocean. With the remaining twenty-one he steered for the West Indies before the steady trade wind, to take command of the French ships awaiting him there. On March 29 he detached a frigate with a letter to Rochambeau, the commander of the French Expeditionary Force stationed for the last six months at Newport, R. I.

Throughout the war, the West Indies counted heavily in French calculations—naturally enough, for before the British blockade of Napoleon created the beet sugar industry of continental Europe, the sugar islands were gold mines of revenue. Moreover, French strength in the West Indies helped secure the Spanish colonies there, which was pleasing to the touchy susceptibilities of France's difficult ally, Spain. None the less, de Grasse wrote to Rochambeau that his numbers would suffice for offensive action, that if Rochambeau and Washington (under whose orders Rochambeau was) would write to him in Haiti suggesting a plan of operations he would coöperate. His stay on the American coast must be short; he could not come before mid-July and must sail for the West Indies again not later than mid-October. But meanwhile he would be at their disposal.

Between the writing of de Grasse's letter and its reception by Rochambeau, the military situation in the United States had been changed by a movement of great importance; Cornwallis had invaded Virginia.

For nearly three years there had been a sort of stalemate, summed up in the names of New York City and West Point. In Manhattan Island the British held the correct base from which to threaten the colonies. Defensively, while one controlled the adjoining waters the place was strong. Strategically, it covered the mouth of that long, magnificent and capitally important tidal estuary, the Hudson. It threatened the coasts both of New England and of the Middle Colonies. But the middle Hudson was barred by the rebel fortress of West Point, and while that strong padlock held the Highland barrier no reconquest of the body of the rebellion was possible.

Unable to attack West Point, the British had been content with worrying the rebels

by raiding here and there. Then they had supplemented this worrying policy by an effort to reconquer the South. Strategically, Georgia and the Carolinas were not of first importance. They contained only one considerable town, Charleston; even ten years later their population reached eighteen to the square mile only close by that city. Certainly three-quarters, perhaps seven-eighths, of the Colonials inhabited the coastal strip that included Massachusetts, Virginia, and the territory between. But for the British, unable to break the back of the rebel snake, it was something to try to eat it up, beginning with the tail.

On the whole, the British had been successful in the South. They had taken the ports, and in the interior their victories had outnumbered their defeats. But their success had been limited. The vast size of the empty region prevented its effective occupation. Most of the scattered people were less friendly to the royal than to the rebel troops. Rebel guerillas abounded and could not be put down. Even the little Continental Army in the South had not been destroyed.

So matters stood when late in April, 1781, Cornwallis, commanding for King George in the South, acting in this matter against the wishes—perhaps against the orders—of his chief, Sir Henry Clinton, carried the war into Virginia.

III

It is hard today to realize the importance of Eighteenth Century Virginia—for that matter, of Virginia down to Appomattox. Her people outnumbered those of any other Colony. They were also more patriotic, for although no campaign had yet approached them nevertheless Virginia led in furnishing soldiers for the Continental Army. The Virginian leaders were on the

whole wiser and certainly more esteemed outside their own borders than those of any other Colony. Cornwallis's march into the State was thus of the first political importance; it was an attack upon the region which, except for New England, was the active center of the rebellion.

Strategically, the move divided the royal troops in the Colonies into three separate bodies. The commander-in-chief in New York, Clinton, had little more than 9000 effective rank and file. The troops Cornwallis was leaving behind him in the South numbered nearly 11,000. He himself, when he should have joined a force already raiding in Virginia, would have about a little under 7000. Moreover, he would have no strong base. New York, as we have seen, was defensively formidable. Charleston, the base of the widely scattered southern detachments, was a considerable town and a place of some strength. Before the harbors of both cities ran bars which might hinder the approach of hostile French ships; that before New York harbor had already, in 1778, discouraged a French admiral. But the sea entrance to the Chesapeake was open and there were no large towns near its mouth; any base Cornwallis might establish he would have to fortify himself.

The dates of his long march show how completely he had cut himself off from the British troops still in the far South. Leaving Wilmington, North Carolina, on April 25, he reached Virginian Tidewater at Petersburg, some 225 miles away, only on May 20. At that, his war-hardened command had done an average of just under seven miles a day for thirty-one days over the unmade roads—not bad marching. He found the British raiding force at Petersburg under the command of Benedict Arnold; he took over the joint command of his own and the traitor's con-

tingents. In January Arnold's force had plundered Richmond. Some British line of battleships (watching Newport from an anchorage in Gardiner's Bay, east of Long Island) having been damaged by a storm, the little French fleet in Newport had sailed for the Chesapeake to cut Arnold off. Its sailing, however, had been unwisely delayed, the British had been able to refit, had outsailed the French, and after an indecisive sea fight the latter had returned to Newport.

Arnold now went back to New York. Cornwallis raided deep into the country. In front of him there was only Lafayette with a thousand Continental regulars and a small and constantly changing militia force. In spite of the patriotism of the Virginians their militia had never been well organized and equipped because the State had never before been threatened. "The boy cannot escape me," wrote Cornwallis. The boast was not made good. The young Frenchman was able to keep his little force in being and at the same time to prevent the British from dispersing too widely. When Cornwallis in mid-June turned eastward to Richmond, and thence eastward again to the Chesapeake to hear from his chief, Clinton, Lafayette followed, skirmishing constantly.

On June 9, while Lafayette in Virginia was falling back before Cornwallis, de Grasse's letter of March 29 reached Rochambeau in Newport, and four days later reached Washington's headquarters west of the Hudson near West Point. Washington and Rochambeau, hopeful of de Grasse's coming but as yet ignorant of Cornwallis's move to Virginia, had already agreed to attack New York. Could they take that entrenched camp they might end the land war in America. At least their attack would prevent further reinforcement from Manhattan to the British in the

South. Washington was more eager to attempt New York than Rochambeau, who doubted the chances of success, but the Frenchman would coöperate loyally.

Since that agreement the allied commanders had learned of Cornwallis's march. In Virginia he was far nearer their own northern posts than in the Carolinas and was therefore an alternative target at which they might strike. Of the two objectives, Washington was still for attacking New York as the more important; Rochambeau preferred Cornwallis as the easier game. Accordingly, Rochambeau's official dispatch to de Grasse asked the latter to come to New York in accordance with Washington's wishes. At the same time the dispatch recommended de Grasse's looking into the Chesapeake on his way to New York; there might be a chance of an important success there. Also Rochambeau sent de Grasse a private letter saying that he himself preferred the Chesapeake to New York.

In preparation for de Grasse's coming, Washington's army moved down the Hudson toward New York and early in August was joined at Dobbs Ferry by the French Expeditionary Force marching from Newport. Here they were ready to begin the siege of New York, and they went also that nearer to the Chesapeake, should it become their objective. The choice between the two lay with de Grasse. The heavy French siege guns were to go in transports from Newport under convoy of the French naval detachment there.

Steering westward before the trade wind, de Grasse anchored on July 26 at Cape François, now Cape Haitien, in Hayti, where Rochambeau's dispatch and private letter awaited him. As between New York and the Chesapeake, with his limited time he preferred the shorter distance. He considered also the easier pilotage of its entrance; with heavy, square-rigged Eight-

eenth Century battleships, it was no joke to attempt a bar under opposition. Promptly deciding for the Chesapeake, he as promptly wrote to Rochambeau.

De Grasse's every move was wise, rapid and vigorous. There was a large, rich fleet of French merchantmen ready to sail for France, but rather than weaken himself by detaching ships to convoy them he held them all at Cape François to await his return. In mercantile England it was afterwards said that any British admiral would have been cashiered for such an order and any British government would have been voted out for sustaining him. De Grasse borrowed 3000 troops from the French governor of Cape François. He prevailed over the narrowness and timidity of Spanish policy so far as to persuade a Spanish admiral to anchor there and secure the place while the French fleet should be absent. Knowing the United States' want of money, he borrowed £15,000 in specie from the Spanish Governor of Havana. Sailing on August 5, to make his coming more secret he steered not the usual course by the open ocean east of the Bahamas but by the Old Bahama Channel between Cuba and the Great Bahama Bank, then northward with the Gulf Stream between Florida and the Bahamas.

IV

Meanwhile, ignorant of the blow about to fall, the British generals were preparing disaster. There was bad blood between Clinton and Cornwallis. Clinton's somber views had grated on the optimism of Germaine, who as Minister for the Colonies was directing the war policy of the British Cabinet. Therefore when Cornwallis on leave in England had intrigued with Germaine the latter had listened willingly to this energetic and more sanguine gen-

eral. Accordingly Cornwallis, confident of ministerial support against Clinton at need, had on his own responsibility marched into Virginia. He was at odds with his chief as to strategy, disapproving of Clinton's raiding policy and desiring to make the Chesapeake the main seat of war even at the cost of abandoning New York, whereas Clinton was convinced of the importance of New York and thought little of the Chesapeake.

At best, to combine the movements of two widely separated Eighteenth Century armies was not easy; in the present case all communication must go more than 250 miles by water. This, added to the personal friction, bred confusion. Doubtless not sorry to clip the wings of his unwise and ambitious subordinate, always disapproving Cornwallis's desire for extensive Chesapeake operations, and really alarmed for New York by the approach of Washington and Rochambeau, Clinton began by directing the return of a part of Cornwallis's troops. On the other hand, he hesitated to press Cornwallis, well knowing that if he did so and matters subsequently went wrong he might be blamed for interfering with the court favorite. Accordingly, his letters were not peremptory but conditional, so that Cornwallis had some excuse for bewilderment.

On his side, that usually energetic soldier was probably at heart contemptuous of his chief, and certainly both sluggish and consistently unwise throughout. Through the resulting fog only one point was clear: if anything solid was to be done in the Chesapeake a naval base of some defensive strength must be established there. Portsmouth south of the James river was rejected as unhealthy, Old Point Comfort as too low and because the deep water in its front was too wide to be commanded by shore batteries. Late in July Cornwallis

finally decided upon Yorktown and at last on August 22 the rearguard of the troops from Portsmouth joined their comrades digging trenches by the York river.

As early as mid-June Clinton had warned Cornwallis that de Grasse might come during the hurricane season, but he had written confidently enough, saying that when the French admiral "hears that you have taken possession of York river . . . then their first efforts will be in this quarter." But nothing need be feared, for Rodney, the British admiral in the West Indies, "will of course follow him hither."

Rodney was doing nothing of the sort; he was going back to England for his health. Knowing that de Grasse was headed for the continent but not dreaming that the French would move in such force, the British admiral sent northward only fourteen sail of the line. As an afterthought Rodney ordered six British battleships at Jamaica to join the fourteen; but their commander disobeyed and remained.

On August 14 de Grasse's dispatch saying that he would come to the Chesapeake reached Washington and Rochambeau. These last must now spring the trap on Cornwallis from the land side while de Grasse held the water. An ultra-personal point, of a sort only too common in the French services under Louis XVI, threatened to mar the plan; de Grasse had been promoted over the head of de Barras, the French commodore in Newport, whose eight ships must convoy Rochambeau's siege guns to the Chesapeake. De Barras therefore, doubting whether it was consistent with his honor to serve under his former junior, talked of cruising by himself off Newfoundland! But he was successfully cajoled and when he did move he acted wisely, making a wide circuit east of Bermuda to avoid falling in with the British during his voyage.

Washington's business now was to march southward, covering the beginning of his movement by alarming Clinton for New York. Leaving less than 4000 men to hold West Point, Washington's remaining 2000, with Rochambeau's 5000 French, crossed the Hudson into New Jersey. Every precaution was taken to simulate either an attack on Staten Island or an occupation of Sandy Hook as if to help the French fleet attack New York. Opposite Staten Island a complete French army bakery was set up. The troops themselves were not told their destination and for ten days from the beginning of the movement on August 19 the subordinate officers were betting one way and another. Not until the thirtieth, when the troops were marched from Brunswick and Bound Brook to Princeton, did the army know that it was headed for Virginia. Only on September 2 was Clinton in New York convinced that Washington was moving not against him but against Cornwallis. Meanwhile, the Continentals were passing through Philadelphia in a dust like a "smothering snowstorm". Next day came the French, splendid in their white uniforms faced with green. They held a review for Congress and then continued southward.

Washington, anxious lest Cornwallis retreat overland in time to North Carolina or that the British fleet might outstrip de Grasse and permit escape by sea, was also troubled by the want of hard money to pay his troops. Already in the Spring the Pennsylvania regiments, their rank and file mostly foreigners, had mutinied. It was politically risky to move the New York and especially the New England regiments so far from their homes. Rochambeau had a full military chest, and Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, had tried again and again to borrow \$20,000 in specie from him, but Rochambeau, with French

caution as to money, had so far refused to lend. Now, as the Frenchman rode with Morris from Philadelphia down the bank of the Delaware toward Chester, they met a courier hurrying from the South. De Grasse was in the Chesapeake! In his enthusiasm Rochambeau consented to the loan so that Washington's Continentals could receive a month's pay in real money.

On September 6, at the head of the Chesapeake, Washington was able to announce in a general order not only the good news about cash but also the all important arrival of de Grasse in the lower bay.

V

At sea as on land, everything had gone wrong for the British. Several dispatches between their admirals in New York and the West Indies had been lost, particularly one from Rodney saying that his reinforcement would steer first for the Virginia Capes, and asking that cruisers should wait there with reports of the situation. Therefore when the fourteen ships sent by Rodney reached the Chesapeake they found it empty not only of the French but also of the desired information. They had out-sailed de Grasse, who was now approaching, but this they did not know. Also they seem to have known nothing of Cornwallis nor he of them.

Accordingly, the reinforcement commander, Hood, made what was in his ignorance the reasonable decision to continue on for New York, the British naval and military headquarters in America. Two British frigates remained in the entrance with orders not to anchor but to keep standing to and fro under sail and to make for New York with all speed should the French appear. Both cruiser-captains disobeyed. Both were anchored when on August 30 appeared the innumerable white

sails of de Grasse's great fleet. Neither escaped to carry the news to New York; one was captured and the other driven up the York river to Cornwallis. De Grasse with his great fleet of twenty-eight of the line, his frigates and his transports, anchored inside Cape Henry.

The arrival and formidable numbers of the French were promptly reported to Cornwallis. For the moment he was still free to retreat by land. It was true that he had put the broad reaches of the lower James between himself and the direct road of the Carolinas; indeed, his posting himself north of the James was afterward condemned as the capital error of the campaign by a Virginian of experience in war whose name was Robert Edward Lee. But even from Yorktown Cornwallis could at first have moved up to Richmond and crossed there, brushing aside Lafayette's little force had the latter tried to bar his way. The long march would have worn him down but he could doubtless have saved the bulk of his command. He might have tried to crush Lafayette, although throughout the Revolution British regulars, with their wagon trains, were seldom able to catch retreating Americans. Moreover, if Lafayette again led him a long chase he would again lose touch with Clinton and the Navy. Trusting in Clinton and the British fleet, he did nothing but continue to dig.

De Grasse and Lafayette were not long in narrowing the doorway to retreat. By September 2 the troops from the West Indies were already beginning to land on the north bank of the lower James; the active Lafayette had been quick to concert measures. By one of the many ironies of history a part of this force which was to help destroy British rule in the United States landed at Jamestown Island, where the first British settlement in America had stood

nearly 200 years before. The concentration of Lafayette and of de Grasse's troops under St. Simon and their combined advance to Williamsburg, a dozen miles from Yorktown, was not completed until September 7. Meanwhile, Cornwallis's patrols, seeing the French ships standing out from the bay, knew that a British fleet was attempting their relief.

Arriving at New York, astonished to find that only his own advanced cruisers had brought the news of his and de Grasse's sailing, Hood put himself and his fourteen battleships under Admiral Graves, his senior who commanded there. As yet neither de Grasse's position, numbers or intention were known. Nor was Clinton yet convinced that Washington and Rochambeau were moving against Cornwallis and not against himself. Nevertheless, Cornwallis's danger was clear, and as it was known that de Barras had sailed with his eight ships from Newport, Graves decided to sail for the Chesapeake in the hope of cutting off de Barras before the latter could join de Grasse. Graves could add only five of the line to Hood's fourteen. Sailing from New York with his nineteen on August 31 (the day after de Grasse had made the Chesapeake) Graves found there on September 5, not de Barras's little force, which was still at sea, but the great numbers of the main French fleet. Four of the latter's ships were blocking the York river and covering St. Simon's landing. With the remaining twenty-four, mounting all told eighteen hundred guns to the fourteen hundred in Graves' nineteen ships, de Grasse stood out to sea, content to keep Graves in play outside until de Barras should come.

As usual with British sailors throughout the war, Graves's attack was dashing but clumsy. There was an indecisive cannonade, from which the British naturally suf-

ferred the more and drew off to repair damages. One ship had been so pounded that she had to be abandoned and sunk. De Grasse returned to the Bay to find de Barras and with him Rochambeau's siege guns. The French anchored inside Cape Henry, blocking the channel, and on September 11 the British, too much cut up to justify renewing the action against such odds, bore up for New York to refit.

Cornwallis learned first that de Barras had come in during de Grasse's absence, then that de Grasse himself had returned. The British fleet had failed. Cornwallis knew also that Washington was coming down upon him, and that his own works were not finished. But for the moment he was still superior by land. His effective rank and file numbered more than 5300, perhaps nearly 6000; while at Williams-town the allies had little more than 4000, for not all St. Simon's men had been landed. Moreover, the British troops were of excellent quality, whereas St. Simon's were weakened by long sojourn in the soldier's hell of the West Indies. Finally, the ground in front of Williamstown is cut by ravines favorable for attack.

Washington and Rochambeau's movement down the Chesapeake had been halted during de Grasse's absence. It was now pushed with all speed. At the head of the Bay the vans of both French and Americans were embarked in light craft, probably in Chesapeake Bay bugeyes, whose sloping masts and long bowsprits still characterize that water. The rest marched down the western shore to Baltimore and Annapolis and embarked there in frigates sent by de Grasse. By September 18 the first of Rochambeau's units were landing on the James south of Williamsburg; by the twentieth the first of Washington's. The trap was sprung. Washington and Rochambeau themselves had

ridden ahead of the troops, reaching Williamsburg on the fourteenth. Thence they went by water to consult with de Grasse and obtained the latter's promise to remain until the end of October. The insurrecto chieftain, boarding de Grasse's magnificent great flagship, the *Ville de Paris*, under the white flag of the Bourbons flapping its silver lilies overhead, must have cut no great figure, but Washington had a way of impressing people.

On September 26 the last units were concentrated at Williamsburg and on the twenty-eighth the united army under Washington advanced to within a couple of miles of Yorktown.

VI

A siege is always calculable in time. At the longest, a place once blockaded and not relieved must surrender when its provisions are gone. Meanwhile, over and above blockade, the besieger seeks to shorten resistance, both to lessen the chances of relief and to free his besieging troops for operations elsewhere.

On September 8 Cornwallis had written to Clinton that he had provision for six weeks and would be very careful of it. The allies had every advantage. They heavily outnumbered Cornwallis, whose effective file were only 3000 British regulars, 1400 Germans and 600 American Tories, 5000 all told, whereas the American Continentals numbered 5500, the French 7000, and 3000 Virginian militia brought the allied total up to 15,000. Furthermore, in trench warfare artillery is of great effect and in this arm the allies, thanks to the French siege train from Rhode Island and also to Washington's care for his artillery, were greatly superior.

York river runs wide and deep far into the land, but some half dozen miles from

its mouth a point called Gloucester Point thrusts out from the northern bank to within half a mile of the southern. Opposite this the southern bank rises some sixty feet in an ochre colored bluff, and there, encircled by ravines which left an isthmus of level approach only some 200 yards wide, the little town of York stood. The trenches of Cornwallis's inner position ran just outside the place and on their parapets the earth showed fresh, for they were newly dug. On his arrival in August he had begun his digging at Gloucester, and when he had begun on the Yorktown side he had worked chiefly at certain detached redoubts. On the west and south these were no less than 700 yards from his inner line; the two on the southeast were just under 300.

To observe Gloucester the allies had 1500 Virginia militia, whom they reinforced on September 28 by 600 French troops, and a few days later by 800 French marines from the fleet. In front of Yorktown, Washington had the right or eastern flank with Rochambeau to the west.

On September 29 the allies moved forward toward the British outworks as Cornwallis was reading a hopeful letter from Clinton which had run the French blockade, promising that twenty-three sail of the line and 5000 troops would soon leave New York for his relief. Thereupon Cornwallis inexplicably decided to give up his strong southern redoubts, keeping of his advanced works only those near the bank above and below the town. Next day, therefore, the allies peaceably occupied the abandoned redoubts and prepared to start regular approaches from the south and southeast. Sandbags and stakes were made ready, also gabions—wicker-work cylinders which could be filled with earth and rolled forward to protect the advanced working parties.

There was some delay through shortage of teams to drag the heavy siege guns over the eight sandy miles from their disembarkation point by the James, but on the night of October 6 the first parallel was begun. Its left, south of the town near the head of the ravine, was within 600 yards of the British lines; on its right as it neared the river bank it was withdrawn to 800 yards because of the two advanced redoubts still held by the besieged in that quarter. By daylight the trenches were everywhere deep enough to cover the fatigue parties. On October 9 bombardment was opened upon the town, so hotly that Cornwallis presently shifted his headquarters to a cave at the foot of the bluff. On the besiegers' extreme left a French battery played upon the British shipping in the river.

On October 11, across the level isthmus south of the town and three hundred yards from the British lines, the second parallel was begun. On the night of the fourteenth the two advanced redoubts southeast of the place were stormed with bayonets fixed and unloaded muskets. That on the river bank was carried by an American detachment from Lafayette's division under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Hamilton of New York. By morning both works had been included in the new second parallel. "My situation now becomes very critical," wrote Cornwallis to Clinton. Active foraging during September had increased his stock of provisions but he was fast losing men, both from the bombardment and from sickness in the cramped quarters to which the fire had driven them. On the night of October 15 a British sortie succeeded in spiking seven guns, but within six hours they were firing again.

A last forlorn hope remained to Cornwallis. Since de Grasse, unwilling to risk

his ships, had refused Washington's request that a few of them should run the narrows into the upper river, the abundant British boats were still free to go to and from above the narrows. Accordingly, men could still be transferred to the Gloucester side to attack with superior numbers the allies there. This force once defeated, the British might then either strike northward toward Clinton in New York or southward by Richmond toward the Carolinas. It was a desperate measure with little hope of success; nevertheless on the night of October 16 Cornwallis attempted it. About midnight, after some of the troops had already crossed, a squall of wind and rain broke up the movement and toward morning those already at Gloucester were ordered to return.

By this time Cornwallis's effective rank and file were hardly more than 4000; nearly 2000 were wounded or sick. Before noon of October 17—the fourth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender—two red coated figures mounted the British parapet; one a drummer who began to beat a parley, the other an officer who advanced, waving a white handkerchief. Through him, Cornwallis asked a twenty-four hours armistice to settle terms of surrender; Washington granted two hours, Cornwallis was in no position to haggle; aside from the safety of the American Tories with the British, the one point hotly discussed was the honors to be granted the surrendering troops. The American commissioners insisted that the British must march out with colors cased and their field music playing neither a French nor an American tune. This, said the British, is a harsh article. Yes, replied the Americans, it is indeed a harsh article, but those are precisely the terms you gave

our people who surrendered to you last year at Charleston. There was nothing more to be said.

At two o'clock on October 19 the last scene was played. Some anonymous but inspired Britisher remembered an old British march appropriately called "The World Turned Upside Down," and to this air the garrison marched out. Washington delegated the fat Lincoln, who had had to surrender at Charleston, to represent him and receive the captured commander's sword. Cornwallis said he was ill, refused to be present and left the disagreeable task to a subordinate, Brigadier-General O'Hara of the Guards.

Clinton and Graves reached the Virginia Capes only on October 24. There they hung about for a few days until, convinced at last that Cornwallis had surrendered, they sailed back to New York.

VII

Toward the end of a prize-fight when both boxers are tired a decision is often reached without a knockout. A single heavy blow is enough to convince the receiver that it is no use going on. So it was here. The rank and file surrendered at Yorktown were less than 6000, but when the news reached England George III's Prime Minister, Lord North, exclaimed that all was over. It remained to be seen whether France and Spain would continue the war in the hope of inflicting still more damage upon England. But next year Rodney's defeat and capture of de Grasse in the West Indies, together with the failure of the Franco-Spanish attacks on Gibraltar, prepared the peace.

In America Yorktown had ratified Saratoga and independence was won.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Anthropology

THE INVENTIVENESS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

By ROBERT H. LOWIE

IN ANTHROPOLOGY scholars have long been worrying over the origin of the native New World cultures. All agree that possibly 10,000 years ago men of Mongoloid stock crossed Bering Strait and began to settle somewhere between Alaska and Tierra del Fuego. Coming at the tail-end of the Eurasiatic Old Stone Age, they must have had some elements of culture, such as the domesticated dog and the art of flaking stone tools. But how did the various local brands of culture, and especially the higher civilizations of Peru and Mexico, develop? Some point to the similarity of Mexican and Egyptian pyramids and declare that the Middle Americans imported their agriculture and metallurgy, indeed, everything above the flimsiest appurtenances of a hunting stage, from some trans-Pacific source. Others deny any importations that could have affected Middle America and maintain faith in the indigenous progressiveness of its peoples.

Here too the historical issue is intertwined with a psychological one. How shall the Redskin's mentality be appraised? Was he a dullard pushed on only by foreign impulses? Or was he capable of forging ahead by himself? This is the question recently discussed by Baron Erland Nordenskiöld in an elaboration of his Huxley lecture, a monograph on "Modifications in Indian Culture through Inventions and Loans"; and from the opposite angle the

very same problem was broached by Dr. H. S. Harrison at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement in Science in September, 1930.

Champions of the Indian very naturally launch their defense by listing the indigenous plants used in America in pre-Columbian times and since then spread over the face of the globe. Here, however, the skeptics at once counter with objections. On the one hand, it is said that agriculture never evolved in the Western Hemisphere but was transferred bodily from Polynesia or Southeastern Asia, with such minor adaptations as the American flora required. That is Professor G. Elliot Smith's objection. Others, like Dr. Harrison, take a still more radical position. Food, they declare, stands on a solitary eminence among the cultural possessions of humanity. Man was instinctively a forager driven by the urge for survival to substitute one kind of sustenance for another. He achieved no economic discoveries, let alone inventions, before he had succeeded in "controlling the natural processes of growth and reproduction of food-yielding organisms." In other words, until man turned stock-breeder or farmer his quest and use of food remained on the animal level and bore no relation to culture whatsoever.

This view is a variation of the popular fallacy that degrades the hunting stage to a barely human level. Food-gatherers and hunters are set off as mere parasites against the food-producers, who are grandiloquently declared to have freed themselves

from the whims of their environment—as though even modern animal husbandry had eliminated cattle plagues and as if scientific tillage were independent of drought or hailstorms. As for the food-gatherer's parasitism, the charge fades away in the light of well-known facts. A Bushman stalks ostriches disguising himself as an ostrich and minutely copying the bird's movements so as not to alarm his quarry. He organizes a drive for larger game and by scaring his victims with torches forces them between the converging sides of a funnel-shaped passage into a pitfall painfully dug with crude wooden digging-sticks. He will suspend poisoned shafts from a tree where large beasts are bound to pass in going to their watering-places, so that they are likely to pull a trigger, release the weapon, and thus commit suicide. All this argues some foresight, some definite knowledge of cause and effect, and is certainly far from idle sponging on the environment as a mere forager.

Now, devices of this sort abound among American hunters, too. The Californians approached deer wearing a deer-head mask very much after the fashion of the Bushman ostrich stalker. They cornered large game by the aid of artificial barriers. Above all, their daily food largely consisted in gruel of boiled acorn meal; and thereby hangs a tale. For acorns in a state of nature are not the least palatable and have to be rendered so by a lengthy process. After hulling, drying, and grinding comes leaching: the tannin is removed by spreading the meal in a basin of clean sand and pouring hot water over it. Having thus got rid of the bitter flavor, the cook boils the meal in a water-filled basket by dropping hot rocks into her container. This is no animal-like sponging on natural resources. The procedure rests on a wealth of observation. One can conceive that in the course

of ages the Central Californians might have made discoveries about their flora, but hardly how stray immigrants from tropical lands should know anything to teach the aborigines about the fruit of the indigenous oaks.

The argument against a native origin of farming is equally unconvincing. Professor Smith and his school assert that the purely American character of American crops is beside the point. The aborigines were too lowly to become tillers until the idea of farming was brought by the outposts of Egyptian civilization. For reasons of their own, these writers set the date of this introduction not earlier than 500 A.D. On this assumption it is amazing that the trans-Pacific mariners did not think of bringing with them the banana. Its side-shoots are easily transported and have actually been carried over immense distances in the South Seas. The plant is also singularly well adapted to large tracts in South America. Yet it was not grown at all in the Western Hemisphere prior to Columbus.

We are asked to believe, then, that instead of effecting this wholly possible importation these culture-bearers applied the Platonic idea of agriculture so that within a few centuries the American landscape teemed with maize, squashes, potatoes, tomatoes, manioc plantations, and what not. Within the briefest period the wild species were brought under cultivation, though most of them would require a distinctive and wholly novel mode of treatment. What is more, there must have been a fabulous diversification into varieties and an incredibly rapid adaptation to special conditions of life.

In the twinkling of an eye the immigrants taught the Hopi of undrained Arizona to bury maize kernels where the seepage water could reach them; told the

Hidatsa of North Dakota how to make the most of their short Summer season; and simultaneously engineered irrigation canals from Southern Arizona to Peru.

If it is not easy to imagine dozens of varieties of potatoes and a dozen of maize evolving within the span of some paltry centuries, it is still less intelligible how the newcomers could have hit on the American crop that stands next to maize in importance. For the manioc commonly raised is a poisonous plant, and any attempt to use it naïvely would inevitably produce death and deter from further experimentation. How could strangers intuitively divine that, and how could the prussic acid be extracted from the roots? What would prompt them to try converting this death-dealing species into a staple crop?

With the natives the case was different. As Nordenskiöld points out, they probably used the plant at first precisely for its poison, say, in drugging fish. In the course of millennia or even of centuries of regular employment, a lucky fluke might indeed have suggested that the manioc without its poison had value as food; and then the Indians evidently devised the elaborate straining apparatus still in use among them.

As the same authority gleefully points out elsewhere, the Indians were sometimes cleverer than the peoples of other continents; while Asia and Africa also had rubber trees, it remained for the South American aborigines to discover what they were good for and to manufacture rubber balls, elastic rings, waterproof fabrics, and enema syringes.

In short, the only safe conclusion is that the cultivation of native American plants was the product of native observation and resourcefulness.

These qualities were demonstrably displayed in some cases where the Indian was

thrust into novel and forbidding surroundings. The Gran Chaco, for instance, is utterly devoid of rocks, hence the tribes who first entered that region were bound to lose the ancient art of stone-working. Since, however, they needed some sort of implements they ingeniously substituted for their old blades similarly shaped knives of bone or hard wood.

But at times the native's technical skill even brings him abreast of Western competitors. The wood-carvers of coastal British Columbia did work comparable with that of our own carpenters, and the basketry of the rude Californians has been declared the equal of any in the world. In the Museum of Gothenburg there is a copper rattle from Peru, the parts of which are welded together, as an eminent Swedish metallurgist has demonstrated. This is remarkable because copper welding is a recent accomplishment of our own civilization and because the method used by the Incas was quite different from our own, so that their originality is doubly proved. Among the most remarkable phenomena of the same New World civilization are its textile fabrics, of which magnificent samples may be inspected in the museums of Berlin, New York, and San Francisco. Modern expert judgment declares that Peruvian spinning was superior to the best machine spinning and involved principles unknown to us. The yarns are rated perfect in strength and evenness. Even the coarser samples of tapestry far excel the French Gobelins.

But the most spectacular achievement of the American native was undoubtedly the arithmetical notation in vogue in Yucatan. There the Maya employed a position system based on the zero, an abstraction so difficult that neither the ancient Greeks or Romans nor the medieval Europeans succeeded in developing it. For our present

numeral system is derived directly from the Arabs and indirectly from the people of India. There is no evidence that the invention was earlier in Asia than in Yucatan, nor that the Maya could possibly have borrowed it from the Hindu when Hellas and Rome and indeed, all of Europe until the Middle Ages, failed to do so. In fact, the details of the two systems are sufficiently distinct to render transmission from one centre to the other extremely improbable.

Anyone who contemplates the power of thought involved in the Maya notation will find no insuperable obstacle to the theory that the American natives were able to invent pottery, practise agriculture unaided, and construct pyramids. The objection is sometimes voiced that if the Redskin had been capable of making these advances he would have forged ahead to create others. Why didn't he invent the plow and wheel and the crossbow, too? But these are idle questions. We might as well argue that because the Greeks had such a cumbersome system of arithmetic they could never have worked out Euclid's theorems; that Newton could hardly have discovered the law of gravitation when he failed to establish the mechanical equivalent of heat.

In every appraisal of races the time element must be fairly considered. Our autochthonous peoples came to the New World possibly ten thousand years ago, their occupation of America is thus hardly more than one-tenth the duration of that of the Eastern Hemisphere. Naturally an infinite amount of energy was consumed in making the adaptations necessary for survival.

The higher manifestations of civilization were of course proportionately later. We know that elaborate political structures and rapid technological advancement are greatly facilitated by a large pop-

ulation, such as only agriculture renders possible.

Now, farming goes back at least 7,000 years in the Near Orient, certainly several millennia before the first American husbandry. With such a handicap it is no wonder that even the Aztec and Inca lagged behind the Sumerian and Egyptian. Yet our own past indicates a fairer view of the matter. In 1700 A.D. Europeans were still travelling in stage-coaches drawn by horses, that is, they used wheeled carts and domesticated horses, both of which had been known in Babylonia by 1700 B.C. Why did not several thousand years suffice to make our ancestors invent a new principle of transportation? With an equal span at his disposal the Indian might conceivably have modified the hoe into a plow, invented the cart, or domesticated the reindeer; and that would have brought him pretty close to the level of Old World accomplishment.

Of course, there is no reason to sentimentalize over the noble Indian. He was not a superman. Often he muddled along where a little ingenuity would have saved him infinite trouble and discomfort. In Tierra del Fuego he walked about shivering in wretchedly stiff skins only partly covering his nakedness and invented no better shelter than a miserable wind-screen. In Bolivia he dug himself into the sand when mosquitoes became intolerable, but did not evolve a mosquito netting. But races must be evaluated by their highest flights.

The people who at best made a staple food plant out of the deadly manioc, who matched our supreme textile efforts without the aid of machinery, who beat the Greeks and Romans at the game of arithmetical notation, certainly had their fair share of the meagre total of human inventiveness.

Geology

CONTINENTS ADRIFT

By H. E. McKINSTRY

TWENTY years ago a German meteorologist, pondering over a map of the Atlantic Ocean, observed something that no less a worthy than Sir Francis Bacon had noticed four centuries before him—how neatly the projecting cape of Brazil would fit into the African Gulf of Guinea if only those seven maids with seven mops could clear away the intervening sea. In fact, the whole eastern coast of the Americas fits the western side of Europe and Africa like the two pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, if only one allows here and there the appropriate amount of stretching and fudging. Is this a coincidence, or have the continents, by any chance, ever been joined and torn apart?

Alfred Wegener¹ believed that they had and proceeded to marshal a host of reasons in support of his belief, some of them good and many of them pretty bad. In his fertile imagination he pictured the Americas, North as well as South, as a wayward portion of a great original, all-embracing continent of Pangea, which in true pioneering spirit cast loose its moorings and barged some three thousand miles westward, in which direction it is, for all anyone knows, still moving. Fantastic as the idea seemed, it was not completely novel, for something very like it had been proposed by a gentleman from Indiana, Frank Bursley Taylor of Fort Wayne, although it was not until Wegener's "Entstehung der Kontinente

und Ozeane" presented pictures of the continents in the act of fission that Taylor's dust-covered paper was unearthed and the Taylor-Wegener Hypothesis became the butt of ridicule or a great forward step in geology, depending on how one liked it.

At first blush, the thought of a continent drifting across the ocean is amusingly bizarre, yet it is not at all out of harmony with what is known of the earth's crust. That our continent actually is a floating block is pretty generally believed. Put a weight on it, say a great ice-sheet, and it sinks hundreds of feet. Remove the weight and it bobs up again. Such an experiment was tried by nature fifty thousand years ago, and the records of it are still to be read in the shorelines and gorges of New England and Canada. The continents are relatively light rock-masses composed of what the great Suess termed "sial" (the chemist will recognize the symbols Si and Al), floating like a titanic iceberg in a substratum, the "sima," which may be molten or solid (authorities differ on this), but in any case behaves like a stiff liquid toward slowly applied stresses.

All this is understood not only by the scientists but by the great Henry Ford himself, who a year ago was perturbed about the weight of sky-scrapers. "Everyone," he said, "knows that the interior of the earth is plastic. It's possible to get too much weight upon the surface. It's bound to make a dent." While Mr. Ford's alarm was rather excessive, his cosmogony was quite impeccable. The doctrine of floating blocks, technically termed "isostasy," is a minor or major article of the credo of every orthodox geologist. Not only do the continents float, but they pretty certainly move from time to time, for the folded rocks of the Alps have been squeezed be-

¹ Attention has recently been focussed on the theory of continental drift by reports of the circumstances of Prof. Wegener's death on the Greenland Ice-Cap, where his body was found by a search-party last May. He had started out, accompanied only by an Esquimo, to replenish the failing food supplies of the climatological expedition that he was leading, and never returned.

tween Africa and North Europe as between the jaws of a vise, and this goes for most mountains. *Eppur si muove*.

But the theory of continental drift was not received with hosannas. Geologists were quick to detect certain absurdities in Wegener's presentation which obscured whatever nucleus of truth it contained. Overcome with enthusiasm for the child of his brain, he saw the skin of the earth slipping about in such an irresponsible manner that at one period the North Pole was somewhere in the Pacific and at another in the coast of Alaska. This *Pol-flucht* he judiciously arranged to explain why palms once flourished in Greenland and glaciers covered the tropics in times past. No one now believes the story quite as Wegener told it, but eminent geologists have bolstered up his fundamental theory with sound evidence.

One bit of corroboration may be found in the rocks themselves. Long before any continental drift was dreamed of, geologists had felt the need for some sort of land-mass east of the present New Jersey coast from which to derive the sand and pebbles that have since been hoisted high into the Appalachian ridges; some continent which has since softly and suddenly vanished away. If Wegener was right, no lost Atlantis is necessary—Europe will do instead. The biologists, too, need a land-connection with Europe to get their animals across. Moreover, the rocks on the two sides of the Atlantic match up tolerably well—the coal beds of Wales with those of Nova Scotia and the granites of Brazil with those of West Africa.

But the most potent testimony in favor of continental drift is the existence of mountains. Most of us were taught at a tender age that the ranges which pucker the relief map are like ridges in the skin of a shriveled apple. "As the earth cooled,"

our geography teacher explained, "the inside shrank and the skin, which was now too large, made itself fit by wrinkling." That was the accepted geology of a generation ago, but investigation has proved that it doesn't work very well. As a matter of fact there is now widespread doubt that the earth ever cooled at all, or at least that it was still cooling when our most respected mountains were being formed. Even if it did cool there is reason to believe that the molten rock under such pressures as must exist in the interior of the earth would not have contracted; and even if it did contract the contraction would not have been enough to account for the amount of squeezing that obviously happened when the Alps were born, unless the appleskin was as rigid as a cocoanut shell, which it wasn't. So we have thrown away the shrunken apple, yet we have puzzled ever since as to how the mountains really got folded. Well, if a continent slides majestically along over the face of the globe it may crumple rocks before it as a moving toboggan crumples up snow. May not the great ranges of the Sierra Nevada, the Andes, and the half-drowned ridges whose peaks are Japan all be the result of the continents sliding toward the Pacific?

So far, so good. But what makes the continents move? Ah, there's the rub! Try to find a force sufficient to do the work! One of the earliest theories was this: If, as George Darwin suggested, the moon, when thrown off from the earth, left a hole which the Pacific Ocean now fills, the continents may have slumped toward the cavity. But as it is hardly likely that the earth had a crust when the moon was born, no one now takes this suggestion very seriously.

The moon was made use of in a different way by a school of enthusiasts who

believed that its pull upon the land masses tugged the Americas westward as the earth revolved—or according to some, it was the sun. In either case it would operate in the proper direction. But Harold Jeffreys, that rare young Englishman who, despite his startling custom of prefacing learned chapters with quotations from “Alice in Wonderland” and Mark Twain, is accorded the most serious consideration among his confrères, has shown that to produce the effects accredited to it tidal friction would have to be some ten thousand million times as powerful as it is—and if it were it would produce the unpleasant result of stopping the rotation of the earth within a year.

One of the soundest suggestions, based upon John Joly’s calculations, calls upon radioactivity. It is known that rocks, particularly the relatively light ones that form the continents, are radioactive, and are constantly generating heat. Once you have the heat you can use it any way that seems expedient to you. Through expansion it may cause a bulge in the middle of the continent, a hill down which the land masses may slide; or it may set up convection currents—a mighty welling up of molten rock like the column of rising liquid in a coffee percolator, which, spreading out under a continent, rends it in twain and scatters the pieces widely asunder.

All such explanations and suggestions have many doubters, but some of the objections made to them are quite as dubious. It has even been suggested that the similarity of coast line between Africa and Brazil must have been made by Satan to vex scientists. More seriously, a leading structural geologist argues as follows: “If the continental blocks had been torn apart, some pieces would have been lost in the shuffle and the coast lines modified by

subsequent erosion. Therefore, granting that they fit together now, this is a mere coincidence. But as a matter of fact, they do not fit particularly well, hence they were never torn apart.” There is no pleasing such a fellow!

The biologists, to whom the idea was offered as an aid to the migration of prehistoric animals, almost universally reject it; they don’t need any continental Noah’s Ark, thank you—the old land-bridge was much better. One paleontologist, whose taste for sarcasm has definitely escaped petrification, likes to reduce the theory to absurdity by telling how he found in New Jersey a low cliff of red sandstone in which were the heads of several fossil fishes. A few months later he found in Scotland an exactly similar cliff with the tails of the same fish. Thus he not only had proof that the continents had been torn apart, but since the Scottish fish were headed east and the Jersey fish were headed west he could advance confidently the further theory that North America had encountered a since lost turn-table in mid-Atlantic!

Scorn and skepticism aside, the most serious blow at the continental drift theory has been struck very recently. We have seen that the whole picture is built on the conception of isostasy—floating blocks in a pseudo-liquid substratum. Remove isostasy and the picture disappears in a slow fade-out. One F. Hopfner has lately been so inconsiderate as to point out a serious flaw in the calculations upon which isostasy itself is founded, and if he is right the continents are not floating blocks after all, Mr. Ford to the contrary notwithstanding.

Entirely aside from the theoretical pros and cons, there is one possible way of demonstrating that continents drift, and that is by catching them in the act. Of

course, if they are not creeping perceptibly today, that is no proof that they have never done so, but if they are still moving one need argue no longer as to their stability. In fact, this test is so obvious that one may well ask why it has not already been applied. There have been some attempts, but if a continent requires a hundred million years to travel the distance that the *Bremen* covers in four days, the ordinary methods of measuring longitude are hardly accurate enough to be convincing. Precise determinations by means of radio time signals may answer the question, though we may have to wait a century until we have travelled a perceptible distance.

Meanwhile, amid all the disagreement of doctors, what are we to think? Is the drift theory "a beautiful dream, the dream of a great poet" or are we really on a voyage from Europe, bound in the general

direction of China? Among thirteen contributors to a recent symposium of the Society of Petroleum Geologists there were three yeas, eight nays, and two men keeping open minds. Adding the favorable opinion of Daly of Harvard and Holmes of Cambridge still fails to muster a majority. Of course, the census is far from complete, but it may give some idea of the weight of opinion among authorities.

Meanwhile, we had better remain on neutral ground, with suspended judgment. The continental drift hypothesis has much the same status that the theory of evolution had early in the last century. Whether it will be found to explain so many mysteries that it will be regarded as a great contribution to world knowledge, or whether another generation will find it in the discard no one can say with finality today. It is a fascinating hypothesis, but still very definitely only a hypothesis.

A KENTUCKY CRUSADER

BY EDWIN ROGERS EMBREE

WHEN I was about six years old my mother took the youngsters of the family to live with her parents in Berea, Kentucky. As my father was dead I grew up under the hand of my grandfather, John G. Fee. He was a bearded patriarch and had fought the battles of the Lord for seventy years. He was a rock-ribbed dogmatist, but as a man he was simple, witty, and very pleasant company for a small boy. Today I don't get purple in the face when reformers are mentioned, for the friend and mentor of my boyhood was one, and I liked him.

My grandfather had been one of the few slaveholders of the South who turned Abolitionist and fought it out on the home grounds. It would have been easy for him to come North, join the society of his fellow Abolitionists and denounce the slave system from afar. But not he. He knew his convictions meant a fight, and he was ready to take his punishment where the blood was going to flow.

One thinks of the old Southern planters as standing in solid phalanx behind the slave system. But there were always a few protesters. Themselves a part of the plantation order, their stand was more disturbing than all the shouting of the Northern Abolitionists. They bored from within. They urged upon their own neighbors the evils of a system in which they had all grown up together. One of the most active and irritating of these reformers was my grandfather.

Of course, when I knew him, he was an old man. The battle was over, and he had won. He used to take me sometimes when he drove about in his one-horse phaëton through the Blue Grass towns of Kentucky. The men who called out greetings and came up to swap stories with him were those who had furiously attacked him. He took a delight in shaking down subscriptions for his church and school from the very men who had persecuted him in the earlier days. As he went about in Richmond, Kentucky, he used to say to me: "Son, that man who just gave me a hundred dollars led a mob against me in '54," or "That man who was telling the race horse story threw me in the Ohio river in '59, and told me if I ever came back to Kentucky he'd kill me with his own hands."

There were few scars, either physical or spiritual, left on the old man when I knew him. He had one big bump on the top of his bald head. An infuriated slaveholder had broken a club there fifty years before. Fortunately, the preacher had just bought a tall stiff hat, and that took most of the blow that had been meant to kill him. Of course, he was dead-set in his convictions. But he wasn't sour; he wasn't pompous; he wasn't even very pious. A good many of the local Baptists thought he was too intellectual. He never joined the sanctifiers or the shouters who were flooding Kentucky at the close of the last century.

He had two great convictions: that all races should be treated equally, in accordance with their individual merits, and that baptism should be by total immersion. "The word used in the New Testament," I used to hear him shout, "is *baptizo*, meaning to dip, to plunge clear under. The Son of God was taken into the river and immersed. Man has no right to change the command and example of God." He had a number of other fixed convictions. He believed in church union and hated sectarianism, though his devotion to immersion made it difficult for him to unite with churches that allowed baptism by sprinkling. He loathed and preached against secret societies. He had learned to fear and hate the Ku Klux Klan and, for some reason, the Masonic lodges. "Secret, oath-bound, affiliated societies," he thought, were godless.

The grandchildren liked him but they felt the iron in him. Like most preachers, he had his study in his home. That was his castle. No member of the family ever entered the sanctum except at his call. And we were mighty careful to keep quiet whenever we were near. He had also a wholesome respect for work. We lived on a small village farm. It was the job of the boys to milk the cows, to take care of the old horse, keep the wood-burning furnace going, and care for the garden. Most of the chores were regular morning and evening tasks. We divided them up between us and did them. But the garden was a continuing job, never done, and any boy's duty who could be corralled for it. Many's the ball game and swimming party that was aborted by the stentorian call of my grandfather: "Eddie, the potatoes must be dug; Howard, hoe the corn." When we tried to beg off or when our mother interceded against all work and no play, the patriarch would

thunder, "Man should bear the yoke in his youth. Boys should form habits of industry." That obsession about habits of industry was the only trait of my grandfather's that I resented.

But we boys found ways to slip off the yoke easily and often. We learned more habits of beating the game than habits of industry. And it is fair to say that the old gentleman never gave others what he was not willing to take himself. He used to come out and weed the garden with the best of us. If the furnace went out, he was not above rebuilding the fire when the boys had all escaped to school or to play.

And in his study he worked every day. He was a scholar. He read his Old Testament in the Vulgate and even puzzled out intricate meanings for himself in the original Hebrew. The New Testament he read fluently in Greek. He loved to study difficult passages and work out new interpretations. And he delighted in argument. Whenever he could find a scholar who knew anything about the original sources, his face would light up. He would drag the guest off to his study and soon high, disputing voices would fill the house.

He wrote constantly. Tracts and magazine articles on fair treatment for the Negro, on baptism, on the Pauline epistles, used to come bouncing out of his study. As his eyes grew dim and his hand shaky, he pressed the grandchildren into service as clerks and scribes. I used to like that, although my spelling was so erratic that the scholar would use me only as a last resort. I would hang around the study door hoping to be called in to help write a tract, but most times when he found me there he simply sent me off to weed the garden.

When I was admitted to the sanctum, I had to write down from the old man's dictation ponderous arguments on Hebrew

texts, or the symbolic meaning of baptism: "death to sin and resurrection to newness of life." To this day, I can floor any theologian on the question of baptism. I know the Greek words, too, and their meanings and where the references appear. The Gospel according to St. Matthew, chapter III, verses 6 and 16; Romans VI, 4; Ephesians IV, 5, are among the good ones. Diatribes against race prejudice and injustice were even more absorbing. I knew the people he was talking about, and I knew my grandfather was one of the men who had wrought miracles in this field.

Finally, John G. Fee wrote an autobiography. Nothing in all my boyhood was as exciting as that. There were long talks with the people who had been a part of the old struggles, much taking down of notes, and the alarming tendency of the preacher to ignore the dramatic story and fill the book with sermons on the brotherhood of man and the rightness of immersion. Then came proof sheets with corrections, great boredom by the old gentleman, and avid interest by the family. And finally a book. Actually a printed book with pictures, including a portrait of the charming lady who was my grandmother.

John G. Fee was the great figure of my boyhood. A dogmatist and a reformer, if you please; but a gentleman and a scholar. He had a love of ideas—not only in getting them put into practice, but just in the joy of playing with them and writing them down. Although I lived right in the same house with him, he always seemed to me much bigger and more important than Jim Corbett, who at about this time knocked out John L. Sullivan, or Pop Anson, the baseball king, or Bryan, the silver-tongued orator. He even seemed to me greater than Lincoln. I knew the

President couldn't have freed the slaves and won the Civil War if it hadn't been for my grandfather.

II

Born of a planter family whose home was in Bracken county, Kentucky, John G. Fee early elected to enter the Christian ministry. His father made a lot of trouble for himself and his slaveowning neighbors by allowing the boy to go for his theological study to Lane Seminary, across the river from his home, in Cincinnati, Ohio. The seminary was at this time a hot-bed for Abolition.

The young Kentuckian had not been there long before his companions began to talk to him about slavery and its relation to Christian teaching. John Fee resisted as long as he could. He had been brought up amid slavery. His own father and most of the men to whom he looked up with respect were slaveowners. It had been natural for him to accept the system. But he was sensitive and conscientious. After many discussions and a deal of lonely thinking, he made up his mind that the holding in slavery of fellow human beings was contrary to the teachings of Jesus. Yet he dreaded the results of this conviction. Abolitionist was an odious term. He hated to think of himself as joining the ranks of the despised fanatics who bore that name.

He reports in his autobiography that, pressed by the new ideas and his growing conviction, he retired to a vacant lot, where he often went to pray, and there wrestled with God and his problem all the night through. Toward morning, as conviction grew and the will of God appeared clear, he shouted in agony, "Lord, if needs be, make me an Abolitionist!" From that moment his course was set.

"In this consecration", he writes, "I also made up my mind to accept all that should follow. Imperfect as has been my life, I do not remember that in all my after difficulties I had to consider anew the question of property, of comfort, of social position, of apparent failure, of personal safety, or giving of life itself. The latter I regarded as even probable. This with the rest had been embodied in my former consecration."

It was one thing to make a decision in an open lot and in the presence of a sympathetic Deity. It was quite another to report it to his parents and act upon it in his native State. Returned home at the end of the year, he announced to his father, doubtless in somewhat sententious tones, "I am convinced that human slavery is a sin against God and man, and I am resolved to preach this conviction in this my native State." If he expected this oration to move his family, he was disappointed. The only emotion it aroused was anger. The father denounced the young man as disloyal and unfilial, and declared to him in equally resounding tones, "Either you renounce this foolish and traitorous proposal or else you need never darken my door again."

This was no trifling family quarrel. The son's pronouncement was no foolish boast. The father's answer was no idle threat. The young preacher walked out of his home and devoted his entire life to preaching and teaching the brotherhood of man, and never again as long as he lived was he welcomed into the ancestral home.

John Fee set out upon his self-appointed task, but he found few who were willing to make up a congregation to listen to his doctrine, and many who denounced both the word and the speaker. After vain attempts to form churches near his home,

he journeyed to Central Kentucky, where he found a few sympathetic persons. Cassius M. Clay, a prominent figure in the public life of the State and later of the nation, was another Kentuckian who was against slavery. He became interested in Fee's crusade and turned over to him a large tract of land in Madison county where the Blue Grass merges with the mountains. Here the young preacher began his life's work of building up a community and a school devoted to the gospel of the brotherhood of man.

Two more opposite characters could scarcely be found fighting in a common cause. Clay was suave, a politician, willing to compromise towards his ends, a believer in obeying laws until they could be changed. Fee stood like a rock against compromise. He courted no favor from friend or foe. He had no respect for custom or even for law. "Iniquitous laws", he said, "should be broken." On the other hand Clay was a warrior, and the preacher a pacifist and non-resister. Fee was much embarrassed when Clay walked into one of his meetings, slammed down a brace of pistols beside the Bible on the pulpit and shouted, "This preacher is going to have a fair hearing." Fee was constantly reproofing Clay for swearing and drinking, and he was disgusted when the warrior tramped off in 1847 to fight Mexico. So different in temperament were these two men that they spent most of their time together, not in working for the common cause, but in violent disputes, which often resulted in temporary estrangement.

John Fee had fallen in love with Matilda Hamilton, a girl in his home county. But he didn't allow himself to consider marriage until the young woman had been converted and joined the church. Life for him was to be a crusade and he remembered the Bible injunction, "Be ye

not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." He saw to it too that his bride was baptized by total immersion.

So far as I know, Matilda Hamilton was not much interested in Abolition or any other reform. Left to herself, as any other attractive Blue Grass girl, she would have enjoyed parties and the gaieties of the young people about her. It must have been harder for her than for her husband to leave the pleasant plantation life, to be shunned by friends and have to find companions only among ex-slaves and fanatics, who oftener than not were Yankees. But she was in love with John and gladly joined herself to him for better or for worse. There is no report that she ever regretted her choice or felt the hardships were more than she had bargained for.

She was a good housekeeper, had a keen wit and a fair love of gossip. Her passion was flowers. Settled in a spot for a few months, she started gardens. The homestead in Central Kentucky became a bower of roses and of shrubs and trees transplanted from adjoining counties and finally even from Japan. In the autobiography, after describing riots in which he had been beaten and his school burned, Fee wrote: "In these trials my wife was more cheery than I. This cheered life's pathway. I did not habitually rejoice as it was my privilege and duty to do. (See Matthew v, 12.)" This pleasant, natural girl must have done much to soften and gladden the ways for the crusader.

On the property given by Cassius Clay the young couple set up their home. The preacher liked to do things after Bible precedent. He named the settlement Berea, for the community of early Christians reported by St. Paul as "those who received the word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily." Fee had been asked to come and select personally

from the Clay estates the spot for his home and community, but he was engaged in a series of revival meetings and refused to divert his mind to material things. So a parcel of land was designated by lot. A dreary spot to which to bring a family, he admitted, when he saw the rolling hill on which a frog pond was the only clearing. There was found to be no drinking water. Recalling that "Moses smote the rock and water gushed forth," he directed: "Dig a well beside that dogwood tree", and, as succinctly reported in the autobiography, "he did—found water—and the well has never been dry."

III

Established in Berea, John G. Fee at once began to preach against slavery and to form a school in which the brotherhood of man would be taught and practiced. His plan was that the school should be open to colored and white alike, or, as he always put it, "for the coeducation of the races." So often was this phrase used that I was nearly grown before I realized that coeducation was ever used to mean anything but a school for colored and white or that a co-ed meant anything but a Negro.

This preaching and even more this proposal to put the ideas into daily practice infuriated the nearby slaveholders. As fast as coeducational classes were organized, they were raided and broken up. And the crusader was not content to stay at home but went about to outlying parishes preaching his gospel. Almost always these excursions ended in violence. Twenty-two times John Fee was mobbed. On two occasions he was left for dead by his enemies. But usually he escaped physical harm. This was due in part to the fact that the mobs were made up largely of persons

who knew him or his family. They had more respect for one of their own people than they would have had for a Yankee. It was due also to the fact that he never went armed, and never offered any physical resistance, and to the still more disconcerting fact that the minute he fell into the hands of a mob he began preaching to them and praying for them.

On one occasion, he reports in his autobiography, a mob was carrying him and a companion to beat them and send them across the river. In the midst of the journey a rainstorm came up and the whole party went into a house for shelter. Seeing a large Bible on the table, my grandfather said to the man of the house, "We can't travel whilst the rain is falling so heavily, and if you are willing, we will read a portion of the Scripture and pray." This sort of thing had a deflating effect on mob spirit. In this case, the rain ceasing while he was still praying, most of the mob stole out and away. Nine persevered and escorted him to the edge of the county. Feeling that the letter of their purpose of removing him had been fulfilled, they bade him depart and courteously offered him a drink of whiskey. Whereupon, he started a new sermon on the evils of drink, and the nine rode off at full speed.

A mob interrupted a sermon at Dripping Springs in Garrard county to read a set of resolutions demanding that he leave the State on pain of death. He insisted on his right as a native citizen to reply to the resolutions point by point. This gave him an opportunity for such an extended sermon against slavery that most of the mob disappeared out of shame or boredom before he gave his answer: "I cannot pledge to you that I will not preach in this State and this county what I conceive to be the truth of God, or refrain from

scattering abroad tracts and other publications containing sentiments of justice and liberty."

After a pause, a few who had withstood the sermon dragged him out through the yard and demanded that he get upon his horse. He declined, saying, "I cannot with any degree of propriety comply with demands so unreasonable, unjust, and illegal." They put him upon his horse, held him there and compelled him and an associate to ride into a wood. Here they took both men off their horses and made ready to beat them with sycamore limbs. As chance would have it, they started with the other man. While they were beating his companion John Fee prayed earnestly for their salvation and forgiveness, until, exasperated and confused, they stopped the whipping, put both men back on their horses, and dropped them at nightfall at the border of the county.

Having been left by the mob far from home, he and his suffering companion were compelled to stop for the night at a nearby house. Fee was always as eager for the salvation of souls as for the cause of freedom. He describes as follows this evening, during which the two men, just escaped from a lynching, were received in the home of a courteous stranger:

After supper we had a session of worship. I felt led to speak at length, stood up, and did so. At the end of the discourse, the head of the family and his wife came forward and professed faith in Christ Jesus as their Saviour. That night was one of very great peace and joy to me.

He may, at times, have felt peace and joy in the salvation of souls, but there was little external peace in his life during these troublous times. Not only was the man himself constantly in danger, but his wife and children often went for days without knowing whether he was alive or

dead, safe or in suffering. Occasionally the home was raided.

But nothing could swerve him from his purpose. He kept preaching and trying to set up his coeducational school. At first he thought it might have a better chance in a mountain county, farther from the influence of the slaveholders. But when he entered Rockcastle county a riot broke out, and in Pulaski county the school was burned. So he decided he might as well fight it out in Berea, right next to the Blue Grass planters.

IV

By 1857 the village of Berea had become an established outpost in the fight for freedom. It numbered a dozen families who had moved in because of their opposition to slavery and their willingness to support the young preacher. They were ostracized from all respectable society in Kentucky, but they formed a little society of their own, attended Fee's Abolition church, and worked together for the school.

Several men came down from Oberlin College, which had been founded in the North on the principles that Berea was trying to establish in the South. One of these, J. A. R. Rogers, brought his Quaker bride, Eliza Embree, and became the first principal of Berea Academy. Rogers was a scholar. He believed in brotherhood and equality, but he saw to it that pupils in the new school, whatever their color, worked at sound learning. This added to the complications, for the community had been more given to piety and fanaticism than to scholarship.

A few students struggled through the year and in the Spring of '58 the school held its first commencement, with speeches and a picnic dinner. Hundreds of people rode in on horseback to see what was

going on. A member of the Kentucky Legislature insisted on interrupting the ceremonies to make a speech. He said some nice things about the orderliness and good appearance of the scholars, and as he walked away he whispered to a friend, "Jimmy, I believe in my soul the niggers will be free yet."

Among the visitors to this ceremony was Cassius M. Clay, who had given help in the early days, but who had broken with Fee when the preacher refused to obey the Fugitive Slave Law and welcomed Negroes into his school. After the exercises Clay said, "Fee, things look better than I thought they would. I am in heart as much a believer in the Higher Law as you. If we were in Massachusetts we could carry it out; but here we cannot."

The preacher answered, "The utterance of moral truth should not be confined to geographical limits." But his heart was heavy at the loss of support of this powerful friend. In recalling these days he wrote:

Mr. Clay was the most conspicuous character in the history of Berea. His objection to the coeducation of the races was well known. He called my position "insurrectionary, revolutionary, and dangerous." His known opposition to us was a power more potent and depressing than all the mobs. His position seemed wise to many, whilst that of the mobs was at all times simply brutish and cowardly.

Work in the school now absorbed all attention. It was decided to carry the teaching to higher grades and before the end of 1858 Berea College had been organized. Its motto was the Bible verse, "God has made of one blood all nations of men," and its first by-law declared, "The object of this college shall be to furnish the facilities for thorough education to all persons of good moral character." Clay refused to become a trustee. Fee became chairman

of the board and started North on a money-raising tour. He interested the American Missionary Association, which had been formed to befriend the Negro and aid schools in his behalf. Many individuals also made gifts to the picturesque project of a bi-racial school in a Slave State. The crusader was invited by Henry Ward Beecher to preach in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The papers were then full of reports of John Brown and his attack on Harper's Ferry. In his sermon Fee said, "We want more John Browns, not in manner of action, but in consecration; not to go with carnal weapons, but with spiritual."

The Kentucky papers at once came out with headlines, "John G. Fee is in Beecher's church calling for more John Browns." The State was infuriated. Rumor was added to fact. One paper reported, "At Cogar's Landing a box of Sharp's rifles was found addressed to John G. Fee." Speedily a mob of over seven hundred men was formed in Central Kentucky and marched on Berea. Principal Rogers and his bride, Fee's wife and children, and ten other families were told to move and move quick; they fled across the Ohio river. The crusader, returning from triumphant campaigning and Northern applause, met the little band of fugitives in Cincinnati. It was a bitter moment. John Fee had just begun to glimpse success and prosperity for his college. Funds were pledged and powerful allies aroused. It was galling, at just this time, to find the whole colony of friends and teachers uprooted and driven out.

He at once reëntered Kentucky, only to be put on a flatboat, rowed back across the river and told by the leader of the mob, "If you come back again, I will hang you if it is the last act of my life."

The Civil War came, Kentucky was in

turmoil, armies were on the march. Three times during the early years of the war, efforts were made to get back and re-open the school. Each time mobs or marching armies turned the travelers back. While Fee was ferrying back and forth across the Ohio river, dashing into Kentucky to preach an Abolition sermon and returning to Cincinnati to publish another anti-slavery tract, his wife put the children into a carriage and drove the hundred miles to Berea. She met armies everywhere but was not molested. She found her home unharmed and started housekeeping. The Southern armies were all about. She shared her scant stores with the officers, and they treated her and her children kindly. Finally a band of soldiers rifled her vegetable garden and trampled her flowers. She could stand it no longer and again packing her family into the phaëton drove to her old home in Bracken county.

Here her husband made fleeting visits to her. Once he came to bury his youngest son in the Bethesda churchyard. Each visit ended in a riot. The preacher could not understand the bitterness and the enmity against him. Rather plaintively he writes, "The only cause was mere hostility to me as a known Abolitionist. I had been born and reared in that county and had often preached to the people of Bethesda. The object of my visit was humane and Christian."

Once he was dragged from his home county across the river and there fell into the hands of a mob which had gathered on the Ohio side. He barely escaped with his life and hid during the night in a cornfield. As the moon rose he looked across to his home, as near despair as he ever came. He wrote years later:

Over on the opposite side was the town of Augusta. There stood the old college building where for years I had pursued

the early part of my college course. There too was the little brick building where my wife, boarding with her aunt, had spent her early school days. I said, Why am I thus an exile, and hunted like a wild beast? I have injured no man. My only offense is that I have pled for the slave, and ask that men obey the command of their Lord, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." I thought of my wife and children far in the interior of the State, and there without bread to eat or a bed on which to sleep, only as others might share with them.

But at sun-up he was back again in Kentucky, preaching away.

V

During the closing years of the war, while the work at Berea was held up, John Fee got a chance to push another kind of education for Negroes. About thirty miles north of Berea, Camp Nelson had been established by Union troops, and to it thousands of Negroes had fled. Fee stopped off here in one of his attempts to get back to Berea. He found pitiable conditions. The able-bodied men had been enlisted in the army, their women and children were huddled about in the streets, and from time to time they were driven out of the barracks at the point of the bayonet.

Here was material for organizing and schooling. He talked to the quartermaster, who was eager for any relief. Fee sent off a letter to his friend, Secretary Chase, and at once came an order to recognize black non-combatants as contraband of war or wards of the government. A separate camp was established and cottages and hospitals built for women and children. Quickly a school was started for the Negro soldiers and their families. The crusader, turned schoolmaster, commandeered barracks for classrooms, ordered desks and

chairs as military necessities, drafted chaplains from the army, and persuaded the American Missionary Association to rush in four teachers from the North. The school flourished. Men, women, and children, all together in the barrack-schoolroom, puzzled out the letters of the alphabet and learned the signs for numbers. Literacy fairly flooded the camp. A number of students progressed so rapidly that more advanced subjects had to be introduced. The institute quickly formed into several grades and many courses. Teachers boarded at barracks turned over to them and used others as dormitories. The beginnings of regular school were under way in no time.

But the crusader was not content simply to instruct. He must put into practice his principles of brotherhood and equality. He selected a young colored woman who had some education, appointed her a teacher, and brought her to eat at the faculty barrack. When, all unannounced, he walked in with her to the teachers' dining-hall, there was tumult. A chaplain who had come down from Maine stalked out of the building. All but two of the women teachers left the table rather than eat with the new instructor. The matron refused to give the young woman a plate. Fee replied: "Then she shall have mine and I will have another." The waiter would not serve her, whereupon the preacher passed his food on and insisted upon another helping for himself.

The major who was in charge of the school as steward came up and suggested that to avoid trouble and to carry out the main principle of teaching the helpless contrabands, the young woman be dismissed. Fee replied: "I will suffer my right arm torn from my body before I will remove the young woman," and added, "She is fitted for her position; she

is modest and discreet; she is a Christian and, as such, Christ's representative. What I do to her, I do to Him." The preacher had taken his New Testament seriously and could never understand why Christians, especially preachers and chaplains, could ignore what seemed to him the essence of Gospel teaching. He stood pat, and after the first meal there was no further trouble. One more battle for brotherhood and racial coeducation was won.

With the ending of the war, Fee returned to his church and school at Berea. Progress from that time was steady. No longer at the mercy of mob violence, the college could turn its attention to scholarship, and the preacher to more leisurely study of the Scriptures and to exposition of general righteousness as well as of brotherly love.

Another Oberlin graduate, Henry Fairchild, became the first president of the reorganized Berea College. Funds came in substantial amounts from the North and even from neighbors and former enemies in Kentucky. Large brick buildings took the place of wooden shacks. Colored students were, of course, received on equal terms with white. My grandfather even insisted on having at least one Negro on the faculty as an overt evidence of lack of

all discrimination. Things went well. The students got along together. Attending the preparatory school as a boy, it never occurred to me that it was anything out of the ordinary to study and recite with Negroes. Some of them were brighter than I was; some of them were duller. It all seemed very natural. Of course I knew the Blue Grass people looked down on Berea. But we pulled ourselves up and looked down on them and their low scholarship and godless ways.

With roses and hydrangeas and magnolias blooming all over the homestead, Matilda Hamilton ended her days. With a flourishing church, a triumphant coeducational college, and a study in which exegesis had begun to crowd out slavery, John G. Fee died at the ripe age of eighty-four.

But his works have not followed him in every way as he would have liked. Four sectarian churches, instead of the one union church of his ideal, stand in the village. In 1904 Kentucky passed a law segregating the races in all schools of the State. Another institute had to be set up in a distant town to care for the Negro students, and Berea has now become well known throughout the country as a mountain college for whites only.

RIO GRANDE

BY HARVEY FERGUSON

V. *The Common Folk of the Valley*¹

THE highway between Taos and Santa Fé runs along the Rio Grande, but a shorter road, almost impassable for a motor-car, cuts across the mountains that dwindle down from the snow-flecked peaks to the river. It follows closely the contour of elevation at which the pine and spruce give way to the bushy fragrant growth of piñon and cedar, the ridges flatten out into narrow mesas, and the canyons become little valleys that may be plowed and irrigated.

In each of these valleys is a village, sheltering a few hundred people. Chimayo, Cordova, Truchas, Trampas, Chamisal, Penasco—each with its singing name sits beside its singing water. These are cold clear streams full of trout, running straight from the snow. Each of them waters just enough land to keep a village alive. Between the valleys the wilderness is unbroken.

Few Americans have ever gained a foothold in this region, and it is probable that none of the Mexican *ricos* of the great days ever lived here, for this is the heart of the up-river country where small ranchers of mixed blood have always owned most of the land. And it is here that the New Mexico of a hundred years ago is still almost unchanged.

Mountains shelter the past. In their

arable crannies human life catches and clings like ore in the rock. Mountains check both expansion and invasion, the two great agents of change. In the lower valley the great houses of the rich have disappeared but here on the heights the houses of the humble are much as they always were, except that they now have windows of glass and here and there a tin or shingle roof. Most of the villages are still compact clusters of earthen houses, gathered together originally for protection, with their fields spread about them, the wooded mountains rolling up toward the peaks on one side and falling away to the river on the other. Almost every house has still its conical adobe oven outside the door, and in the Fall the walls are hung, as always, with scarlet strings of drying *chile*.

The wide-hatted men and the blackshawled women are figures little changed. Here is an atmosphere that belongs unmistakably to another age, before hurry began or machinery was invented. It is profoundly quiet but with a quiet that never seems dead. One gets from the faces and movements of the people and from their voices an impression of indolent vitality—of life that is never driven or frantic, as it is wherever machines set the pace and progress is an ever-receding goal.

These owners of tiny farms were sometimes called *paisanos*—men of the country,

¹This is the fifth of a series of six independent articles. The sixth will be printed next month.

men of the soil. And true peasants they are, perhaps the only ones that have ever existed within the borders of the United States. For the peasant is a lover of the earth, who asks nothing better than to live his whole life on one patch of soil, scratching it for a living, laying his bones in it at last. And there has never been much of this resigned spirit in the American farmer of the Anglo-Saxon breed. He was originally a wanderer and always an exploiter. He settles down only when there is no place else to go. He does not cherish the earth; he longs to conquer it. Always he tends to exhaust the soil and move on, whether in a few years or a few generations, as did the tobacco planters in Virginia and the cotton planters farther South. His interest is always in a "money crop." He believes in progress and longs for change.

No wonder he has always despised these men in whom the blood of an ancient European peasantry mingles with that of sedentary Indians. They ask of the earth only a living and imitate the past because it seems good. For men who accept life as it is, progress must be a meaningless word, and it has never meant anything to the *paisano*, at least as long as he could cling to his patch of land.

From the earth he draws his strength, even his identity, for when he loses his hold upon it he becomes another man. But his instinct is to cling to it and he has done so with a time-defying tenacity. All his masters have tried more or less to rob him of the land, but in the upper valley he still owns nearly all of it, and even in the lower valley he still holds most of it except around a few large towns.

For centuries he has persisted quietly in raising crops and children, while his lords have raised revolutions and pretensions. They are gone now and he is the

survivor, here as in Old Mexico. The new order there, just beginning to emerge from chaos, is his creation, as is the new art. Apparently the future of all Latin-America belongs to this man of mixed blood who lives by faith and farming and endures the scourges of government, like those of drought and storm, as the disciplines of a just God.

II

When New Mexico was conquered there came in, along with the proud families who were granted most of the lands, a following of humble folk, some of the Southern Indian stocks, Tlascan and Aztec, some of mixed blood, and some that were soldiers, workmen and artisans of the Spanish peasant class. Doubtless many of these common men took wives from the Navajos and other nomadic tribes. The lineage of the *paisano* is mixed beyond all hope of exact analysis, but time has produced a homogeneous people.

These common men came as the servants and workmen of the *ricos*, and many of them remained bound in peonage to the lands of their masters. But in addition to the individual grants of land there were also community grants, where the poor could take small homesteads along the arable valleys and hold the grazing lands in common, so that from the first there were independent small landowners as well as peons. Between the plebeian and the aristocrat was an impassable gap that widened with time, but there was probably never any sharp line between the independent ranchers and the peons. A peon who paid his debts might take up land of his own, and a poor *ranchero*, falling upon hard times, would relapse into peonage. In the course of time the *ricos* held more and more of the land, until in the early

Nineteenth Century the poor were often threatened with famine.

In fact, there was probably never a more oppressed and harried people than the *paisanos* of that period when "the right people" were in their glory. If the poor man was not in debt as a peon to his master he was in debt to the traders who brought up from Chihuahua everything he needed that he could not produce himself. The government took a heavy tax and the trader a heavy profit. The Navajos constantly threatened not only his crops and his sheep and goats, but even his wife and children. And if he saved anything from his masters and his enemies, it was promptly gobbled up by the church. Weddings, baptisms and funerals were the great events of his life, and for the proper celebration of each of these the *padres* charged exactly what the poor man had.

Marriage was often a luxury the poor could not afford. They lived loyally enough in open concubinage, their children often went unbaptized, and the dead were sometimes buried in the desert with the rites of the Penitent Brothers. In that dark period after the pioneering Franciscan friars had left and before the reforms of Bishop Lamy, the priesthood in New Mexico was profoundly corrupt. The priests drank, gambled and danced and many of them kept harems. Their offspring were known and even acknowledged and often a woman would proudly tell that one of her flock was a child of the *padre*. Perhaps he at least was sure of baptism.

It was the exactions of the church more than anything else that brought on revolution in Old Mexico, but in New Mexico the poor man bore the *padres'* greed with incredible patience and with unshaken faith. Frank M. Edwards, who was one

of General Kearney's Missouri volunteers, tells of a poor couple who wanted to marry and went to the church to arrange for their wedding. The priest, a great fat man, tonsured and robed, demanded so large a fee that the groom had to sell his three cows to pay it. The priest took what he brought but said more would be necessary before the ceremony could be performed. The groom's father then sold his few head of stock and raised about a hundred dollars more, which the priest took but still refused to proceed. Drained of all their wealth, both families went to the *alcalde*, who interceded with the priest in vain. They went to the storekeeper, an American, who had come to be a power in the community as the storekeepers did everywhere after the Americans began to come in. He, too, pleaded with the priest, but the man of God stood firm. He must have another hundred dollars. Thereupon both families went home and held a council. Finally they decided with much laughter and many blushes on the part of the bride to have a grand ball instead of a wedding. It would be more fun and cost less money. The ball was given and afterward the young couple went to house-keeping in a state of blissful sin, considering themselves united for life without benefit of clergy.

In such a state of society a man must live as he can. "The poor will pilfer anything," Edwards wrote, and he and others also found that both thievery and banditry enjoyed a sort of social tolerance. "I couldn't think of exposing the poor fellow," said a *rico* who had seen a man stealing a sheep.

The *ricos*, the traders, the church all robbed the poor, but all felt that the poor man must be somehow kept alive. The placer mines in the Sandia Mountains were set aside by government edict as a

sort of charitable foundation for those who could find no other way of getting bread. The opulent dream of Seven Golden Cities, of emperors lulled to sleep by golden bells, here found at last its meager fulfillment in a streak of sun-baked sand where a man with a pan and bucket could wash out a few grains of gold in a day. What was to have been the source of wealth for kings and nobles became the last resort of the very poor. Men who had neither land nor stock went and camped upon these sands, often carrying the water they used for miles.

It was the law that anyone could open a pit, provided it was ten feet from the next nearest, and it was his as long as he worked it. So any poor man could own a gold mine, and make perhaps seventy-five cents a day. Abert found at the mines the raggedest wretches he saw anywhere, sleeping between dirty sheep skins, living on tortillas, goat cheese and brown sugar. There was one old man named Candelario who had once found a nugget worth over seven hundred dollars.

"As soon as my luck was known, I became Don Candelario," he said, "and within a week I was Don Juan de Candelario and then Don Juan de Candelario, *caballero*. My name went on growing for three weeks, until the money was all gone, and then I became Old Candelario again."

A young man came to Abert at the mines and said that he knew of a rich vein of ore far up in the mountains and offered to lead the young lieutenant to it. Abert asked him why he didn't develop the mine for himself.

"You know the *ricos* take everything in this country," he said. "If I came in with gold they would soon have my mine, but with your protection I would be safe."

Edwards also encountered a *rico* who had been put in jail for killing one of his

peons, but it was explained that he had been the victim of political enemies, and would soon be free again.

The effect of all these oppressions was to throw the poor man back upon his own resources, both material and spiritual. Cheated by traders and *ricos* he tried to produce everything he needed on his own few acres when he had any. Overtaxed by the *padres*, he dispensed with their services when he could not afford them, keeping still intact his own faith, which was always a graft of Catholic dogma and ritual upon a primitive idolatry and drew its strength more from earth than from Heaven. Denied protection and even arms, he learned to fight the Indian with his own weapons. He was often called a coward, but Josiah Gregg testifies that he was a good fighter when given anything like an even chance. After the American occupation, when the governor called for volunteers to fight the Navajos, more came forward than could be used, and they made a splendid holiday of beating their ancient foes with good guns and under able leaders.

The domestic economy of the common man at best was simple and meager. Often the whole family lived in a single room, sleeping on mattresses of sheep skin, sharing their shelter with dogs, lambs and the family game cock. *Chile*, beans and buffalo meat or mutton were cooked together over the fire in the corner hearth. *Tortillas* were baked on a hot stone, and each served himself by rolling one of these thin corn cakes into a cornucopia and dipping it into the stew.

Life was simple but never rude. Manners were just as perfect among the poor as among the rich, and hospitality just as generous. Here too was the same rigorous precedence, the father supreme and the mother bearing a reflected glory. Nor was

any man ever too poor to observe the ceremonies and celebrate the joys of life. All Latin-Americans love ceremony and ritual, and among them the established forms of human conduct seem never to go dead as they do among us, where formality is almost a synonym for dullness and spontaneous joy is generally a violent smashing of traditional restraints. Weddings and baptisms were always celebrated among these people with all the ceremony they could afford, and every such event ended in feasting and dancing. Even the funerals, with professional mourners wailing till the coyotes answered from the hills, were occasions for much feasting and drinking of red wine.

All saints' days were celebrated not only with feasts and dancing but with games. The favorite of these, still to be seen in the more isolated villages, is called *gallo*. A luckless rooster is buried alive to the neck in loose sand and the horsemen of opposing teams ride by in turn, stooping from the saddle and trying to snatch the bird out of the earth. When one succeeds he runs away at full speed and if he reaches a goal uncaught he may present the bloody trophy to his chosen girl. Here is a game that has in it something of the medieval tourney and something of a savage sacrifice of blood.

They played also a game like shinney, whole villages against each other, fighting over a wooden block all up and down a course a mile long. They had horse-races and everyone gambled. Santa Fé, with its many monte tables, was the gambling center for rich and poor alike, but games of chance were played everywhere, and cock-fighting for stakes was universal. It was a poor man indeed who did not own a rooster he was willing to bet on. One traveller tells of spending a night in a humble house where he lay down on the

floor with a whole family and all the dogs while a magnificent red game cock occupied a perch that hung from the roof and annoyed him all night with its crowing. Each time the bird threw back his head and uttered his ringing challenge, the father of the family would awake and proudly exclaim, "How sweetly sings my bird!"

Original Sin was one article of Christian dogma the *paisano* never grasped. Perhaps he was too near to nature to pay such a tribute to any God. At any rate he regarded love as a free boon or a commodity rather than as a spiritual discipline. The invading Americans found it easy to rent or purchase mistresses among the poor, and there was not felt to be anything wrong about such unions, which had their own governing terms and their own dignity. One describes a mother chastising a twenty-year-old daughter for speaking impudently to the gentleman who had paid good money for the privilege of her favors.

It is an apparent contradiction in the character of the common Mexican that he may be the most proudly independent of men or the most servile. It seems to depend less upon the individual than upon the relation to him in which you stand. If you go as a guest to his house, however humble it may be, he is a grand gentleman who tells you that all he owns is yours. Unless he has been too much corrupted by contact with the Americanos he will often refuse payment for his hospitality, though nothing averse to accepting suitable gifts. But if you hire a Mexican to work for you, he is likely to regard you as a potential source of all things needed, and to become a somewhat importunate solicitor of favors. Give him half a chance and he will get himself into your debt and stay there. In a word, he will relapse into peonage.

Doubtless the tradition of his experience accounts for both of these attitudes. When he had land, a hard-bitten self-sufficiency became his necessary virtue, and when he could not feed himself, then he became the abject dependent of some *rico*. Both political and economic life in New Mexico still suffer from his instinctive love of a feudal relationship to some leader. Shrewd politicians have built up some of the most perfectly working and perfectly corrupt political machines that ever existed by taking proper care of their henchmen. Of one of them it was said that when an election was in doubt he could always win it by voting the sheep.

III

In almost every Mexican village there is still to be seen a strange building that stands apart from the others, apparently deserted. This is the *morada*, headquarters of the Penitent Brothers. Like the *khiva* in an Indian pueblo, it is usually distinguished from all other buildings by the fact that it has no windows, or only a tiny one too high for peeping. Sometimes, like the *khiva*, it is partly buried in the earth, nor does the resemblance end with these physical similarities. For the *morada*, like the *khiva*, is the secret and unpenetrated stronghold of a primitive faith. Here, too, rites are still enacted that no alien eye has seen, and that despite the official frown of the church and the endless prying of the laity. The *morada* is the heart of primitive New Mexico.

Sometimes a great wooden cross, ten feet high, stands before the structure or leans against its wall. More often the cross is on some distant hilltop and you catch a surprised glimpse of its outline against the sky. It is never lacking, for by origin and profession the Penitent Brothers are mem-

bers of a Christian sect, deriving from the Middle Ages, who gash and whip their flesh for the glory of their souls and enact at every Eastertide a primitive passion play. It is known that formerly they nailed a man to the cross. Some aliens have witnessed crucifixions with ropes, drawn tight enough to stop the circulation of the blood. There are many rumors of Penitentes who have died on the cross, as of other tortures. Nowadays one may see only the whippings of bare and lacerated backs and the crucifixion of an image, but what goes on in the night and in the secret chamber of the *morada*, none but the Penitent Brothers know.

The flagellant sect from which this one takes its name and origin came to New Mexico with the conquest and with the Third Order of Saint Francis. Oñate records that he and his men performed its rites. But in Old Mexico this sect had already absorbed an aboriginal one, which practiced self-punishment. The society was from an early date as much Indian as Spanish, as much pagan as Christian. It is of a piece with the faith of all Mexicans of the mixed blood. Everywhere they have substituted Christian images for those of their native idolatry and made over Jesus into a symbol of their own sacrifices of blood. That is why Mexico can fight the Church and expel its ministers and still remain a devoutly religious country. And that is why the New Mexicans remained devout while the priests robbed them of the rites of marriage, of baptism and even of burial.

It was into the society of the Penitent Brothers that the common Mexican of the Rio Grande country fled from spiritual persecution, as the land was his refuge from his temporal masters. Whatever its social standing may have been at first, it speedily became an organization of the

common man against his masters—a brotherhood with temporal benefits and a fierce solidarity and a secretiveness so relentless that it punished betrayal of its laws and business with burial alive. And as a religion, although its rules and its songs came straight from the medieval church and were never changed, it became more and more a primitive penance and a primitive worship of death. The church formally pronounced against it in the '80s, and it must have suffered the opposition of many of the *padres* long before that, for its tendency was to free the common man from their exactions. It was the flower of a spiritual integrity, which had its roots lower and deeper than those of any church, in an ancient sacrifice of blood, in the ecstatic acceptance of pain and death.

Like everything about the *paisano*, it has an astonishing vitality. There are still many *moradas*, perhaps nearly as many as ever. An educated Mexican who has known the Penitentes all his life told me that the society still numbers thirty-five thousand. It extends into Southern Colorado and perhaps into Old Mexico and Texas, but its headquarters are in the New Mexican town of Mora, and most of its membership is within the State.

In most of the Mexican villages the church stands in the center of the town and the *morada* is apart and alone, but in the isolated towns of Rio Arriba the *morada* may be the most prominent building in the place. In Truchas it is almost as large as the church and it is the only one I ever saw that has a bell tower. In Las Trampas there is no *morada*, for the secret chambers of the order are built on to the rear of the old church itself, the cart of death stands in a room of the main building, bloody whips hang in the gallery and the walls are spattered with

the blood of many Good Fridays. Here, it is plain, the Penitent Brothers were so strong that they simply absorbed the church and hold it still. There is no resident *padre*, but only a circuit-riding priest who comes once or twice a month.

It is said that the Penitent Brothers have secret rites on many saints' days, and they have an elaborate and hidden system of meetings and benefits, like any other secret order. It is only in the Lenten season that they come before the public as penitents. The curious, if they rise early and ride far, may then see the processions of the flagellants and even the crucifixion of an image, and if they stay the night they may hear the weird screech of the flute which is the only music of the nocturnal processions, and the terrific uproar of the *tinieblas*, when rattles, bullroarers, chains, and tin cans filled with rocks simulate the din of universal catastrophe.

I saw the Penitentes first in 1903, when I was thirteen years old. Pop-eyed with excitement, I went home and wrote a description, which I paraphrase here, because it is more complete and exact than memory. In fact, what I remember best is the all-night ride in the bitter March weather with freezing hands and feet. The wind had piled tumble weeds along the road and every few miles we would touch a match to a pile of these and warm ourselves at a brief flare that lit the mountains, still patched with snow, and made a dance of shadows among cedar brush and boulders. I remember dawn-light shining on an adobe town and a breakfast of crackers and cheese in a little store and then excited Mexicans coming to say that the Penitentes were marching to the graveyard.

A dozen men, naked to the waist, their heads enveloped in black caps as for a hanging, marched slowly, chanting in per-

fect time. Their backs, gashed with sharp flints, were covered with blood, and their white drawers were bloody to the heels. Each swung a great whip of braided yucca fiber in time with the chanting, and at every sixth step brought it down upon his own bare back. The whips were saturated with blood, so that each blow resounded like a slap with a wet towel. Slowly the procession whipped its way to the barren little graveyard, fenced in by barbed wire, with its scant wreaths withering on graves with wooden markers. The penitents knelt briefly before the large wooden cross in the middle of the yard, then whipped and chanted a slow course back to the *morada* on the hill.

After some minutes of excited hesitation, all of us—four or five excited, awe-struck boys—climbed the hill and with bared heads bowed filed into the chapel room among a crowd of Mexicans. A smoky lantern hung from the middle of the roof and two candles lit an altar at the far end. It was draped and curtained in black, and a human skull occupied its very center. Not the cross, but the skull and cross bones were embroidered or painted in white on the black altar cloth. Plainly, this was a shrine of death.

It was so dim in there that some minutes passed before we saw the penitents lined up along the walls on either side, bowed and veiled. Presently they all filed into the back room where none but members are ever admitted, and they passed so close to us that we might have touched the bloody flesh of their bared backs. As soon as they were gone a crowd of men and women pushed through the door, singing in shrill doleful Spanish, and all knelt, the crowd movement bringing us to our knees in a meaningless genuflexion. Then for the first time we saw that a small dark figure knelt before the altar.

It rose and became a man, certainly less than five feet tall, in a black robe with a horsehair rope about his middle. He spoke fervently in Spanish for several minutes and when he had done, all went silently out again.

Before the door the penitents stood in terrible marching order. Now the ascent of Calvary began. First came a man whom four others held by short ropes, and as he walked they jerked him savagely, this way and that. Two following whipped alternately themselves and another who walked before them. Then came a man with his arms bound tightly to a pole behind his back. Two others bore small crosses, and the rest came behind, whipping themselves with long swinging strokes over their own shoulders.

The cross was only a little way off, behind the building. It was about ten feet high and swathed in white sheeting. All of the penitents knelt on one side of it and a funereal huddle of black-shawled women on the other, while the crowd gathered loosely about. A man stepped forward and jerked the sheets from the cross, uncovering a wooden image of the Saviour, absurdly small, grotesquely crude. From somewhere the tiny gnomelike figure in the black robe appeared and spoke again in a wild rapid patter that seemed to communicate an excitement to the whole crowd. Women wailed, men groaned and clapped their hands. One whirled a wooden rattle, another blew shrill discords on a flute and a man in the background seized a crowbar and pounded on it with a shovel.

So Christ died, amid pandemonium and lamentation. Then He was taken down in reverent silence, the great cross was uprooted and laid upon the shoulders of a giant penitent, and in slow procession all whipped themselves back toward the

morada. Just before they reached it the man of the four ropes cried out and fell, and his brothers picked him up and carried him into the house. The two who whipped another laid on with a sudden burst of energy, and he too fell upon his face and was carried through the door. One man fell senseless under his own efforts. The giant bearer of the cross leaned it against the wall, fell out from under it and crept into the *morada* on all fours. The public penance was over.

Riding home, we met another group of Penitente-hunters who had seen a man hurl himself naked into a cactus patch, and heard a rumor that a real crucifixion with nails was to take place in secret that night.

The Penitentes were only a delightful horror then. It is the diversities of life that strike us first. Time reveals the unities, bringing a sort of comprehension for anything men may do. Those whips laid on bloody backs now seem only a brutal and forthright form of the discipline which every man must lay upon himself—symbols of the guilt and fear which are the penalties of human consciousness. And even more than it is a discipline, the rite of the penitent brother is a worship of death. It is a manifestation of that intimate concern with death which seems to be the vital religion of all Mexico. Formerly every penitent procession included a "cart of death" in which rode a skeleton draped in black, with a drawn bow and arrow in its hand, and it is said that once the arrow flew and killed a man.

The Mexican embraces death because he loves life, because death is a part of life and until death has been accepted life is but a subterfuge. On the Day of the Dead in Mexico City the people picnic in the graveyards, spreading their lunches on the tombs. Children crunch candy skulls be-

tween their teeth and bakeries sell dead man's bread. At funerals Mexicans feast and drink and even make a little love while watching beside a bier. In the rite of the penitent brother this worship of death, like his discipline, is simple, naked and realistic. It is not death as an abstraction that he accepts, after the fashion of philosophers, nor any poetic sublimation of it, but the stark and awful physical reality. He does not need to declare death beautiful or make it lyric. He waters the earth with his blood and kneels before a skull in reverent acknowledgment of the day when he shall be a bit of dust and bone.

IV

In the rites of the Penitent Brothers, and in the mountain towns where they have their greatest strength is seen the most enduring part of what Spain left in this country. This native peasant stock is what took root in the soil and survived all changes. And it is by no means a perishing or a decadent stock today. All through the Rio Arriba country, where one can ride many miles without meeting any but Mexicans, the people are prosperous in their own crude and self-sufficient way. Their houses are well-plastered and their horses are large and fat. The valleys are green with well-tilled crops and sheep fatten on the communal range lands.

As you go down toward the river and southward, the character of the civilization changes gradually, as does that of the vegetation. Even in the upper valley, men from Missouri and Oklahoma have bought in, often cultivating lands the Mexicans had neglected. There are tow-headed children and tin roofs. Little Methodist chapels of an uncompromising ugliness are as many as the old adobe cathedrals, the nasal wail of the Protestant hymnology rivals

the chant of the Penitent Brothers, and the subtle scourges invented by John Calvin replace the bloody whip.

As you near one of the larger towns, such as Albuquerque, the proportion of Mexicans who own and cultivate land steadily decreases, and those you see are obviously products of adaptation. They ride in Fords and if you speak to them in Spanish they reply in excellent idiomatic English, including the latest slang. When he comes into contact with the Americans, the native of the younger generation shows an adaptability in manner and language as surprising as the earth-rooted resistant conservatism of his fellows back in the hills. When it comes to learning the current values of time and money, he is not so quick. He has a tendency to buy whatever takes his eye, on the instalment plan, and keep it until they take it away from him again. He seldom becomes a rich man or a thorough-going Puritan. The virtues of thrift and repression elude him. He remains always a man of pleasure and of leisure. Doubtless he is in process of being absorbed, but he seems likely to leave his mark upon the society that absorbs him.

From the Rio Grande south, clear to the frozen lands of the Argentine, this same man of mixed blood, more Indian than Spanish, is the prevalent, the surviving type. He varies widely in build and complexion according to the aboriginal stocks that went into his making, but later immigration has changed him little, and everywhere that I have seen him—in Mexico, in Central America and in the islands

—he is much the same man. Unmistakably he is an emergent type—a man half primitive just beginning to grasp the tools of industrial civilization and the mysteries of democratic government. His period of incessant revolution is drawing toward an end. He is just beginning to find himself in the arts. His fertility, both spiritual and physical, seems to be unimpaired.

For a hundred years all immigration across the border was southward. Men from the old Southwest, of the Bowie and Crockett type, had preëmpted a large part of Texas before the guns of the Alamo began a revolution. The wagon merchants from Missouri had taken New Mexico away from the *ricos* and were supporting the government ten years before Kearney hoisted a new flag at Santa Fé. Lately the spontaneous movement of population has in a measure reversed itself, and the fact seems to me not without significance. The Americans who go south now are salesmen rather than settlers, while about fifty thousand Mexicans cross the border every year, looking for easy American dollars and alarming Nordic Congressmen. These humble track-workers and fruit-pickers are pioneers, just as much as the early Texans were, and so are the Mexican painters and cartoonists who invade the literary teas in Manhattan.

Indo-Spanish America is coming toward us, bringing both its gifts and its needs. The Rio Grande is now, as it has been for a hundred years, the frontier between two races and two cultures, and the outcome of that contact is a thing that remains to be seen.

MUSIC

THE USES OF AMATEUR PLAYING

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

THE fiddle was scraping. (In the hands of the lady who fondly grasped it by the neck it could never be a violin.) At the piano, accompanying her, sat a gentleman—too much a gentleman—whose patience was surpassed only by mine. And I stood silently by, thinking of the Hindus. Why the Hindus? Somewhere I had read that the æsthetics of Hindu listening was an admirable technique of adjustment to human imperfections. Hindu music is all melody; there are no harmonic complications. The listener does not insist upon flawlessness. If he knows that the player or the singer is going wrong, he makes a mental correction, and continues to enjoy the performance.

I should not be surprised to learn that my blood is, in part, Oriental. Certainly for badly played music I have a toleration that at times out-Hindus the Hindu, and I cannot only understand, but feel, the manner in which he is supposed to listen to deviations from perfection.

As a matter of record, what this lady and gentleman were playing was not a composition written expressly for the two instruments. It was an orchestral piece. It was, to be uneasily specific, the Ninth symphony of Beethoven. Nor was it a foolhardy arrangement of that grandiose, clamant masterpiece for piano and violin. The players had selected, from the parts of a version for small orchestra and piano, the sheets for the piano and first violin. They were—not counting me—alone. And they

felt like running through the symphony just for the fun of it.

They played indifferently. My listening, except for the compulsion to make mental corrections of such errors as I detected, was of the same quality. And yet—this is the incredible part—they enjoyed themselves, and so, on the whole, did I. They were not “performing.” They were blessedly unself-conscious. They felt what amounted to a reverence for the music that they were mutilating. They were not skilled executants, nor did they pretend to be. My presence, did they not know me too well to be inhibited by it, might have poisoned the glorious moment for them. It seems unreasonable, even irrational, that there should have been glory in so cacophonous a moment. Yet it is my duty, as one who would register impressions as objectively as is possible to our fallible clay, to report that glory was there. The letter of the music was slain; the spirit of it came to life.

This is, I grant you, an extreme instance. Had the players been strangers, I might have voted at once for their execution. It was, naturally, as much my friendship as my ear that listened. Yet the moral is clear; music is as much an experience to be enjoyed as it is an art to be self-consciously performed before paying audiences.

Let me mention one or two less abnormal instances. I have in mind a string quartette club that has been meeting for many years. If an adequate pianist happens along, it becomes, *ipso facto*, a quintette. Between numbers sandwiches are often sandwiched in; I fear, indeed, that on nights when spirits run high and there are fewer sour

notes than usual, beer flows more smoothly than melody. These gentlemen are all, by day, slaves of the ledger and the day-book. Their unpretentious preoccupation with music restores them from the harsh contacts of the day. The years that have held them together have given them an uncommonly intimate appreciation of the classics. They speak of a Haydn quartette, of a Mozart quintette—that beautiful one in which the clarinet is the guest of the strings—and of a hundred other compositions, not with the academic, *ex cathedra*, offensively “cultural” snobbism of the humorless professional, but with an easy familiarity that has bred high regard.

These men, as I have hinted, play not too well. They fake rapid passages; or, rather, they confess their inadequacy and wait for smoother sailing over the staves. They know what the music should sound like; they simply can’t meet its more exigent demands. Once in so often, when a slow movement within their various ranges helps them to suggest the beauty that the composer heard as he set it down, their faces light up with a pleased glow; for a moment they have reached the core of the mass, and this, too, is glory.

In a word, they are not only listening to music; they are making it.

It has been said and written that we, as a nation, do too much passive listening and not enough active playing. We are beset on all sides by mechanisms. It has been written, too, that even in our sports we are too much the onlookers, too little the participants. Certainly one’s fun in watching a major league game is the greater for having oneself slammed the ball over the city lots. And just as surely one’s enjoyment of a concert is the deeper for having oneself played music, however amateurishly.

We know of one-finger pianists. They are a nuisance. We know of one-finger

composers. Paid arrangers give added meaning to their melodies, but some of these melodies, even unsupported, bear witness to a certain innate musicality of the limited composer. We know of persons who play very well by ear. Some of them are tolerable. We know, too, of composers-by-ear,—writers of music who cannot set down on paper what they have composed. My point is not that these persons are very well left to their own devices, or that they have no need of finer execution and more detailed knowledge. I mean to say, however, that they need not be, for the purposes of the pleasure that is to be derived from music, performing paragons. I would remove from music that atmosphere of esotericism, of sacred mystery, which is so dear to the mountebanks and the clowns of the profession.

Perhaps, on some distant day, the ability to read music and to play it will be almost as common as the ability to read books has become since the invention of printing. Certainly a change in public musical education and wider opportunities for the acquirement of the necessary technique will result in a marked improvement among the masses. It is not assumed, however, when we are taught how to read and write, that we are headed for authorship, for criticism, or even for a career as an elocutionist. It need not be assumed, either, that a more intensive and extensive public training in the various branches of music looks toward the rearing of composers, critics, and performers. There must be readers and audiences, too. The better the preparation of the reader or the listener, the finer the quality of the artist’s audience. And the finer the quality of the layman’s appreciation. There is no valid reason why, ultimately, there should not be as excellently trained a public for music in this country as there is for books.

Even the one-finger pianist—may his tribe decrease—has at least achieved contact with the materials of the tonal art. It is a feat that many critics, of whatever art, might achieve to the great advantage of their profession. No art critic was ever the worse for handling a brush and trying to daub a little himself. I just spoke of a more widespread acquaintance with music; the principle holds true for all the other arts as well. We all of us draw more or less, whether taught at the public schools or not. If the appreciation of pictures is, in the United States, often absurd and confused with the other arts, it is because our educational methods are still inadequate to the training of a sensitive public.

There is no mystery about reading, about books. The ability to read is too necessary to our economic life. The reading public is skeptical—most of the time justly—of the high priests of the linotype and the library who would make of letters an Eleusinian mystery. If it is easier to surround music and painting with an air of prestidigitation and high privilege—if even our hard-boiled populace still believes that pictures are painted and music is composed in a holy of holies, to enter which were profanation,—it is because a class character still attaches to these professions, whereas anybody who has eyes may read, and almost everybody has written, is writing, or will write, a book.

There is, if I may put it so, between musician and audience, between artist and visitor to the museum, a greater psychological distance than that between reader and author. One of the results of a true musical education should be to bridge that gap, to shorten that distance, to pull off the false whiskers of the pedagogues and the pretenders, to create music-makers—however modest—as well as listeners. The

radio is a much maligned instrument; most of its adverse critics do not seem to realize how easily it is turned off, or how easy it is not to turn it on at all. But to listen only and never to try to play an instrument, if only for oneself, is to miss a tonic contact with the tonal elements.

We are a nation of dancers; so much so, in fact, that one commentator has suggested the ballet as our most promising national form. But at the dance of life we are still, for the greater part, wallflowers.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

STRAUSS WALTZES. *Full Orchestra*
By Johann & Josef Strauss. *Victor*
\$7.50 Album of five 12-in. records *Camden*

The test of the born music-lover lies not necessarily in his response to the challenge of the consecrated classics. Ask him, rather, if he is fond of Offenbach, Sullivan, or the waltzes of the Strausses. If his answer is no, eye him with suspicion; he is fit for stratagems and spoils. As early as 1863, Wagner was writing that "a single Strauss waltz surpasses in grace, refinement and real musical substance the majority of foreign products." And Brahms, inscribing his autograph upon Mme. Strauss's fan, found no higher tribute than to write out a few bars of "The Beautiful Blue Danube", adding thereunder, "Unfortunately, not by me!" . . . The present album enlists the services of the Vienna Philharmonic under Clemens Krauss and Erich Kleiber, and those of the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Dr. Leo Blech. The waltzes, outside of a potpourri entitled "Reminiscences of Vienna", are "The Thousand And One Nights", "My Darling", "Artists' Life" and "Village Swallows", the last-named by brother Josef. A good time is had by all.

"IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA."

(*Opera in Three Acts*)
By Gioacchino Rossini. *Columbia*
\$24. Two albums, sixteen 12-in. records
New York

Rossini, who was one of the laziest composers that ever lived, was also, when he

wanted to be, one of the most industrious. In 1815 he signed up to do two operas for the Carnival in Rome, which began at once after Christmas. One of them—the now forgotten “Torvaldo e Dorliska”—was already being produced before the other had been started. Yet within the incredible space of thirteen days the other was ready, and that other nothing less than the undying “Barber of Seville”. One hundred and sixteen years of changing fashions in the arts—and sciences!—have not dimmed the numerous felicities of the score. To be sure, the formulæ of a departed era are now heard as clichés; in their own day they were fresher. Yet the Italian’s melodiousness, his sly digs in the voice or in the accompaniment, his unceasing fountain of orchestral commentary, his humor now dry and now oily, keep their youth. The justly famous arias and ensembles—“Una voce poco fa”, “Ecco ridente il cielo”, the self-proclamatory patter of Figaro, Bartolo’s “Manca un foglio”, the protracted Good Night scene, the song of slander—still prick one’s ears with delight. . . . A chorus from La Scala, under Vittore Veneziani; the Milan Symphony Orchestra, directed by Cav. Lorenzo Molajoli; a cast enlisting as principals Mercedes Capsir (Rosina), Dino Borgioli (Count Almaviva), Riccardo Stracciari (Figaro), Salvatore Baccaloni (Dr. Bartolo) and Vincenzo Bettoni (Don Basilio)—these produce the illusion of actual presentation. The opera, moreover, is one that lends itself very readily to phonographic performance, and may be welcomed as one of the best of the Italian albums.

“FRANCESCA DA RIMINI”, *Symphonic Fantasia*. London Symphony Orchestra
By Peter I. Tschaiḱowsky. Victor
\$4. Two 12-in. records Camden

Tschaiḱowsky was powerfully attracted to the pathos and the tragedy of young love: Romeo and Juliet, Miranda in Prospero’s domain, the Dantean pair who read no more that day. . . . He had planned an opera upon the subject of Paul and Francesca, but had quarreled with the librettist; that fellow, not content with writing the book, wished to dictate the form of the music, and insisted upon

Wagnerian leit-motifs. In 1876 the Russian returned to the theme, *con amore*, and completed the present composition in October. . . . It contains, amid the expected idiosyncrasies of its author—hysterical frenzies of sound, mounting clangors, violent dynamic contrasts, plethoric writing—some excellent descriptive music. Albert Coates, so thoroughly at home in Russian art, leads his Londoners through a performance that alternately soothes and stirs.

SHEET MUSIC

THE BAB BALLADS. *Voice & Piano Set by Adrian Welles Beecham.*

Hutchinson & Company
6 shillings 10¼ x 12¾; 47 pp. London

This is Volume II of the venture, and carries a short empty introduction by Sir Henry Lytton, whose long services to Gilbert-Sullivan operetta have made his name a household word in England and her possessions. These are the first settings, he tells us, of Gilbert’s immortal nonsense. To a composer with wit and fancy the ballads—they are here reprinted, twenty-one of them, with the original illustrations by Gilbert himself—present a rare opportunity. It is strange that the notion of setting them never occurred to Sullivan, since so much in the Savoy librettos owes its being to these rhymes out of Gilbert’s Bohemian days. To set them, by that same token, was to challenge comparison with Sullivan. Such a comparison the present composer ill sustains. With the exception of the music to “Little Oliver” the settings are undistinguished, unimaginative and lacking in the spirit of the words. Gilbert’s malice, his satire, and his doggerel humors are simply not to be found in the music, which glosses these elements over with a conscious or unconscious naïveté. A splendid opportunity fumbled. . . .

ROMANTIC SONGS. *For Voice & Piano By Theodora Dutton. J. Fischer & Brother*
\$1.25 9¼ x 12¾; 17 pp. New York

The collection comprises “A Vesper Lullaby” (Bryce Winthrop), “To The Owl” (Tennyson), “Russian Love Song” (Edward W. Barnard) and “The Eyes of Love” (Winthrop). There is no special dis-

tion beyond an occasionally interesting snatch of melody; something of Tennyson's humor, too, is caught in the setting. For the rest, there is little inspiration in the words.

ARRANGEMENTS

MOUVEMENTS PERPÉTUELS

(*Poulenc*). For Violin & Piano
Arranged by Jascha Heifetz.

80 cents 9 x 12; 7 pp. *Carl Fischer*
New York

RONDO in E-flat (*Hummel*). Same

Same *Carl Fischer*

\$1. 9 x 12; 13 pp. *New York*

DANZA DE LA GITANA (*Halfter*).

Same *Carl Fischer*

\$1. 9 x 12; 11 pp. *New York*

The arrangements, as might be guessed, call for suppleness and dexterity, and provide for the soloist an opportunity to match himself against the uncanny powers of the one and only Jascha. Each is in a well-differentiated style. Halfter, the least known of the composers, is one of the brilliant younger Spaniards of whom much is expected.

MODERN SCHOOL ORCHESTRA BOOKS, Volume III.

Orchestra
Edited by Charles J. Roberts *Carl Fischer*

Parts, each, 50 cents; Piano-Conductor, 75 cents
9 x 12; 48 pp. *New York*

There are sixteen selections, with illuminating annotations by Dr. Edwin J. Stringham of Teachers College, Columbia. The music sticks closely to the classics. The hints to the conductor take up eleven of the pages, and concentrate upon the practical problems involved. School organizations, and even private ensembles, should find the book extremely stimulating.

FIVE ADAPTATIONS OF THE TWO-PART INVENTIONS (J. S. Bach).

Two pianos—four hands
Arranged by Guy Maier *J. Fischer & Bro.*
\$1 9¼ x 12¼; 23 pp. *New York*

Mr. Maier is the erstwhile companion of Lee Pattison; during the years of their association they were among the outstanding paired pianists of the world. His arrange-

ments should prove highly attractive to those who deplore the scanty literature for two-piano combinations. They are founded upon a simple division of labor: the players perform, respectively, the treble and bass part of the original, with both hands, in each case, two octaves apart. Directions for playing include the suggestion that there should be no legato,—that the left hand of Piano I should play louder than the right, so as to make the right sound like a light overtone, and that this dynamic process be reversed in Piano II, so as to prevent "growling" in the bass.

BOOKS

THE ELOQUENT BATON.

By Will Earhart *M. Witmark & Sons*
\$1.50 5½ x 8¼; 93 pp. *New York*

This is a readable little treatise on beating out the time of musical compositions. Each type of measure is carefully diagrammed, with a graphic representation of the curves actually traced by the conductor's baton. There are numerous musical excerpts, too, on which the student is encouraged to try out his prowess. Mr. Earhart attends strictly to business, and indulges in none of the moony excogitations that befuddle so many musicians when they turn pedagogue.

CREATIVE SINGING.

By Paul Savage. *The Petros Press*
\$2.50 5¼ x 7¾; 181 pp. *New York*

The book is in three sections: I, Man's Endowment or All That He Has to Express; II, Man's Body or the Medium of Expression; III, Technique. On page 6 it appears that "we have *within us*, which under free will plus desire we can cause to contract and give out, unlimited amounts of natural Force, Wisdom and Love—or Power, Thought and Beauty." On page 14: "It is safe to say that no permanent plane of beautiful expression will be maintained until *passion*, the *poison* of life, is replaced by beautiful emotion." On page 176, this masterpiece of the *non sequitur*: "Animal instincts are attuned to animal instincts, wisdom speaks to wisdom, beauty is attuned to beauty. Millions are being taught this truth in attuning radios." There is also something in the book about singing.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

In the Grove of Athens

REASON & NATURE, by Morris R. Cohen.
\$5. 9 x 6; 470 pp. New York: *Harcourt,
Brace & Company.*

THE REVOLT AGAINST DUALISM, by
Arthur O. Lovejoy. \$4. 8 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{7}{8}$; 325 pp.
Chicago: *The Open Court Publishing
Company.*

BOTH of these learned brethren give the lie to the common notion that metaphysicians are all dull dogs. It would be excessive, of course, to call them downright gay; they are both what the late Henrik Ibsen used to speak of as deep-down-diving and much-mud-upbringing men. But all the same they carry on their inquiries into the great conundrums of being and becoming in a very suave manner, and what they write thus makes agreeable reading, even for those who are but little interested in its content. I offer pp. 287-290 of Dr. Lovejoy's book as a specimen of the dialectic art and mystery at its gaudiest and damndest. Here his victim is the celebrated A. S. Eddington, and what he undertakes to demolish is the Eddingtonian doctrine that "whatever is not experimentally observable does not exist." He states this doctrine in full, examines its implications, plays with it amiably for a moment or two, and then demolishes it at one dreadful crack. But that single crack is not enough to satisfy such a virtuoso. Instead he must pile on his disproofs and rebuttals until poor Eddington is left without a leg, an arm, an ear or an eye. There are eight caveats altogether, and all of them are unanswerable. It would be impossible to imagine a

more devastating refutation of an opponent. Or one achieved with greater apparent ease, or with a more delicate and exhilarating logical voluptuousness.

Dr. Lovejoy's main concern is with epistemological matters. That is to say, he investigates the nature of knowledge. Have the objects that we observe in this world an independent existence, or are they simply creations of our minds? Contrariwise, have our minds an independent existence, or are they mere parts of the general flow and surge of things? To the plain man, of course, such questions seem nonsensical. He is sure that his mind exists and he is sure that the objects it is conscious of exist, and he makes a clear distinction between the two. But to certain philosophers this common sense dualism is obnoxious. They find it painful to think of a universe with two kinds of entities in it, and so they try to bring the two together, either by denying that anything can exist without being thought of, or by denying that thought has any reality. This "revolt against dualism" is what Dr. Lovejoy looks into. He canvasses the arguments of all the chief rebels in modern times, running down to John Dewey and Bertrand Russell, and presents what he conceives to be the evidence for "a world of existing particulars which are nobody's ideas," and for the reality on a quite different plane of mind. And incidental to his main purpose he examines a score or two of subsidiary notions which now enjoy more or less repute in the world, and disposes of them as neatly as he disposes of the nihilism of Eddington.

I arise from his book still cherishing a superstitious faith in the ultimate triumph of some sort of monism, but I am constrained to add that he seems very definitely to have postponed it. He has done a very effective piece of writing.

Dr. Cohen covers a much wider field—in fact, he manages, first and last, to glance at most of the major problems of philosophy, and to deal with many that belong to other disciplines. In this long journey he keeps resolutely to the middle of the road. He warns the reader in his preface that he has no ready answer to the riddle of existence, and denounces all those that are commonly made. “The author,” he says, “does not line up with either the orthodox or revolutionary party in politics, morals or religion, though he writes on all these themes. He offers no practical message to the man engaged in the affairs of life, and seems to be satisfied with purely contemplative surveys of existence.” Nevertheless, he has his leanings, and one of them appears when he comes to biology. Here he is frankly a mechanist, with little respect for vitalism. It may, he grants, “help us to dramatize nature and give it an anthropomorphic familiarity. But while a traveler through a dark forest may manage to keep up his courage by filling the darkness with guardian angels, he cannot thereby change the nature and direction of the right road through the woods.”

One of the most interesting sections of Dr. Cohen’s book deals with ethics. He rejects the notion that ethical judgments can have anything resembling an absolute validity, and grants them only a “provisional and probable character.” But he believes that a scientific approach to the problem is still possible—that we may, by the exercise of reason, “determine the degree of accuracy and probable truth that

our moral judgments can attain at any state of our knowledge.” Thus ethics becomes “rigidly theoretical in its dialectic part, and empirical in its material rules.” Its aim is not to bring on the millennium, but simply to make life ever more bearable in a highly imperfect world. It must recognize the fact that “no actual temporal act can fully embody the ideal,” and reconcile itself to renouncing “the fatal and desolating illusion that we can ever have or bring about a heaven on earth.” Dr. Cohen’s skepticism leads him to protest that the value of life is often overestimated, and the value of experience with it. Mere living, he holds, is nothing; the important thing is to live richly, abundantly. Thus, by way of Nietzsche (whom he rejects) he returns to Aristotle, and his exposition closes upon a note reminiscent of the Nicomachean Ethics.

He writes with great clearness, and has a lot that is interesting and stimulating to say. He ranges the field of knowledge from mathematics to psychology and from history to jurisprudence, and is always sensible and plausible.

What Is To Be Done About It?

THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT, by Margaret Wilson. \$3. 8 x 5½; 334 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.
CONFLICTING PENAL THEORIES IN STATUTORY CRIMINAL LAW, by Mabel E. Elliott. \$4. 8½ x 5¾; 274 pp. Chicago: *The University of Chicago Press*.

IN THESE books two earnest ladies wrestle desperately with the insoluble. What is to be done about crime? Manifestly, what we are doing now is far from effective. The very day which sees a bandit electrocuted and another sent up for forty years also sees a whole crop of new banditries. One school of penologists, mainly made

up of elderly and Christian men, long schooled in moral endeavor, says that the remedy is to keep the electric chair busy and build more prisons. Here and there it has been done, but crime continues to flourish. Another school, mainly composed of brisk young theorists, says that the remedy is to consider the criminal an invalid and treat him "scientifically." Here and there it has been done, but crime does not diminish. Thus the problem, to practical men in the middle ground, begins to look almost hopeless. Nothing seems to be accomplished by being mild, and nothing by being harsh. So we stagger along aimlessly, vacillating between one course and the other. Everyone agrees that there is too much crime in the United States, but no one knows what to do about it. One hears constantly that if it is not put down the Republic will perish, but all of the programmes of action that are offered have palpable holes in them.

Mrs. Wilson writes more entertainingly than Dr. Elliott, but that is only because she is more upset, and hence more eloquent. She gave no thought to the question, she says, until she married an Englishman (she is herself an American) who was shortly afterward appointed governor, *i.e.*, warden, of one of the large English prisons. Scarcely had she got into her house on the prison wall than a hanging was afoot, and she received a series of psychic shocks which set her to reading furiously and thinking painfully. She studied the whole history of crime and punishment in England and America, and came to certain disconcerting conclusions. The first was to the effect that severe punishments reduce crime very little, if at all—that the harder the hangman works, the more candidates he has for his art. The other was to the effect that a large proportion of so-called criminals are no more

than victims of our social system—that it is as absurd and unfair to punish them for their acts as it would be to punish a sick man for falling ill.

So far there is nothing new. It has all been said before. But Mrs. Wilson comes upon new ground when she essays to frame remedies, though it must be added that they remain pretty vague. In the first place, she is convinced that our view of certain crimes is barbaric and irrational—that they are really not as bad as most people think. An example is rape. It does not differ basically, she thinks, from many of the other forms of sexual exploitation that women have to submit to, and against which they make little complaint. She believes that the damage to the victim has been greatly exaggerated and romanticized. "Our hysteria," she says, "does many men great injustice. . . . As a matter of fact, I should hate to have it put in cold blood to me, the alternative between one year's life, and the undergoing of such violence without publicity." So with robbery. It is a proof of incurable viciousness only occasionally. Much more often the motive at the bottom of it is a quite natural and normal one, recognized as such in countless other situations. But that motive is seldom gone into when a culprit comes up for trial. What induced him to rob becomes a kind of irrelevance; the important thing is the damage suffered by the man he robbed. This damage society assumes as its own, but it does not assume the temptation of the robber.

Here Mrs. Wilson arrives at an old conclusion, but it is by a new route. No one, so far as I can recall, has ever argued before that we should reconsider our whole theory as to what is crime. It is surely a novelty to hear a woman argue—and especially an American woman—that the damage her sex suffers from sexual vio-

lence lies mainly in the hullabaloo, not in the crime. Unfortunately, this theory comes into immediate conflict with her remedy, which is simply more hullabaloo. She proposes, in brief, that criminals be shamed, and the public set on guard against them, by "a well-managed system of national publicity." The medium she has in mind is the movie, which now offers "constant representations of murder, lust and violence." Instead of jailing, say, a man "repeatedly and incorrigibly guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses," let a film of him be made "in characteristic attitudes" by some skillful director, and exhibited "once a week or once a month . . . with warning captions: 'Beware of this fraudulent and cunning thief. This man is a liar and a cheat. The public deals with him at its own risk.'"

Somehow, alas, I fail to be convinced. On what ground are we to assume that the young who now admire criminals would not continue to admire them if they were so placarded as dangerous? The very fact that they were bad enough to be given space in the films would probably only make heroes of them. And how would it be possible, in the average case, to advertise the criminal without disclosing the victim? Moreover, what reason is there for believing that a man thus held up to suspicion and ignominy could make a living at any honest occupation? It seems to me to be more probable that he would be forced into fresh crimes willy nilly—that the one certain effect of advertising him would be to make him genuinely incorrigible. Thus Mrs. Wilson's book ends in a muddle, and there is little in it for the practical penologist. But its burning indignation gives it great dramatic effectiveness, and it is thus far better reading than most books of its kind. In particular, it is full of instructive stuff

about the punishments of the past. They were often very harsh, and every one of them was counted on to stamp out crime, but all of them failed completely. Our present scheme rejects their cruelties, and fixes its chief, if not only hopes upon imprisonment. But imprisonment seems to be failing quite as badly as deportation, flogging, the stocks, the pillory, the duck-stool, the rack, the cauldron of boiling oil, and the block.

Dr. Elliott's book is calmer in tone. She studies the recent progress of penological theory and practise in thirteen States—New York, Massachusetts, California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Colorado, Missouri, Minnesota, Ohio, Nebraska, Indiana, Texas and North Carolina. Two opposing schemes are visible. The first considers the crime rather than the criminal, and punishes it according to its severity. The second puts the criminal first, and its aim is to dissuade him from further crime—by gentle means if possible, but if not then by force. The former has produced the Baumes Laws and other such drastic legislation; the latter has given us probation, the parole system, the indeterminate sentence, juvenile and domestic relations courts, and so on. Dr. Elliott inclines toward the second system, and speaks of the first as reactionary. Nevertheless, she presents little evidence that the one works better than the other. Missouri, by abolishing the death penalty in 1917, did not reduce the homicide rate, but neither was it reduced after 1919, when the death penalty was restored. In the State of Washington the rate diminished after the death penalty was restored, but in Oregon it was increased. In brief, no one knows whether hanging and electrocution dissuade from murder or not. The advocates of capital punishment can bring forward impressive evidence that they do, and the

opponents of capital punishment can produce equally impressive evidence that they don't.

Dr. Elliott, toward the end of her book, calls attention to a consideration that must always be taken into account by penologists. This is the consideration that the great majority of people know nothing of penal theory, but respond to crime in a purely instinctive fashion. When a peculiarly atrocious murder has been committed they demand that someone be executed for it. They care nothing about reforming the murderer; they want simple vengeance, and plenty of it. This attitude annoys the more scientific sort of penologists, for it is plainly quite unscientific, and even anti-scientific. But they will have to reckon with it for a long while, and perhaps forever. Many of the difficulties they encounter today are due to their eagerness to bring in reforms without first educating the public to accept

them. The same error is always made by reformers. It is largely responsible, I believe, for the slowness with which the human race changes its ways of thinking—for what Dr. Elliott calls “the cultural lag.” That lag would be a good deal less if reformers were not so impatient and so cocksure. Mrs. Wilson's discussion of rape offers a good example. It may be that she is right, but if her ideas were put into law in any American State tomorrow there would be a hideous uproar. It would probably take at least a century of preaching, indeed, to make them acceptable anywhere.

Both of these books, though they get nowhere, are very interesting. Crime itself is immensely interesting. So far it remains an unsolved and apparently insoluble problem, but maybe if it is discussed enough some better way may be found to deal with it. Surely the present way is a hopeless and tragic failure.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HOLGER CAHILL *was born in 1893 and educated in the United States and Canada, specializing in art and æsthetics at Columbia University and the New School for Social Research, New York. He is the author of the novel, "Profane Earth" (1927) and the biography, "A Yankee Adventurer" (1930). He has contributed articles on American art to the International Studio, the London Studio, Creative Art and the Atelier. He has written two monographs on American artists, "Pop Hart" (1929), and "Max Weber" (1930). Since 1922 he has been connected with the Newark (N. J.) Museum. Last Fall he selected and assembled an exhibition of American folk painting for it. During the past Summer he traveled over the Atlantic Seaboard assembling an exhibition of American folk sculpture, which will be put on view at the Museum this Autumn.*

EDWIN ROGERS EMBREE *was born in Nebraska and educated at Yale. After serving as alumni editor of the Yale Alumni Weekly and alumni register of the university, he became director of the Division of Studies of the Rockefeller Foundation, and later vice-president of the Foundation. He is now president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. His special interests are secondary education and Negro education. He lives in Chicago.*

LOUIS GOLD, M.D., *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

ISAAC GOLDBERG, PH.D. (Harvard), *is the author of a half dozen books of literary, dramatic and musical criticism.*

EMMA GOLDMAN's *article in this issue will form part of her autobiography, "Living My Life," to be published in October.*

HUGH HANLEY *was born near and educated at Columbus, Ohio, where he now lives. He was assistant editor of the Spider, a radical college monthly, and the English editor of Earth-Pamantul, an English-Roumanian review, until the English section was abandoned.*

ROBERT H. LOWIE, PH.D. (Columbia), *is professor of anthropology at the University of California. He is the author of a half-dozen books, of which the latest is "Are We Civilized?"*

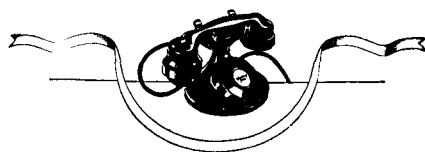
H. E. MCKINSTRY *was born in West Chester, Pa., was graduated from Haverford College in 1917, and has studied geology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Harvard Graduate School. He has done field work in British Columbia, Mexico and South America, and is now in the Porcupine district of Ontario.*

HOFFMAN NICKERSON *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

DOROTHY THOMAS *was born in Kansas, and spent six years on a homestead in Alberta, Canada. Her father, a clergyman, taught her to read. She later attended Cotner College and the University of Nebraska. She taught school for three years in Lincoln, Neb., where she is now living.*

STANLEY WALKER *is city editor of the New York Herald Tribune.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

HOFFMAN NICKERSON, author of "Yorktown, 1781" in this issue, is ninth in descent from William Nickerson, who immigrated in 1637, bought Cape Cod from the Indians, and was the first white settler there, founding the town of Chatham, originally Monomoit. On his mother's side Mr. Nickerson descends from Martin Hoffman, who came to New Amsterdam in 1657 and founded the well-known Hoffman family. His father and both grandfathers were priests of the Episcopal Church. His Nickerson ancestors lived in and around Boston; one of them was a ship-owner ruined by Jefferson's embargo. The Hoffmans were land-owners, and also produced churchmen, Revolutionary soldiers, naval officers (one of whom was a lieutenant aboard frigate *Constitution* when she took the *Guerriere*, the *Cyane* and the *Levant*), merchants, and a man of letters—Charles Fenno Hoffman. The Very Rev. Eugene A. Hoffman, dean of the Episcopal General Theological Seminary in New York, who is referred to in "Famous Families of New York" as the Great Dean, was a grandfather.

Mr. Nickerson was graduated from St. Mark's School in 1907 and from Harvard in 1911, taking a master's degree in 1913.



Pirie MacDonald

Hoffman Nickerson

He was elected to the New York Legislature in 1915, served on the Mexican border in 1916 as a lieutenant in the 71st New York Infantry and was a captain of ordnance in the war against Germany. In 1918 he was on duty with the Intelligence Section of the General Staff of the A. E. F. at Chaumont, then American headquarters in France. After the Armistice he served for a short time as a member of the Inter-allied Armistice Commission at Spa in Belgium.

He is married and has three sons, lives in New York and at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and has travelled extensively. His recreations are lawn tennis and yachting. He also does a little forestry on his country place, felling and planting trees.

His chief intellectual interests are military and ecclesiastical history, both in themselves and in their effects upon culture, politics and society. He has published four books, the first of which was "The Inquisition" (1922). In 1925, in collaboration with Colonels Spaulding and Wright of the United States Army, he wrote "Warfare", a short history of the art of war.

In 1928 he wrote "The Turning Point Of The Revolution", a military and diplomatic analysis of the Revolution. Last Fall he published "The American Rich", a study of American leadership, predicting the rise of a landed class from the commercial rich of today. Four of its chapters were first published as articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Mr. Nickerson is now at work on a book to be called "The United States And The New Europe".

Editorial NOTES

DR. LOUIS GOLD, author of "Laura Jean Libbey" in this issue, says of himself:

I was born on the East Side forty years ago, and have lived in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn for thirty-six years. My wife, Jeanette, is an amateur artist, and I have two children. I was graduated from Public School No. 43 in Brooklyn and worked as a messenger, typist, train guard, factory hand and actor until I made my Regent's counts for medical college by attending night schools. On being graduated from medical college I went into general practice for a few years, and in 1917 I joined the Army Medical Corps, and served for about a year and a half here and abroad. A business excursion after the war ended disastrously a year later. Since then I have been conducting an x-ray laboratory in Brooklyn.



Ferrantino

Dr. Louis Gold

In THE AMERICAN MERCURY for July last, there appeared an article entitled "The Art of the Pullman Porter" by H. N. Hall, of East Lake, Ala. It now appears that various statements in this article, including whole phrases, were borrowed from an article entitled "Your Porter," by Edward Hungerford, published in the *Saturday Evening Post* for July 24, 1915. THE AMERICAN MERCURY sincerely regrets Hall's plagiarism, which was not detected until after the July issue was in the mails, and offers its apologies to Mr. Hungerford, to the *Saturday Evening Post*, and to its readers.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section;
page xxii*

MISCELLANEOUS

AFTERTHOUGHTS.

By Logan Pearsall Smith.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$1.35 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$; 92 pp. *New York*

Mr. Smith's two volumes of "Trivia" will be remembered. Here, in a thin duodecimo, he presents a couple of hundred epigrams and aphorisms. They are grouped under such rubrics as "Age and Death", "Art and Letters", "Life and Human Character" and "Myself". Their general tone is one of resigned disillusion; Mr. Smith finds the world interesting, but it scarcely thrills him. Some examples: "I hate having books forced down my throat; but how I love forcing them down the throats of other people. . . . It is the wretchedness of being rich that you have to live with rich people. . . . 'O Joy!' sings a bird in the heart, 'O Joy!' another bird answers; while the world, like a large, thoughtful cat, sits by and watches. . . . We are told by moralists with the plainest faces that immorality will spoil your looks. . . . It is through the cracks in our brain that happiness creeps in".

FROM THE MONOTREMES TO THE MADONNA.

By Fabritius Zachary Snoop.

Argus Books

\$2 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$; 143 pp. *Chicago*

Since the earliest times, says Mr. Snoop, the female breast has appealed to the imagination of mankind, and "its associations have been stamped indelibly on folk psychology. . . . So mystic is its significance, so wonderful its development and fulfilment, that religion has weaved round it, wittingly or unwittingly, a mass of culture and ritual and ceremonial appalling in its exuberance." In the present work the anatomical, physiological, æsthetic, ethnological and sociological aspects of the breast are considered, and there is a large accumulation of folk-lore and of quotations from the poets and philosophers. It cannot be said, however, that the study is of any save a purely curious interest. The author shows little scientific competence, and appears to have some difficulty distinguishing between what is relevant and what is not. His writing is of commonplace character. The book is not documented, but there is an index.

xxviii

FOURTEEN NOTES.

By Edward Gordon Craig.

The University of Washington Bookstore

\$3.50 12 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$; 21 pp. *Seattle*

In 1928 Dr. Glenn Hughes of the University of Washington published a book called "The Story of the Theatre", and in it there was some discussion of the work of Gordon Craig. To certain of Dr. Hughes' remarks, though they were all very friendly, Mr. Craig objected, and in the present volume his objections are set forth, in all the panoply of a limited edition of 350 numbered copies, "set in 18-point Cloister type and printed on Unicorn all-rag paper". Alas, what Mr. Craig has to say is not very important, save perhaps to the more pedantic sort of theatrical historians. He corrects a number of dates, he lists the failings and defects of some of his contemporaries—for example, Antoine, Appia, Stanislavsky and Reinhardt—and he shows (what everyone knows) that he had to go to Germany for recognition as a stage designer and theorist, and that his native England is still more or less deaf to his gospel. As a footnote to recent stage history all this is interesting, but why it should be solemnly printed in a quarto is hard to make out. The volume is No. 1 of a series known as the University of Washington Quartos.

LIVING PHILOSOPHIES.

By Various Hands.

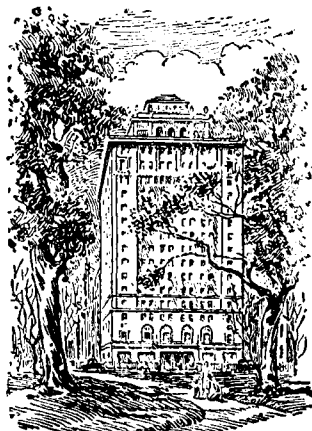
Simon & Schuster

\$2.50 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$; 334 pp. *New York*

There are twenty-two contributors to this symposium, each offering his personal credo. All save four of the essays are reprinted from the *Forum*; the four come from two English volumes of similar character, "Points of View" and "More Points of View." The contributors include Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Robert A. Millikan, Dreiser, Wells, Dr. Irving Babbitt, Lewis Mumford, Sir James Jeans, Dean W. R. Inge, Hilaire Belloc, James Truslow Adams and J. B. S. Haldane. Most of them write very frankly, and so the collection has a considerable interest. One of the most curious of the credos is that of H. G. Wells. "Man," he says, "is more important than the things in the individual life, and this I believe, not as a mere sentimentality, but as a rigorously true statement of biological and mental fact. Our individuality is, so to speak, an inborn obsession from which we shall escape as we become more intelligent." There are portraits of the contributors, and at the end brief biographical notes.

Continued on page xxx

The BOSTON RITZ-CARLTON



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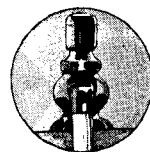
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

SHAKESPEARE'S ECONOMICS.

By Henry W. Farnam. *The Yale University Press*
\$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 187 pp. New Haven

Dr. Farnam is emeritus professor of economics at Yale, and is an LL.D and R.P.D. He has been working on the present book, off and on, for nearly twenty years. If we examine Shakespeare's plots, he says, "we notice that in not a few of his plays the action turns either wholly or in part upon economic questions." Quite apart from the action the characters are based upon those of the life he found about him. There are Kings, princes, noblemen, foresters, carpenters, weavers, butchers, tailors, constables, cardinals, beggars, bawds, pimps, royal ladies, nuns, and hundreds of others. Most of them are christened. But "many of them are unchristened. Many simply figure in the list of *dramatis personae* as clowns, like the two wonderful gravediggers in 'Hamlet.'" Shakespeare makes no extended mention of mining in his plays, Dr. Farnam tells us after his long and laborious study, because mining was an unimportant industry in his day. But the poet, strangely enough, does allude to various coins, and this "suggests the great variety in the coinage of the time." And so on. There is a long bibliography, and also an elaborate index. There are several illustrations.

THE ENGLISH MEDIEVAL FEAST.

By William Edward Mead.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$5 8¾ x 5½; 272 pp. Boston

The medieval cooks ran to very complicated dishes, and some of their masterpieces would revolt the modern palate. They seldom cooked meat without smothering it in herbs, especially saffron, and often they also added spices and nuts, especially cinnamon and almonds. There were no forks in those days, and no plates. In place of a plate each diner was supplied with a large slice of coarse bread, called a trencher, and on it he deposited his meat. At the end of the meal he ate the bread, which was saturated with the juice of the meat and with the horrible accompanying sauces. Mr. Mead's book shows diligent research. He has explored a great many medieval cook-books, and describes at length the principal procedures of the medieval cooks. He also has interesting chapters on table service, on wines and beers, and on notable feasts. At the end are elaborate notes, a bibliography, and a good index. There are twenty illustrations.

XXX

A GLOSSARY OF AMERICANISMS.

By H. Mutschmann. K. Muttiesen
9¾ x 6¾; 72 pp., paper
2 Estonian kroons. Tartu-Dorpat, Estonia

Considering his distance in space from his sources Dr. Mutschmann has produced a glossary of really remarkable completeness. His entries number nearly 5000, and include not only such time-honored and familiar Americanisms as *spellbinder*, *hash-house*, *gate-crasher*, *rubberneck*, *sophomore*, *roundhouse*, *lap-robe* and *letter-carrier*, but also a great many very recent inventions, e.g., *folksy*, *goofy*, *bootician*, *chirotonsor*, *kleagle*, *neur-beer*, *movietone*, *jaywalker*, *sap*, *boloney*, *to take for a ride*, *to slenderize*, *cafeteria*, *dirt farmer* and *detour*. Naturally enough, a few of the latest are overlooked, e.g., *scofflaw*, *Bible Belt*, *to enthuse*, *to put on the spot*, *kosher*, *gorilla* and *harness-bull*. But such omissions are not numerous, and the positive errors are rare. *Quarter*, *day*, which is a Briticism almost unknown in the United States, is given as an Americanism, and the definition of *quota* is too narrow. But in the main the definitions are adequate, and there are many locutions in the list that appear in no other. Dr. Mutschmann is professor of English at the University of Dorpat.

LABOR FACT BOOK.

The International Publishers
\$2 7¾ x 5¼; 222 pp. New York

This is a valuable reference book for those who would get the Communist outlook on conditions in the United States and in Europe. There are statistics giving the "decreasing tempo of capitalistic development," and showing American imperialism at work and "the inner weaknesses of 'prosperity'". There are also interesting data about workers' organizations, child labor laws, farm foreclosures, "State terrorism," "danger of war against the Soviet Union," and "the trend toward Fascism." The book was prepared by the Labor Research Association, N. Y. There is an index.

BIBLIOGRAPHIA BURTONIANA.

By Paul Jordan-Smith.
The Stanford University Press
\$3.50 9¾ x 6¾; 120 pp. Stanford University

Mr. Jordan-Smith is the editor and translator of the latest American edition of Burton's "Philosophaster," and co-editor, with Floyd Dell, of the first all-English edition of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." In the present book he has compiled what is without doubt the most complete bibliography of

Continued on page xxxii

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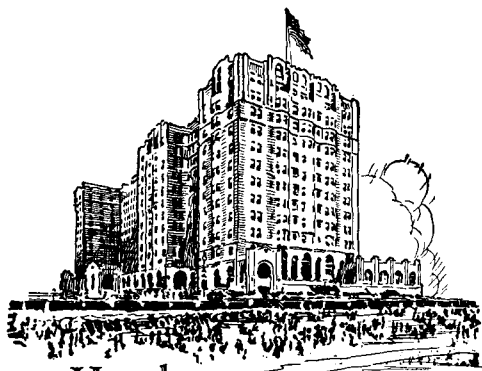


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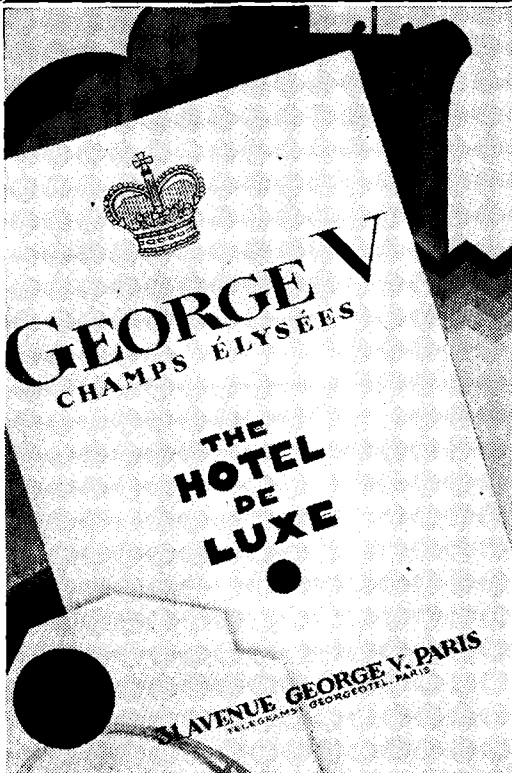
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xxxii



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

Burton ever attempted. The following items are listed: editions of "The Anatomy" issued during Burton's life-time, posthumous editions of the same book, English editions or reprints since 1800, editions of Burton's other works, and numerous instances of books greatly indebted to "The Anatomy."

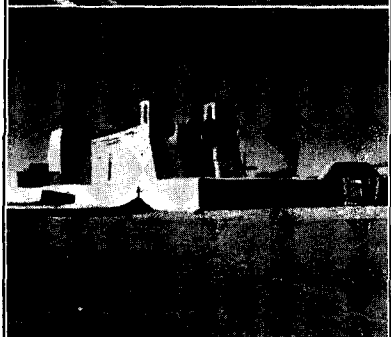
SINGLE FINGER PRINTS.

By Harry Battley. *The Yale University Press*
\$2.50 9¾ x 6¼; 98 pp. *New Haven*

The system of finger prints formulated by Sir Edward Henry thirty years ago was a contribution of the first magnitude to police work, but it concerns itself almost wholly with ten-finger files and thus leaves something to be desired when only single finger prints are available. Considerable research has been done to remedy this defect. "The principal object in view has been to make it possible for a finger mark found at the scene of a crime, or on an article believed to be connected with a crime, to be easily and quickly identified with any recorded print of the same finger." Lawrence B. Dunham, director of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, Yale, says that "Scotland Yard has tried all of the various systems of single finger print classification and has found the Battley system yielding by far the best results." Mr. Battley is chief inspector in charge of the Finger Print Bureau, New Scotland Yard, and in the present book he explains his system in great detail. There are many illustrations and a good index.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE FACULTY OF POLITICAL SCIENCE OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: 1880-1930. *The Columbia University Press*
\$4 8¼ x 5½; 366 pp. *New York*

The faculty of political science of Columbia was founded in 1880, and last year rounded out its first half century. Says Dr. Howard Lee McBain, dean of the graduate faculties and author of the foreword, "In terms of economic, social, and perhaps political, change [this period of time] has probably been longer than the millennium between the fall of the Roman Empire and the discovery of America, or the tercentenary span between Gutenberg and Arkwright. In this packed period of changes in the fields of its corporate intellectual interests, the faculty of political science has lived its life thus far, leaving of a certainty some marks of a permanent note upon the thought of its time." In the present book there is given a bibliography of the chief works of all the members of the faculty, past or present, including titles of books, articles, and pamphlets. The names of the members are arranged in the order of collegiate seniority. At the end there is a list of doctoral dissertations.



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Events: BILLINGS, MONTANA—*Midland Empire Fair*, September 7th to 11th, closing with *Mardi Gras* celebration with thirty floats; LIVINGSTON, MONTANA—*Roundup*—horse, pony, old-time stagecoach, riders from many dude-ranches.

—• SOUTHWEST •—

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—• EAST •—

Resorts: NIAGARA FALLS; BRETTON WOODS; SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.; LAKE PLACID; SARATOGA SPRINGS; THOUSAND ISLANDS; LAKES GEORGE and CHAMPLAIN; NEWPORT. *Events:* ALBION, N. Y., August 18th to 22nd; *Orleans County Fair*—six races every afternoon, two every night; largest meet of its kind in New York State; horses from major tracks in New York, Maryland, Kentucky, etc. entered; afterwards will be sent to Syracuse for State Fair. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., *Byrd Antarctic Expedition display on Steel Pier*; Captain A. C. McKinley in charge; exhibits complete to most minute detail. NEW YORK CITY, North River—*Convict Ship; theatres, horse races, and open-air concerts*.

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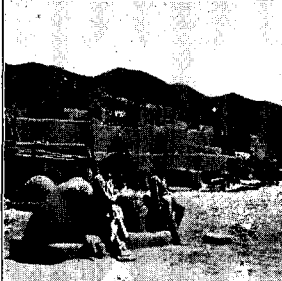
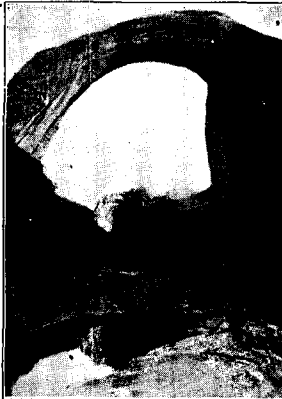
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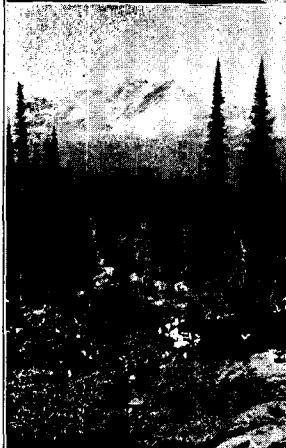
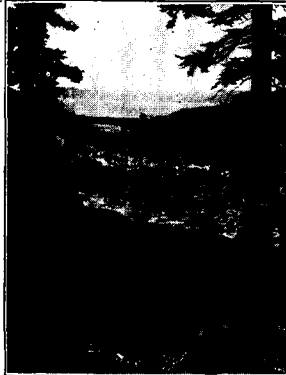
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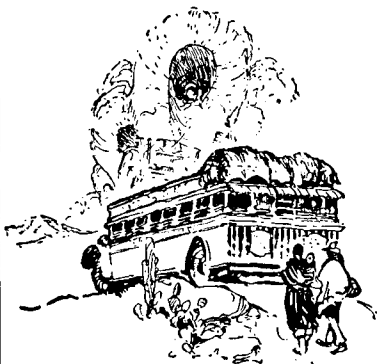
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